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ENGLISH READER

FOR FOREIGN STUDENTS

(XIXTH CENTURY)

SELECTED AND ARRANGED

BY

WILFRID C. THORLEY

AUTHOR OF

'A PRIMER OF ENGLISH FOR FOREIGN STUDENTS'

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PREFACE

In the following collection will be found nothing that was published before 1801 or after 1900. I have attempted, within the limits of space and of copyright, to give in the prose of the best writers a microcosm of Anglo-Saxon life during that period.

The limits of date are, of course, arbitrary, since conditions of social change and intellectual movement do not appear and vanish in perfect synchronism with round periods of the calendar. But some limit had to be set, if only that the reader might know the extent of the country explored and the epoch for which the book stood as sampler; and work earlier than 1801 was likely to have an antique flavour of interest and value only to the student specialising in our literature, while any effort to keep up to date would have rendered necessary the almost impossible business achievement of a yearly recasting.

With a few exceptions I have chosen only matter which deals with contemporary scenes and events by writers who lived through them, or with ideas and problems proper to the time; and I have sought no

extract for its literary quality alone, every piece tending directly or indirectly to illuminate the national mind, its achievements or failings. I have included Irving's lusty stage-coachman with Gissing's poor cab-runner, while Whiteing's grey picture of slum squalor sets off the velvet ease of Surrender Court, to the confusion of those who would hint that I have turned a blind eye on the unsplendid and discreditable, while loudly proclaiming the presence of their contraries.

In the last section (Critical, Philosophical, and Discursive) the one thing demanded has been that the theme treated should be of special appeal to the inquiring foreigner and an incentive to discussion, without being a direct irritant to national foibles or prejudices.

The system of groups (which unavoidably overlaps here and there) has seemed to me better suited to a class-book than a strict chronological arrangement which would have destroyed sequence of interest, and given no consideration to a teacher who wishes to proceed gradually to those later pieces which require at once a greater mastery of the language and a wider range of general knowledge and experience.

From a book already so bulky it has been thought better to withhold explanatory notes and comments. It would seem better that these should come directly through the teacher, instead of making them the common property of his class, to whom, indeed, their construing might often prove as difficult as the text

they were intended to elucidate. - But a complete guide is in preparation, and this, I hope, may be issued, if teachers should be kind enough to manifest a clear demand for it.

Dots or stars in the body of an extract (save in a few instances where these are devices of the author's own choosing) signal the compiler guilty of omissions from the original text. These have only been made for the sake of coherence, where characters and incidents are detached from a larger narrative, or with the object of isolating a central theme from the current of more general considerations. The original titles have been retained in every case where the work quoted is the whole of what its writer intended should appear under such designation. In all other cases the compiler is responsible for the naming of these selections.

Dates following the titles of works drawn upon are those of first publication, and do not, in all cases, coincide either with the time of their composition or the events recorded. In the case of one or two posthumous collections which have appeared since 1900, where I have been unable to trace the first appearance of an item no date has been given (*e.g.* Gissing's *The House of Cobwebs* and Crane's *Last Words*).

In cases of extracts from copyright works, the name of the present publishers follows the indication of source.

Hearty thanks are due to the many authors, publishers and other owners of copyright, whose kind leave to reproduce has alone rendered this volume possible. The absence of some celebrated writers does not necessarily imply that their claims have been ignored; in certain cases the necessary permission was not granted to the compiler, and in others, high eminence alone was not deemed a right of entry where the author's output provided nothing specifically adapted to the purpose of this volume.

W. C. T.

LONDON, *May* 1913.

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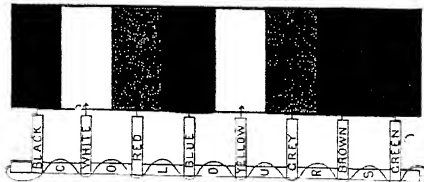
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COLOUR, SHAPE AND SIZE OF OBJECTS WITH THEIR POSITION.



The black ruler is short.

The white pen is shorter than the ruler.

The red pencil is the shortest.

The blue egg is oval.

The egg-cup is hollow.

The orange is round and yellow.

It is solid.

The grey envelope is square and thin.

The brown book is oblong.

It is thick.

The green medal is flat.

It has a round edge.

All the above letters are black.

What colour is the orange? It is yellow.

What shape is it? It is round.



The bridge has a round arch; it is above the water (or on it).

The water is blue, it is below the bridge (or under it).

The bridge is lower than the house. The house is lower than the mountain.

The mountain is higher.

" " " longer - longer than the house.

" " " thicker - thicker than the house.

The house is not so large as the mountain; it is smaller.

The house is behind the bridge; the rocks are before it (or in front of it).

The bridge is between the house and the rocks. Where is the bridge?

There are two chimneys on the house. Where are the chimneys?

There are two rocks in the water. Where are the rocks?

I.

SCHOOL DAYS.

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WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY (1811-1863).

OLD FIGS.

Cuff's fight with Dobbin, and the unexpected issue of that contest, will long be remembered by every man who was educated at Dr. Swishtail's famous school. The latter youth (who used to be called Heigh-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin, and by many other names indicative of puerile contempt) was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dullest of all Dr. Swishtail's young gentlemen. His parent was a grocer in the city: and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what

are called "mutual principles"—that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were defrayed by his father in goods, not money; and he stood there—almost at the bottom of the school—in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting—as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, bottled-soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other commodities. A dreadful day it was for young Dobbin when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town upon a poaching excursion for hardbake and polonies, espied the cart of Dobbin and Fudge, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames Street, London, at the Doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

Young Dobbin had no peace after that. The jokes were frightful, and merciless against him. "Hullo, Dobbin," one wag would say, "here's good news in the paper. Sugar is ris', my boy." Another would set a sum—"If a pound of mutton-candles cost sevenpence-halfpenny, how much must Dobbin cost?" and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, usher and all, who rightly considered that the selling of goods by retail is a shameful and infamous practice, meriting the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

"Your father's only a merchant, Osborne," Dobbin said in private to the little boy who had brought down the storm upon him. At which the latter replied haughtily, "My father's a gentleman, and keeps his carriage"; and Mr. William Dobbin retreated to a remote outhouse in the playground, where he passed

a half-holiday in the bitterest sadness and woe. Who amongst us is there that does not recollect similar hours of bitter, bitter childish grief? Who feels injustice; who shrinks before a slight; who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude for kindness, as a generous boy? and how many of those gentle souls do you degrade, estrange, torture, for the sake of a little loose arithmetic, and miserable dog-Latin?

Now, William Dobbin, from an incapacity to acquire the rudiments of the above language, as they are propounded in that wonderful book the Eton Latin Grammar, was compelled to remain among the very last of Dr. Swishtail's scholars, and was "taken down" continually by little fellows with pink faces and pinafores when he marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them, with downcast stupefied look, his dog's-eared primer, and his tight corduroys. High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up those corduroys, tight as they were. They cut his bed-strings. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them, which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels, which, when opened, were found to contain the paternal soap and candles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and joke at Dobbin; and he bore everything quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of the Swishtail Seminary. He smuggled wine in. He fought the town-boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used to hunt in the holidays. He had a gold repeater: and took snuff

like the Doctor. He had been to the Opera, and knew the merits of the principal actors, preferring Mr. Kean to Mr. Kemble. He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else didn't he know, or couldn't he do? They said even the Doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects, and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes: that toasted his bread; others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer afternoons. "Figs" was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abusing him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

One day in private, the two young gentlemen had had a difference. Figs, alone in the schoolroom, was blundering over a home letter; when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some message, of which tarts were probably the subject.

"I can't," says Dobbin; "I want to finish my letter."

"You *can't*!" says Mr. Cuff, laying hold of that document (in which many words were scratched out, many were misspelt, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought, and labour, and tears; for the poor fellow was writing to his mother, who was fond of him, although she was a grocer's wife, and lived in a back parlour in Thames Street). "You *can't*?" says Mr. Cuff: "I should like to know why, pray? Can't you write to old Mother Figs to-morrow?"

"Don't call names," Dobbin said, getting off the bench very nervous.

Well, sir, will you go?" crowed the cock of the school.

"Put down the letter," Dobbin replied; "no gentleman readth letterth."

"Well, *now* will you go?" says the other.

"No, I won't. Don't strike, or I'll *thmash* you," roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden inkstand, and looking so wicked, that Mr. Cuff paused, turned down his coat sleeves again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the grocer's boy after that; though we must do him the justice to say he always spoke of Mr. Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

Some time after this interview, it happened that Mr. Cuff, on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighbourhood of poor Willram Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favourite copy of the *Arabian Nights* which he had—apart from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports—quite lonely, and almost happy. If people would but leave children to themselves; if teachers would cease to bully them; if parents would not insist upon directing their thoughts, and dominating their feelings—those feelings and thoughts which are a mystery to all (for how much do you and I know of each other, of our children, of our fathers, of our neighbour, and how far more beautiful and sacred are the thoughts of the poor lad or girl whom you govern likely to be, than those of the dull and world-corrupted person who rules him?)—if, I say, parents and masters would leave their children alone a little more, — small harm would accrue, although a less quantity of *as in præsenti* might be acquired.

Well, William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sinbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or with Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the Prince found her, and whither we should all like to make a tour; when shriek cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie; and, looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belabouring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart; but he bore little malice, not at least towards the young and small. "How dare you, sir, break the bottle?" says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

The boy had been instructed to get over the playground wall (at a selected spot where the broken glass had been removed from the top, and niches made convenient in the brick); to run a quarter of a mile; to purchase a pint of rum-shrub on credit; to brave all the Doctor's outlying spies, and to clamber back into the playground again; during the performance of which feat, his foot had slipped, and the bottle was broken, and the shrub had been spilt, and his pantaloons had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a perfectly guilty and trembling, though harmless, wretch.

"How dare you, sir, break it?" says Cuff; "you blundering little thief. You drank the shrub, and now you-pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir."

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up. The Fairy Peribanou had fled into the inmost cavern with Prince Ahmed: the Roc had

whisked away Sinbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds out of sight, far into the clouds: and there was everyday life before honest William; and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

"Hold out your other hand, sir," roared Cuff to his little school-fellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

"Take that, you little devil!" cried Mr. Cuff, and down came the wicket again on the child's hand.—Don't be horrified, ladies, every boy at a public school has done it. Your children will so do and be done by, in all probability.—Down came the wicket again; and Dobbin started up.

I can't tell what his motive was. Torture in a public school is as much licensed as the knout in Russia. It would be ungentlemanlike (in a manner) to resist it. Perhaps Dobbin's foolish soul revolted against that exercise of tyranny; or perhaps he had a hankering feeling of revenge in his mind, and longed to measure himself against that splendid bully and tyrant, who had all the glory; pride, pomp, circumstance, banners flying, drums beating, guards saluting, in the place. Whatever may have been his incentive, however, up he sprang, and screamed out, "Hold off, Cuff; don't bully that child any more, or I'll——"

"Or you'll what?" Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. "Hold out your hand, you little beast."

"I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life," Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing

this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him: while Cuff's astonishment was scarcely less. Fancy our late monarch George III. when he heard of the revolt of the North American colonies: fancy brazen Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting; and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him.

"After school," says he, of course; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, "Make your will, and communicate your last wishes to your friends between this time and that."

"As you please," Dobkin said. "You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne."

"Well, if you like," little Osborne replied; for you see his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

Yes, when the hour of battle came, he was almost ashamed to say, "Go it, Figs"; and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of this famous combat, at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and everybody was anxious to have the honour of offering the conqueror a knee.

"What a licking I shall get when it's over," young Osborne thought, picking up his man. "You'd best give in," he said to Dobbin; "it's only a thrashing, Figs, and you know I'm used to it." But Figs, all whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were

breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would commence the engagement by a charge on his own part; and accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might—once at Mr. Cuff's left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.

Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. "Well hit, by Jove," says little Osborne, with the air of a connoisseur, clapping his man on the back. "Give it him with the left, Figs, my boy."

Figs' left made terrific play during all the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round, there were almost as many fellows shouting out, "Go it, Figs," as there were youths exclaiming, "Go it, Cuff." At the twelfth round the latter champion was all abroad, as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defence. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a Quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his under lip bleeding profusely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time.

If I had the pen of a Napier, or a Bell's Life, I should like to describe this combat properly. It was the last charge of the Guard—(that is, it *would* have

been, only Waterloo had not yet taken place)—it was Ney's column breasting the hill of La Haye Sainte, bristling with ten thousand bayonets, and crowned with twenty eagles—it was the shout of the beef-eating British, as leaping down the hill they rushed to hug the enemy in the savage arms of battle—in other words, Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose, and sent him down for the last time.

"I think *that* will do for him," Figs said, as his opponent dropped as neatly on the green as I have seen Jack Spot's ball plump into the pocket at billiards; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose, to stand up again.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would have made you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle; and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said, "It's my fault, sir—not Figs'—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy; and he served me right." By which magnanimous speech he not only saved his conqueror a whipping, but got back all his ascendancy over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.

Young Osborne wrote home to his parents an account of the transaction:

SUGARCANE HOUSE, RICHMOND,
March 18.7.

DEAR MAMA—I hope you are quite well. I should be much obliged to you to send me a cake and five shillings.

There has been a fight here between Cuff & Dobbin. Cuff, you know, was the Cock of the School. They fought thirteen rounds, and Dobbin Licked. So Cuff is now Only Second Cock. The fight was about me. Cuff was licking me for breaking a bottle of milk, and Figs wouldn't stand it. We call him Figs because his father is a Grocer—Figs & Rudge, Thames Street, City—I think as he fought for me you ought to buy your Tea and Sugar at his father's. Cuff goes home every Saturday, but can't this, because he has 2 Black Eyes. He has a white Pony to come and fetch him, and a groom in livery on a bay mare. I wish my Papa would let me have a Pony, and I am, your dutiful Son,

GEORGE SEDLEY OSBORNE.

F.S.—Give my love to Little Emmy. I am cutting her out a Coach in cardboard. Please not a seed-cake, but a plum-cake.

In consequence of Dobbin's victory, his character rose prodigiously in the estimation of all his school-fellows, and the name of Figs, which had been a byword of reproach, became as respectable and popular a nickname as any other in use in the school. "After all, it's not his fault that his father's a grocer," George Osborne said, who, though a little chap, had a very high popularity among the Swishtail youth; and his opinion was received with great applause. It was voted low to sneer at Dobbin about this accident of birth. "Old Figs" grew to be a name of kindness and endearment; and the sneak of an usher jeered at him no longer.

And Dobbin's spirit rose with his altered circumstances. He made wonderful advances in scholastic learning. The superb Cuff himself, at whose condescension Dobbin could only blush and wonder, helped him on with his Latin verses; "coached" him

in play-hours; carried him triumphantly out of the little-boy class into the middle-sized form; and even there got a fair place for him. It was discovered, that although dull at classical learning, at mathematics he was uncommonly quick. To the contentment of all he passed third in algebra, and got a French prize-book at the public Midsummer examination. You should have seen his mother's face when *Télémaque* (that delicious romance) was presented to him by the Doctor in the face of the whole school and the parents and company, with an inscription to Gulielmo Dobbin. All the boys clapped hands in token of applause and sympathy. His blushes, his stumbles, his awkwardness, and the number of feet which he crushed as he went back to his place, who shall describe or calculate? Old Dobbin, his father, who now respected him for the first time, gave him two guineas publicly, most of which he spent in a general tuck-out for the school; and he came back in a tail-coat after the holidays.

Dobbin was much too modest a young fellow to suppose that this happy change in all his circumstances arose from his own generous and manly disposition; he chose, from some perverseness, to attribute his good fortune to the sole agency and benevolence of little George Osborne, to whom henceforth he vowed such a love and affection, as is only felt by children—such an affection, as we read in the charming fairy-book, uncouth Orson had for splendid young Valentine his conqueror. He flung himself down at little Osborne's feet and loved him. Even before they were acquainted, he had admired Osborne in secret. Now he was his valet, his dog, his man Friday. He believed Osborne to be the possessor of every perfec-

tion, to be the handsomest, the bravest, the most active, the cleverest, the most generous of created boys. He shared his money with him; bought him uncountable presents of knives, pencil-cases, gold seals, toffee, Little Warblers, and romantic books, with large coloured pictures of knights and robbers, in many of which latter you might read inscriptions to George Sedley Osborne, Esquire, from his attached friend William Dobbin—the which tokens of homage George received very graciously, as became his superior merit.

From *Vanity Fair*, 1847.

THOMAS HUGHES (1822–1896).

A GAME AT RUGBY.

And now that the two sides have fairly sundered, and each occupies its own ground, and we get a good look at them, what absurdity is this? You don't mean to say that those fifty or sixty boys in white trousers, many of them quite small, are going to play that huge mass opposite? Indeed I do, gentlemen; they're going to try, at any rate, and won't make such a bad fight of it either, mark my word; for hasn't old Brooke won the toss with his lucky halfpenny, and got choice of goals, and kick-off? The new ball you may see lie there quite by itself, in the middle, pointing towards the School or island goal; in another minute it will be well on its way there. Use that minute in remarking how the School-house side is drilled. You will see, in the first place, that the sixth-form boy who has the

charge of goal, has spread his force (the goal-keepers) so as to occupy the whole space behind the goal-posts, at distances of about five yards apart; a safe and well-kept goal is the foundation of all good play. Old Brooke is talking to the captain of quarters; and now he moves away. See how that youngster spreads his men (the light brigade) carefully over the ground, half-way between their own goal and the body of their own players-up (the heavy brigade). These again play in several bodies; there is young Brooke and the bulldogs—mark them well—they are the “fighting brigade,” the “die-hards,” larking about at leap-frog to keep themselves warm, and playing tricks on one another. And on each side of old Brooke, who is now standing in the middle of the ground and just going to kick off, you see a separate wing of players-up, each with a boy of acknowledged prowess to look to—here Warner, and there Hedge; but over all is old Brooke, absolute as he of Russia, but wisely and bravely ruling over willing and worshipping subjects, a true football king. His face is earnest and careful as he glances a last time over his afay, but full of pluck and hope, the sort of look I hope to see in my general when I go out to fight.

The School side is not organised in the same way. The goal-keepers are all in lumps, anyhow and nohow; you can't distinguish between the players-up and the boys in quarters, and there is divided leadership; but with such odds in strength and weight, it must take more than that to hinder them from winning; and so their leaders seem to think, for they let the players-up manage themselves.

But now look, there is a slight move forward of

the School-house wings; old Brooke takes half a dozen quick steps, and away goes the ball spinning towards the School goal; seventy yards before it touches ground, and at no point above twelve or fifteen feet high, a model kick-off; and the School-house cheer and rush on. The ball is returned, and they meet it and drive it back amongst the masses of the School already in motion. Then the two sides close, and you can see nothing for minutes but a swaying crowd of boys, at one point violently agitated. That is where the ball is, and there are the keen players to be met, and the glory and the hard knocks to be got; you hear the dull thud, thud of the ball, and the shouts of "Off your side!" "Down with him!" "Put him over!" "Bravo!" This is what we call a scrummage, gentlemen, and the first scrummage in a School-house match was no joke in the consulship of Plancus.

But see! it has broken, the ball is driven out on the School-side, and a rush of the School carries it past the School-house players-up. "Look out in quarters," Brooke's voice and twenty other voices ring out; no need to call, though, the School-house captain of quarters has caught it on the bound, dodges the foremost School boys, who are heading the rush, and sends it back with a good drop-kick well into the enemies' country. And then follows rush upon rush, and scrummage upon scrummage, the ball now driven through into the School-house quarters, and now into the School goal; for the School-house have not lost the advantage which the kick-off and a slight wind gave them at the outset, and are slightly "penning" their adversaries. You say you don't see much in it all—nothing but a struggling mass of boys, and a

leather ball, which seems to excite them all to great fury, as a red rag does a bull. My dear sir, a battle would look much the same to you, except that the boys would be men, and the balls iron; but a battle would be worth your looking at for all that, and so is a football match. You can't be expected to appreciate the delicate strokes of play, the turns by which a game is lost and won—it takes an old player to do that—but the broad philosophy of football you can understand if you will. Come along with me a little nearer, and let us consider it together.

The ball has just fallen again where the two sides are thickest, and they close rapidly around it in a scrummage; it must be driven through now by force or skill, till it flies out on one side or the other. Look how differently the boys face it! Here come two of the bulldogs, bursting through the outsiders; in they go, straight to the heart of the scrummage, bent on driving that ball out on the opposite side. That is what they mean to do. My sons, my sons! you are too hot; you have gone past the ball, and must struggle now right through the scrummage, and get round and back again to your own side, before you can be of any further use. Here comes young Brooke; he goes in as straight as you, but keeps his head, and backs and bends, holding himself still behind the ball, and driving it furiously when he gets the chance. Take a leaf out of his book, you young chargers. Here come Speedicut, and Flashman, the School-house bully with shouts and great action. Won't you two come up to young Brooke after locking-up by the School-house fire, with "Old fellow, wasn't that just a splendid scrummage by the three trees?" But he knows you and so do we.

You don't really want to drive that ball through that scrummage, chancing all hurt for the glory of the School-house, but to make us think that's what you want—a vastly different thing, and fellows of your kidney will never go through more than the skirts of a scrummage, where it's all push and no kicking. We respect boys who keep out of it, and don't sham going in; but you—we had rather not say what we think of you.

Then the boys who are bending and watching on the outside, mark them—they are most useful players, the dodgers; who seize on the ball the moment it rolls out from amongst the chargers, and away with it across to the opposite goal; they seldom go into the scrummage, but must have more coolness than the chargers; as endless as are boys' characters, so are their ways of facing or not meeting a scrummage at football.

Three-quarters of an hour are gone; first winds are falling and weight and numbers beginning to tell. Yard by yard the School-house have been driven back, contesting every inch of ground. The bulldogs are the colour of mother earth, from shoulder to ankle, except young Brooke, who has a marvellous knack of keeping his legs. The School-house are being penned in their turn, and now the ball is behind their goal, under the Doctor's wall. The Doctor and some of his family are there looking on, and seem as anxious as any boy for the success of the School-house. We get a minute's breathing time before old Brooke kicks out, and he gives the word to play strongly for touch, by the three trees. Away goes the ball, and the bulldogs after it, and in another moment there is a shout of

"In touch!" "Our ball!" Now's your time, old Brooke, while your men are still fresh. He stands with the ball in his hand, while the two sides form in deep lines opposite one another; he must strike it straight out between them. The lines are thickest close to him, but young Brooke and two or three of his men are shifting up further, where the opposite line is weak. Old Brooke strikes it out straight and strong, and it falls opposite his brother. Hurra! that rush has taken it right through the School line, and away past the three trees, far into their quarters, and young Brooke and the bulldogs are close upon it. The School leaders rush back, shouting, "Look out in goal!" and strain every nerve to catch him, but they are after the fleetest foot in Rugby. There they go straight for the School goal-posts, quarters scattering before them. One after another the bulldogs go down, but young Brooke holds on. "He is down." No! a long stagger, but the danger is past; that was the shock of Crew, the most dangerous of dodgers. And now he is close to the School goal, the ball not three yards before him. There is a hurried rush of the School fags to the spot, but no one throws himself on the ball, the only chance, and young Brooke has touched it right under the School goal-posts.

The School leaders come up furious, and administer teco to the wretched fags nearest at hand; they may well be angry, for it is all Lombard Street to a china orange that the School-house kick a goal with the ball touched in such a good place. Old Brooke, of course, will kick it out, but who shall catch and place it? Call Crab Jones. Here he comes, sauntering along with a straw in his mouth, the queerest, coolest fish in

Rugby ; if he were tumbled into the moon this minute, he would just pick himself up without taking his hands out of his pockets or turning a hair. But it is a moment when the boldest charger's heart beats quick. Old Brooke stands with the ball under his arm motioning the School back ; he will not kick out till they are all in goal, behind the posts ; they are all edging forwards, inch by inch, to get nearer for the rush at Crab Jones, who stands there in front of old Brooke to catch the ball. If they can reach and destroy him before he catches, the danger is over, and with one and the same rush they will carry it right away to the School-house goal. Fond hope ! it is kicked out and caught beautifully. Crab strikes his heel into the ground, to mark the spot where the ball is caught, beyond which the School line may not advance ; but there they stand five deep, ready to rush the moment the ball touches the ground. Take plenty of room ! don't give the rush a chance of reaching you ! Place it true and steady ! Trust Crab Jones—he has made a small hole with his heel for the ball to lie on, by which he is resting on one knee, with his eye on old Brooke. “Now!” Crab places the ball at the word, old Brooke kicks, and it rises slowly and truly as the School-rush forward.

Then a moment's pause, while both sides look up at the spinning ball. There it flies straight between the two posts, some five feet above the cross-bar, an unquestioned goal ; and a shout of real genuine joy rings out from the School-house players-up, and a faint echo of it comes over the close from the goal-keepers under the Doctor's wall. A goal in the first hour—such a thing hasn't been done in the School-house match this last five years.

"Over!" is the cry: the two sides change goals, and the School-house goal-keepers come threading their way across through the masses of the School; the most openly triumphant of them, amongst whom is Tom, a School-house boy of two hours' standing, getting their ears boxed in the transit. Tom, indeed, is excited beyond measure, and it is all the sixth-form boy, kindest and safest of goal-keepers, has been able to do to keep him from rushing out whenever the ball has been near their goal. So he holds him by his side, and instructs him in the science of touching.

At this moment, Griffith, the itinerant vendor of oranges from Hillmorton, enters the close with his heavy baskets; there is a rush of small boys upon the little pale-faced man, the two sides mingling together, subdued by the great Goddess Thirst, like the English and French by the streams in the Pyrenees. The leaders are past oranges and apples, but some of them visit their coats, and apply innocent-looking ginger-beer bottles to their mouths. It is no ginger-beer, though, I fear, and will do you no good. One short, mad rush, and then a stitch in the side, and no more honest play; that's what comes of those bottles.

But now Griffith's baskets are empty, the ball is placed again midway, and the School are going to kick off. Their leaders have sent their lumber into goal, and rated the rest soundly, and one hundred and twenty picked players-up are there, bent on retrieving the game. They are to keep the ball in front of the School-house goal, and then to drive it in by sheer strength and weight. They mean heavy play and no mistake, and so old Brooke sees; and places Crab Jones in quarters just before the goal, with four or

five picked players, who are to keep the ball away from the sides, where a try at goal, if obtained, will be less dangerous than in front. He himself, and Warner and Hedge, who have saved themselves till now, will lead the chargers.

"Are you ready?" "Yes." And away comes the ball kicked high in the air, to give the School time to rush on and catch it as it falls. And here they are amongst us. Meet them like Englishmen, you School-house boys, and charge them home. Now is the time to show what mettle is in you—and there shall be a warm seat by the hall fire, and honour, and lots of bottled beer to-night for him who does his duty in the next half-hour. And they are well met. Again and again the cloud of their players-up gathers before our goal, and comes threatening on, and Warner or Hedge, with young Brooke, and the relics of the bulldogs, break through and carry the ball back; and old Brooke ranges the field like Job's war-horse, the thickest scrummage parts asunder before his rush, like the waves before a clipper's bows; his cheery voice rings over the field, and his eye is everywhere. And if these miss the ball, and it rolls dangerously in front of our goal, Crab Jones and his men have seized it and sent it away towards the sides with the unerring drop-kick. This is worth living for; the whole sum of schoolboy existence gathered up into one straining, struggling half-hour, a half-hour worth a year of common life.

The quarter to five has struck, and the play slackens for a minute before goal; but there is Crew, the artful dodger, driving the ball in behind our goal, on the island side, where our quarters are weakest.

Is there no one to meet him? Yes! look at little East! the ball is just at equal distances between the two, and they rush together, the young man of seventeen and the boy of twelve, and kick it at the same moment. Crew passes on without a stagger; East is hurled forward by the shock and plunges on his shoulder, as if he would bury himself in the ground; but the ball rises straight into the air, and falls behind Crew's back, while the bravos of the School-house attest the pluckiest charge of all that hard-fought day. Warner picks East up lame and half-stunned, and he hobbles back into goal, conscious of having played the man.

And now the last minutes are come, and the School gather for their last rush, every boy of the hundred and twenty who has a run left in him. Reckless of the defence of their own goal, on they come across the level big-side ground, the ball well down amongst them, straight for our goal, like the column of the old guard up the slope at Waterloo. All former charges had been child's play to this. Warner and Hedge had met them, but still on they come. The bulldogs rush in for the last time; they are hurled over or carried back, striving hand, foot, and eyelids. Old Brooke comes sweeping round the skirts of the play, and turning short round, picks out the very heart of the scrummage, and plunges in. It wavers for a moment—he has the ball! No, it has passed him, and his voice rings out clear over the advancing tide, “Look out in goal!” Crab Jones catches it for a moment, but before he can kick the rush is upon him and passes over him; and he picks himself up behind them with his straw in his mouth, a little dirtier, but as cool as ever.

The ball rolls slowly in behind the School-house goal, not three yards in front of a dozen of the biggest School players-up.

There stand the School-house praepostor, safest of goal-keepers, and Tom Brown by his side, who has learned his trade by this time. Now is your time, Tom. The blood of all the Browns is up, and the two rush in together, and throw themselves on the ball, under the very feet of the advancing column; the praepostor on his hands and knees arching his back, and Tom all along on his face. Over them topple the leaders of the rush, shooting over the back of the praepostor, but falling flat on Tom, and knocking all the wind out of his small carcase. "Our ball," says the praepostor, rising with his prize; "but get up there, there's a little fellow under you." They are hauled and roll off him, and Tom is discovered a motionless body.

Old Brooke picks him up. "Stand back, give him air," he says: and then feeling his limbs, adds, "No bones broken. How do you feel, young un?"

"Hah-hah," gasps Tom, as his wind comes back, "pretty well, thank you—all right."

"Who is he?" says Brooke.

"Oh, it's Brown—he's a new boy; I know him," says East, coming up.

"Well, he's a plucky youngster, and will make a player," says Brooke.

And five o'clock strikes. "No side" is called, and the first day of the School-house match is over.

From *Tom Brown's School-days*, 1857.

Note.—It must be understood that Rugby Football is now played in accordance with a code of rules not invented when Tom Brown was a boy.

THOMAS HUGHES.**THE CRICKET MATCH.**

"Oh, well bowled! well bowled, Johnson!" cries the captain, catching up the ball and sending it high above the rook trees, while the third Marylebone man walks away from the wicket and old Bailey gravely sets up the middle stump again and puts the bails on.

"How many runs?" Away scamper three boys to the scoring-table, and are back again in a minute amongst the rest of the eleven, who are collected together in a knot between wicket. "Only eighteen runs, and three wickets down!" "Huzza for old Rugby!" sings out Jack Raggles, the long-stop, toughest and burliest of boys—commonly called "Swiper Jack," and forthwith stands on his head, and brandishes his legs in the air in triumph till the next boy catches hold of his heels and throws him over on to his back.

"Steady, there; don't be such an ass, Jack," says the captain. "We haven't got the best wicket yet. Ah, look out now at cover-point," adds he, as he sees a long-armed, bare-headed, slashing-looking player coming to the wicket. "And, Jack, mind your hits. He steals more runs than any man in England."

And they all find that they have got their work to do now; the newcomer's off-hitting is tremendous, and his running like a flash of lightning. He is never in his ground, except when his wicket is down. Nothing in the whole game so trying to boys—he has stolen three byes in the first ten minutes, and Jack

Raggles is furious, and begins throwing over savagely to the further wicket, until he is sternly stopped by the captain. It is all that young gentleman can do to keep his team steady, but he knows that everything depends on it, and faces his work bravely. The score creeps up to fifty; the boys begin to look blank; and the spectators, who are now mustering strong, are very silent. The ball flies off his bat to all parts of the field, and he gives no rest and no catches to any one. But cricket is full of glorious chances, and the goddess who presides over it loves to bring down the most skilful players. Johnson, the young bowler, is getting wild, and bowls a ball almost wide to the off; the batter steps out and cuts it beautifully to where cover-point is standing very deep—in fact, almost off the ground. The ball comes skimming and twisting along about three feet from the ground. He rushes at it, and it sticks somehow or other in the fingers of his left hand, to the utter astonishment of himself and the whole field. Such a catch hasn't been made in the close for years, and the cheering is maddening. "Pretty cricket," says the captain, throwing himself on the ground by the deserted wicket with a long breath; he feels that a crisis has passed.

I wish I had space to describe the whole match; how the captain stumped the next man off a leg-shooter, and bowled slow lobbs to old Mr. Aislabie, who came in for the last wicket. How the Lord's men were out by half-past twelve o'clock for ninety-eight runs; how the captain of the School eleven went in first to give his men pluck, and scored twenty-five in beautiful style; how Rugby was only four behind in the first innings. What a glorious dinner they had in

the fourth-form School, and how the cover-point hitter sang the most topping comic songs, and old Mr. Aislabie made the best speeches that ever were heard afterwards. But I haven't space, that's the fact, and so you must fancy it all, and carry yourselves on to half-past seven o'clock, when the School are again in, with five wickets down, and only thirty-two runs to make to win. The Marylebone men played carelessly in their second innings, but they are working like horses now to save the match.

* * * * *

Meantime Jack Raggles, with his sleeves tacked up above his great brown elbows, scorning pads and gloves, has presented himself at the wicket; and having run one for a forward drive of Johnson's, is about to receive his first ball. There are only twenty-four runs to make, and four wickets to go down, a winning match if they play decently steady. The ball is a very swift one, and rises fast, catching Jack on the outside of the thigh, and bounding away as if from india-rubber, while they run two for a leg-bye amidst great applause, and shouts from Jack's many admirers. The next ball is a beautifully pitched ball for the outer stump, which the reckless and unfeeling Jack catches hold of, and hits right round to leg for five, while the applause becomes deafening: only seventeen runs to get with four wickets—the game is all but ours!

It is over now, and Jack walks swaggering about his wicket, with the bat over his shoulder, while Mr. Aislabie holds a short parley with his men. Then the cover-point hitter, that cunning man, goes on to bowl slow twisters. Jack waves his hand triumph-

antly towards the tent, as much as to say, "See if I don't finish it all off now in three hits!"

Alas, my son Jack! the enemy is too old for thee. The first ball of the over Jack steps out and meets, swiping with all his force. If he had only allowed for the twist! but he hasn't, and so the ball goes spinning up straight into the air, as if it would never come down again. Away runs Jack, shouting and trusting to the chapter of accidents, but the bowler runs steadily under it, judging every spin, and calling out, "I have it!" catches it, and playfully pitches it on to the back of the stalwart Jack, who is departing with a rueful countenance.

"I knew how it would be," says Tom, rising. "Come along, the game's getting very serious."

So they leave the island and go to the tent, and after deep consultation Arthur is sent in, and goes off to the wicket with a last exhortation from Tom to play steady and keep his bat straight. To the suggestions that Winter is the best bat left, Tom only replies, "Arthur is the steadiest, and Johnson will make the runs if the wicket is only kept up."

The clock strikes eight, and the whole field becomes fevered with excitement. Arthur, after two narrow escapes, scores one; and Johnson gets the ball. The bowling and fielding are superb, and Johnson's batting worthy the occasion. He makes here a two and there a one, managing to keep the ball to himself, and Arthur backs up and runs perfectly: only eleven runs to make now, and the crowd scarcely breathe. At last Arthur gets the ball again, and actually drives it forward for two, and feels

prouder than when he got the three best prizes, at hearing Tom's shout of joy, "Well played! well played, young un!"

But the next ball is too much for a young hand, and his bails fly different ways. Nine runs to make, and two wickets to go down—it is too much for human nerves.

Before Winter can get in, the omnibus which is to take the Lord's men to the train pulls up at the side of the close, and Mr. Aislabie and Tom consult, and give out that the stumps will be drawn after the next over. And so ends the great match. Winter and Johnson carry out their bats, and, it being a one day's match, the Lord's men are declared the winners, they having scored the most in the first innings.

But such a defeat is a victory; so think Tom and all the School eleven, as they accompany their conquerors to the omnibus, and send them off with three ringing cheers, after Mr. Aislabie has shaken hands all round, saying to Tom, "I must compliment you, sir, on your eleven, and I hope we shall have you for a member if you come up to town."

From Tom Brown's School-days, 1857.

EDEN PHILLPOTTS (1862—) §.

FERRERS'S FAMILIAR SPIRIT.

The Doctor . . . said once for all that he would allow no animals of any kind inside any of the desks or in School.

Then, unluckily, as an after-thought, he demanded

a clearance on the spot; and he was pretty well staggered to find the result.

"I will ask you, Ferrers, as head boy of the class, and one, I am happy to think, above any of this childish folly, to inspect the desks, one by one, and report to me where you find indications of life," said the Doctor.

Ferrers is always right with the Doctor, chiefly because he has a face like a stone angel, in church, and a very smooth voice, and a remarkably swagger knowledge of the Scriptures. He is also a tremendous worker, and will go into the Upper Fourth next term as sure as eggs. It was jolly awkward for Ferrers then, because he happened to be one of the keenest natural history chaps of all, and had a piebald rat, which even fellows in the Sixth had offered him half-a-crown and three shillings for, yet he would not part with it. So, though we didn't like him much, we felt almost sorry for the fix he was in now. Of course, we thought that such a demon on Religious Knowledge as Ferrers was would drag out his piebald rat right away, and perhaps even give it to the Doctor, or offer to sell it for the alms-box; but he didn't. He got up, rather white about the gills, and opened the desks one by one; and a jolly happy family it was. Only the Doctor scattered the things to the four winds, till there wasn't an atom of natural history left in the whole classroom except Ferrers's piebald rat, snug in his desk. . . . I got a word with Ferrers. I said:

"However did you have the cheek—you supposed to be such a saint?"

He said:

"I don't know. Something came over me to do it,

I've got a jolly peculiar feeling to that rat. It's not an ordinary rat. I'm wrapped up in it. Even my respect for the Doctor couldn't stand against it. I know what you chaps think. I daresay you reckon I'm a hound, but I couldn't help doing what I did. Somehow that rat's a sort of mascotte to me. A mascotte's a thing that brings luck. All my best luck's happened since I had it."

Of course when a chap goes on like that, what can you do? I didn't understand Ferrers. He seemed to me to be simply talking rot. So I said:

"Well, it's pretty measly, considering the opinion the Doctor's got of you. I shan't try to score off your rat, because I know it's a jolly fine one, and I like it; but Freckles or somebody will very likely kill it after this."

He looked in a fair funk when the dreadful thought of having his rat killed came to him. Before the end of that day he spoke to every chap in the class separately, and all but three promised and swore not to lay a finger on the rat. But Freckles, Murdoch, and Marrant wouldn't swear. Finally, he paid Marrant sixpence and so got him over, and Murdoch he let crib off him in "prep." three times; and Freckles, who was an awfully sportsmanlike chap really, said he was only rotting all the time, and would be the last to do a classy rat like Ferrers's any harm. In fact, he said he'd much sooner kill Ferrers himself.

Mind you, though, of course, it was simply barbarous for Ferrers to think that his piebald rat could have any effect on his work, yet he proved to me that his success in school and his great popularity with the Doctor dated from the coming of the thing. When he

first got it, it was a mere cub-rat, so to say; now, though not a year old, it had turned out as fine a rat as you could wish to meet anywhere. In appearance it had pink eyes and a white head, and a fairish amount of white fur about the body, which got thinner on its stomach, so that you could see the pink skin through to some extent. But the piebaldness of the rat was the great feature. It had two big, round patches of fur like the common or garden rat, and one small patch of beautiful, yellowish fur, such as you chiefly see on guinea-pigs. Its tail was pink and long, and quite hairless.

Ferrers often kept back good things at meals for it, and the bond between them seemed to grow rummer and rummer, till he let the rat get on his mind, and Wilson said he was getting dotty about it. Which I think was true, for one day, going into the classroom to get a knife from my desk, I saw Ferrers with his rat out, talking to it. He was swotting like anything in play hours for a special Old Testament history prize, and he had the rat and the Bible and various books of reference all before him. Then, not knowing I was there, he spoke:

"I must win it, Mayne Reid. Stick to me, this time, old chap, and see me through."

He called his rat "Mayne Reid" because that was his favourite author.

And "Mayne Reid" seemed to understand, and he turned his pink eyes on to the open Bible and walked over it. Finding he'd walked over the ninth chapter of the Second Book of Kings, Ferrers got excited, and, seeing me, said, "By Jove! then I'll learn that chapter by heart, though it is so long. It's good exciting stuff

anyway, and I bet my rat walking over it means that there'll be a question about Jehu and Jezebel."

"You'll go cracked about that rat," I said.

"It's part of my life," he answered. "I know it seems very peculiar, and so it is, and I don't suppose such a thing ever happened before, but something tells me my prosperity and success are bound up in that rat. He's a familiar spirit, in fact, like Saul had. If he died I should never do much more good, and very likely stick in this class for the rest of my days.

"You'd better not think like that," I said, "because rats are short-lived things, owing to the nasty food they eat. Not that 'Mayne Reid' has nasty food; but all pink-eyed animals are delicate, and you'll have to lose him sooner or later."

Ferrers didn't take warning by me, but after he really did win the Old Testament prize, and there really was a question about Jezebel, he made a sort of idol out of the rat, and some chaps declared he said his prayers to it. I know he constantly bought it cocoanut chips, which it was very fond of. He trained it, too, to live in his breast-pocket, and I often saw him glancing down in class just to get a glimpse of its little eyes looking up at him. That taking the piebald rat into-class shows the lengths Ferrers ran. The whole thing was very peculiar. Some chaps said there was a strong likeness growing up between Ferrers and the rat; and certainly his thin, white face had a rattish look sometimes. Other fellows told him his was an evil spirit, and would end by doing him a bad turn, but Ferrers turned upon them and jawed them with such frightful language that they never said it again. Meanwhile the Doctor went on taking to Ferrers more

and more, and there seemed every chance of his getting the whole Bible by heart before he left Merivale.

Then came the end of the affair like this. Ferrers was so dependent on his rat now that he wouldn't do a lesson without it, and he lugged it fearlessly into the Doctor's study at those times, fortunately rare, when the Doctor took our class himself in Scripture. But Ferrers was such a flyer that we all got tarred with the same brush; and the Doctor, after questioning Ferrers for half an hour about Bible people we'd never even heard of, and getting a string of dead right answers out of him, would dismiss us all in a great good temper, forgetting that he'd only been having a go at one chap.

A day came when the Doctor left us for five minutes in the middle of this class, and while most of us had a hurried dip into the plagues of Egypt, which was the business in hand, Ferrers, who knew as much about the plagues as ever Moses did, just got out his rat and gave it a bit of almond and a short breather of a yard or so along the floor. But, the Doctor coming back suddenly, he had only just time to pop it into his pocket, and even then he put the rat into an unusual pocket which it was not accustomed to, and didn't like, namely, a trouser-pocket. Ferrers also shoved a handkerchief down in the pocket to steady the rat.

Then I saw an awful rum expression come over him, and he grabbed at the pocket and his mouth fell open, and his face got the colour of new putty. At the same time I saw his eyes turn to a big bookshelf with glass doors against the side of the room.

"What's the matter, Ferrers?" said the Doctor. "You appear unwell."

"Nothing, sir, merely a little passing sickness, I think."

"Then withdraw, my boy, and ask the matron to give you a few drops of brandy and water. You need not dine to-day," said the Doctor very kindly.

But Ferrers wouldn't withdraw. He knew "Mayne Reid" had got through his pocket and down his trouser leg; he also knew it was now behind the bookshelf, and might appear at any moment. So he said he was better, and actually! that it would be a grief to him to miss one of the Doctor's own lessons.

But afterwards, when the rat didn't come out and the class was dismissed, Ferrers was frightful to see. His hair all got on end somehow, and his eyes swelled and stuck out of his head like glass beads, and his cheeks got hollow. He ran awful risks going into the Doctor's study that day, but the rat wouldn't come out, and Ferrers looked old enough to be a master when he went to bed, though only eleven and a half really.

"One of two things has happened," he said to me, for we were in the same dormitory, "either it's got wedged in behind the bookshelf and will die if not let out, or else there was a rat-hole there, and it went down and has joined common rats and become a sort of King rat among them."

"Or been killed," I said.

"No, they would not kill it," he answered. "Anyway, to-morrow after the Doctor's class is over, and everybody has gone, I shall stop and make a clean breast of it, and ask him for the sake of humanity to have the bookshelf moved. But it's all up with me if the rat has lost its feeling towards me and won't

come back; only if it was stuck and couldn't come back, that's different."

He didn't sleep much that night, but he said some prayers, which was a thing he didn't often do; and of course he was praying that the piebald rat might be allowed to return.

But next day, after the Scripture class, in which Ferrers was not nearly so much to the front as usual, and got regularly muddled over a potty question about Jacob, the Doctor saved him the trouble of asking about his rat. He—the Doctor, I mean—had been jolly glum all through class, and when it was ended he did a rum thing, which was awful to see, knowing all we did. He told us to keep our places, then went to the fireplace and picked up the shovel. From the face of it he removed a bit of newspaper, and under the newspaper was Mayne Reid. His pink eyes had gone foggy, and there was a little streak of blood on his mouth. Otherwise his body looked all right.

"Now here," said the Doctor in an awfully solemn way, "we have a dead piebald rat. There can be no outlet for error concerning such a rat as this. To have seen such a rat is to remember it. Already three classes have been before me to-day, but nobody knew anything about this animal. That it was a tame rat its fatness and sleekness testify. Moreover, the piebald rat is an outcome of artificiality. A wild rat in a state of nature is brown or black, as the case may be. This rat, then, had an owner, and that owner brought it into my study—*my study*!—and suffered it to escape here. That I do well to be angry you will the more easily understand when I tell you that the unsavoury creature was upon my desk last night,

and has scratched and even gnawed some papers whereon were notes for my next sermon. It was discovered this morning by one of the domestics. She, seeing some object moving upon my desk, struck with the broom handle, and destroyed this rat. Now, let there be no prevarication or evasion of the questions I am going to put to you. First, I wish to know if this rat belongs, or rather belonged, to any among you ; and secondly, I desire to learn whether, supposing the rat be not the property of any present, you happen to know whose property it is, or rather was ? ”

I stole a look at Ferrers, and he appeared so frightful to see, that for some reason I thought I'd try and help him. So, like a fool, I was just going to speak when young Corkey minimus did. He said :

“ Please, sir, it might be a foreign sort of rat that came over in that box of pine-apples and things that Ashley major had sent him from the West Indies.”

“ When I desire your aid in the elucidation of this problem I will apply for it, Corkey minimus,” answered the Doctor, so Corkey dried up.

Then, in a sort of voice that was strange to us, and seemed to come from his stomach or somewhere new, Ferrers spoke, and I never saw a chap look so ghastly. His eyes were fixed on the rat, and he came forward slowly.

“ Please, sir, it was my rat,” he said.

“ Yours, Ferrers ! You to disobey ! You, of all boys, to set my orders at defiance.”

“ It wasn't an ordinary rat, sir.”

“ I can see what sort of rat it was, sir, for myself,” thundered the Doctor. “ This it is to consider a boy,

to devote thought to him, to particularly commend him for his theological knowledge."

"I don't take any credit for knowing anything now, sir. It was the rat as much as me."

"Robert Ferrers!" said the Doctor, in his caning voice, "you are now adding wicked buffoonery to an act in itself sufficiently disreputable!"

"I can't explain, sir, I don't mean any buffoonery. That rat was more to me than you'd think. It—*it* *did* help me somehow, and now it's dead it wouldn't be sportsmanlike to it to say not. And if you'll let me b—bury it properly, I'll be very thankful to you."

The Doctor looked at Ferrers awfully close during this speech.

"Either you are lying," he said, "or you suffer from some hysterical and neurotic condition, Robert Ferrers, which I have neither suspected nor discovered until this moment."

Then he told us to go; but Ferrers he kept for half an hour; and when Ferrers came in to dinner I saw he'd been blubbing. He explained to me after we'd gone to bed. He said:

"No, he didn't cane me or anything. He just talked, and told me a lot about several things I didn't know, and said that familiar spirits were specially barred in the Bible. I never thought he'd have even tried to understand me; but he did, and he quite saw my side about the rat. He said kind words over *it*, too, and was sorry it was dead. And I've got to see Doctor Barnes to-morrow too, though, of course, it's only having my rat on my mind that's upset me. And he let me have it to b—bury gladly."

"Where shall you arrange the rat?" I said.

"I'm sending it home in a stays-box that Jane gave me. I've written to my sister where to bury it. Jane it was who killed it. She cried like anything when I told her what 'Mayne Reid' was to me. But he's in the book-post by now, beautifully done up in shavings and fresh geranium leaves. It's no good talking any more. Only I will say that if he was a familiar spirit, he was a jolly good one, very different to the sort barred in the Scriptures. I don't know how I'll get on in the exams. I wish I was dead, too."

Then he sniffed a bit, and went to sleep.

From *The Human Boy*, 1899 (Methuen & Co.),
Tauchnitz Edition, 3392.

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865-).

AN OLD BOY RETURNS.

"... Hullo! What's happening?"

The darkness had filled with whispers, the sound of trailing rugs, bare feet on bare boards, protests, giggles, and threats such as:

"Be quiet, you ass! ... *Squattez-vous* on the floor, then! ... I swear you aren't going to sit on my bed! ... Mind the tooth-glass," etc.

= "Sta—Corkran said," the prefect began, his tone showing his sense of Stalky's insolence, "that perhaps you'd tell us about that business with Duncan's body."

"Yes—yes—yes," ran the keen whispers. "Tell us."

"There's nothing to tell. What on earth are you chaps hoppin' about in the cold for?"

"Never mind us," said the voices. "Tell about Fat-Sow."

So Crandall turned on his pillow and spoke to the generation he could not see.

"Well, about three months ago he was commanding a treasure-guard—a cart full of rupees to pay troops with—five thousand rupees in silver. He was comin' to a place called Fort Pearson, near Kalabagh."

"I was born there," squeaked a small fag. "It was called after my uncle."

"Shut up—you and your uncle! Never mind him, Crandall."

"Well, ne'er mind. The Afridis found out that this treasure was on the move, and they ambushed the whole show a couple of miles before he got to the fort, and cut up the escort. Duncan was wounded, and the escort hooked it. There weren't more than twenty Sepoys all told, and there were any amount of Afridis. As things turned out, I was in charge at Fort Pearson. Fact was, I'd heard the firing and was just going to see about it, when Duncan's men came up. So we all turned back together. They told me something about an officer, but I couldn't get the hang of things till I saw a chap under the wheels of the cart out in the open, propped up on one arm, blazing away with a revolver. You see, the escort had abandoned the cart, and the Afridis—they're an awfully suspicious gang—thought the retreat was a trap—sort of draw, you know—and the cart was the bait. So they had left poor old Duncan alone. 'Minute they spotted how few *we* were, it was a race

across the flat who should reach old Duncan first. We ran, and they ran, and we won, and after a little hackin' about they pulled off. I never knew it was one of 'us till I was right on top of him. There are heaps of Duncans in the service, and of course the name didn't remind me. He wasn't changed at all hardly. He'd been shot through the lungs, poor old man, and he was pretty thirsty. I gave him a drink and sat down beside him, and—funny thing, too—he said, 'Hullo, Toffee!' and I said, 'Hullo, Fat-Sow! hope you aren't hurt,' or something of the kind. But he died in a minute or two—never lifted his head off my knees. . . . I say, you chaps out there will get your death of cold. Better go to bed."

"All right. In a minute. But your cuts—your cuts. How did you get wounded?"

"That was when we were taking the body back to the Fort. They came on again, and there was a bit of a scrimmage."

"Did you kill anyone?"

"Yes. Shouldn't wonder. Good-night."

"Good - night. Thank you, Crandall. Thanks awfly, Crandall. Good-night."

The unseen 'crowds withdrew.

-From *Stalky & Co.*, 1899 (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.),
Tauchnitz Edition, 3391.

II.

SPORT.

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CHARLES READE (1814-1884).

HENLEY REGATTA.

Few things in this vale of tears are more worthy a pen of fire than an English boat-race is, as seen by the runners; of whom I have often been one. But this race I am bound to indicate, not describe; I mean, to show how it appeared to two ladies seated on the Henley side of the Thames, nearly opposite the winning-post. These fair novices then looked all down the river, and could just discern two whitish streaks on the water, one on each side of the little fairy isle, and a great black patch on the Berkshire bank. The threatening streaks were the two racing

boats: the black patch was about a hundred Cambridge and Oxford men, ready to run and halloo with the boats all the way, or at least till the last puff of wind should be run plus halloed out of their young bodies. Others less fleet and enduring, but equally clamorous, stood in knots at various distances, ripe for a shorter yell and run when the boats should come up to them. Of the natives and country visitors, those who were not nailed down by bounteous Fate ebbed and flowed up and down the bank, with no settled idea but of getting in the way as much as possible, and of getting knocked into the Thames as little as might be.

There was a long uneasy suspense.

At last a puff of smoke issued from a pistol down at the island; two oars seemed to splash into the water from each white streak; and the black patch was moving; so were the threatening streaks. Presently was heard a faint, continuous, distant murmur, and the streaks began to get larger, and larger and larger; and the eight splashing oars looked four instead of two.

Every head was now turned down the river. Groups hung craning over it like nodding bulrushes.

Next the runners were swelled by the stragglers they picked up; so were their voices; and on came the splashing oars and roaring lungs.

Now the colours of the racing jerseys peeped distinct. The oarsmen's heads and bodies came swinging back like one, and the oars seemed to lash the water savagely like a connected row of swords, and the spray squirted at each vicious stroke. The boats leaped and started side by side, and looking at them

in front, Julia could not say which was ahead. On they came nearer and nearer, with hundreds of voices vociferating, "Go it, Cambridge!" "Well pulled, Oxford!" "You are gaining, hurrah!" "Well pulled, Trinity!" "Hurrah!" "Oxford!" "Cambridge!" "Now is your time, Hardie; pick her up!" "Oh, well pulled, Six!" "Well pulled, Stroke!" "Up, up, lift her a bit!" "Cambridge!" "Oxford!" "Hurrah!"

At this Julia turned red and pale by turns. "O Mamma!" said she, clasping her hands and colouring high, "would it be very wrong if I was to *pray* for Oxford to win?"

Mrs. Dodd had a monitory finger; it was on her left hand; she raised it; and that moment, as if she had given a signal, the boats, foreshortened no longer, shot out to treble the length they had looked hitherto, and came broadside past our palpitating fair, the elastic rowers stretched like greyhounds in a chase, darting forward at each stroke so boldly they seemed flying out of the boats, and surging back as superbly, an eightfold human wave: their nostrils all open, the lips of some pale and glutinous: their white teeth all clenched grimly, their young eyes all glowing, their supple bodies swelling, the muscles writhing beneath their jerseys, and the sinews starting on each bare brown arm; their little shrill coxswains shouting imperiously at the young giants, and working to and fro with them, like jockeys at a finish; nine souls and bodies flung whole into each magnificent effort; water foaming and flying, rowlocks ringing, crowd running, tumbling, and howling like mad; and Cambridge a boat's nose ahead.

They had scarcely passed our two spectators, when Oxford put on a furious spurt, and got fully even with the leading boat. There was a louder roar than ever from the bank. Cambridge spurted desperately in turn, and stole those few feet back; and so they were fighting every inch of water. Bang A cannon on the bank sent its smoke over both competitors; it dispersed in a moment, and the boats were seen pulling slowly towards the bridge—Cambridge with four oars, Oxford with six, as if that gun had winged them both.

The race was over.

But who had won our party could not see, and must wait to learn.

A youth, adorned with a blue and yellow rosette, cried out, in the hearing of Mrs. Dodd, "I say, they are properly pumped; both crews are": then, jumping on to a spoke of her carriage-wheel, with a slight apology, he announced that two or three were shut up in the Exeter.

The exact meaning of these two verbs passive was not clear to Mrs. Dodd; but their intensity was. She fluttered, and wanted to go to her boy and nurse him, and turned two most imploring eyes on Julia, and Julia straightway kissed her with gentle vehemence, and offered to run and see.

"What, amongst all those young gentlemen, love? I fear that would not be proper. See, all the ladies remain apart." So they kept quiet and miserable, after the manner of females.

Meantime the Cantab's quick eye had not deceived him: in each racing boat were two young gentlemen leaning collapsed over their oars; and two more, who were in a cloud, and not at all clear whether they were in this world still, or in their zeal had pulled into a better. But their malady was not a rare one in racing boats, and the remedy always at hand: Thames was sprinkled in their faces; and brandy in a tea-spoon trickled down their throats; youth and spirits soon did the rest; and the moment their eyes opened, their mouths opened; and the moment their mouths opened, they fell a-chaffing.

Mrs. Dodd's anxiety and Julia's were relieved by the appearance of Mr. Edward, in a tweed shooting-jacket, sauntering down to them, hands in his pockets, and a cigar in his mouth, placidly unconscious of their solicitude on his account. He was received with a little guttural cry of delight; the misery they had been in about him was duly concealed from him by both; and Julia asked him warmly who had won.

"Oh, Cambridge."

"Cambridge! Why, then you are beaten?"

"Rather." (Puff.)

"And you can come here with that horrible calm, and cigar, owning defeat, and puffing tranquilly, with the same mouth. Mamma, we are beaten. Beaten! actually."

"Never mind," said Edward kindly, "you have seen a capital race, the closest ever known on this river; and one side or other must lose."

"And if they did not quite win, they very nearly did," observed Mrs. Dodd composedly; then with heart-felt content, "he is not hurt, and that is the main thing."

"Well, my Lady Placid, and Mr. Imperturbable, I am glad neither of your equanimities is disturbed; but defeat is a Bitter Pill to me."

Julia said this in her earnest voice, and drawing her scarf suddenly round her, digested her Bitter Pill in silence. During which process several Exeter men caught sight of Edward, and came round him, and an animated discussion took place. They began with asking him how it had happened, and, as he never spoke in a hurry, supplied him with the answers. A stretcher had broken in the Exeter boat? No, but the Cambridge was a much better built boat, and her bottom cleaner. The bow oar of the Exeter boat was ill, and not fit for work. Each of these solutions was advanced and combated in turn, and then all together. At last the Babel lulled, and Edward was once more appealed to.

"Well, I will tell you the real truth," said he, "how it happened." (Puff.)

There was a pause of expectation, for the young man's tone was that of conviction, knowledge, and authority.

"The Cambridge men pulled faster than we did." (Puff.)

The hearers stared and then laughed.

"Come, old fellows," said Edward, "never win a boat-race on dry land! That is such a plain thing to do: gives the other side the laugh as well as the race. I have heard a stretcher or two told, but I saw none broken. (Puff.) Their boat is the worst I ever saw: it dips every stroke. (Puff.) Their strength lies in the crew. It was a good race and a fair one. Cambridge got a lead and kept it. (Puff.) They beat us

a yard or two at rowing; but hang it all, don't let them beat us at telling the truth, not by an inch." (Puff).•

From *Hard Cash*, 1863.

OUIDA (1839-1908).

THE HUNT.

When I got back to my rooms I found breakfast waiting, and De Vigne standing on the hearthrug. Audit and hare-pie had not much temptation for us that morning; we were soon in the saddle, and off to Euston Hollows. After a brisk gallop to cover, we found ourselves riding up the approach to the M.F.H.'s house, where the meet took place in an open sweep of grassland belted with trees, just facing the hall, where were gathered all the men of the Viewaway, mounted on powerful hunters, and looking all over like goers. There was every type of the *genus* sporting man; stout, square farmers with honest bulldog physique, characteristic of John Bull plebeian; wild young Cantabs, mounted showily from livery-stables, with the fair, fearless, delicate features characteristic of John Bull patrician; steady old whippers in, very suspicious of brandy; wrinkled feeders, with stentorian voices that the wildest puppy had learned to know and dread; the courteous, cordial, aristocratic M.F.H., with the men of *his* class, the county gentry; rough, ill-looking cads, awkward at all things save crossing country; no end of pedestrians, nearly run over themselves, and falling into everybody's way; and lastly but, in our

eyes, not least, the ladies who had come to see the hounds throw off.

De Vigne exchanged his reeking hack for his own hunter, a splendid thoroughbred, with as much light action, he said, as a danseuse, and as much strength and power as a bargeman. Then we rode up to talk to the M.F.H.'s wife, who was mounted on a beautiful little mare, and intended to follow her husband and his hounds over the Cambridge fences.

* * * * *

The cheery "Halloo!" rang over coppice and brushwood and plantation; the white sterns of the hounds flourished among the dark-brown bushes of the cover; stentorian lungs shouted out the "Stole away!—hark for-r-r-rard!" and as the finest fox in the county broke away, De Vigne struck his spurs into his hunter's flanks, and rattled down the cover, all his thoughts centred on the clever little pack that streamed along before him; while the whole field burst over the low pastures and oak fences and ox-rails, across which the fox was leading us. I dashed along the first three meadows, which were only divided by low hedges, with all the excitement and breathlessness of a first start; but as we crossed the fourth at an easy gallop, cooling the horses before the formidable leap which we knew the Cam, or rather a narrow sedgy tributary of it, would give us at the bottom, I took time, and looked around. Before any of us, De Vigne was going along, as straight as an arrow's flight, working his bay up for the approaching trial; never looking back, going into the sport before him as if he never had had, and never could have had, any

other interest in life. The Trefusis, riding as few women could, sitting well down in her saddle, like any of the Pytchley or Belvoir men, was some yards behind him, riding jealous, I could see; rather a hopeless task for a young lady with a man known in the hunting-field as he was. The M.F.H. was, of course, handling his hunter in masterly style, his little wife keeping gallantly up with him, though she and her mare looked as likely to be smashed by the first staken-bound fence as a Sèvres figure or a Parian statuette. Curly, who, thanks to his half-broken hunter, had split four strong oak bars, and been once pitched neck and crop into Cambridge mud, was coming along with his pink sadly stained; while Lady Blanche and four of the men were within a few paces of him, and the rest of the field were scattered far and wide: quaint bits of scarlet, green, and black dotting the short brown turf of the pasture lands.

Splash! went the fox into the sedgy waters of this branch of classic Cam, and scrambled up upon the opposite bank. For a second the hounds lost the scent; then, they threw up their heads with a joyous challenge, breasted the stream, dashed on after him, and sped along beyond the pollards on the opposite side far ahead of us, streaming out like the white tail of a comet. De Vigne put his bay at the leap, but before he could lift him over, the Trefusis cleared it with unblanched cheek and unshaken nerve. She looked back with a laugh, not of gay girlish merriment, but a laugh with a certain gratified malice in it; and he gave a muttered oath at being "cut down" by a woman, as he landed his bay beside her.

I cleared it, so did the M.F.H., and, by some

species of sporting miracle, so did his wife and her little mare. One of the yeomen found a watery bed among the tadpoles, clay, and rushes—it might be a watery grave, for anything I know to the contrary—and poor dear Curly was tumbled straight off his young one, and lay there a helpless mass of human and equine flesh, while Lady Blanche lifted her roan over him, with a gay, unsympathising “Keep still, or Maseppa will damage you!”

The run had lasted but ten minutes and a half as yet, and the hounds, giving tongue in joyous concert, led the way for those who could follow them, over blackthorn hedges, staken-bound fences, and heavy ploughed lands, while the fox was heading for Sifton Wood, where, once lodged, we should never unearth him again. On we went at a killing pace; De Vigne leading the first flight, by two lengths, up to a cramped and awkward leap; a high, stiff, straggling hedge, with a double ditch, almost as wide as a Leicestershire bullfinch. Absorbed as I was in working up my hunter for the leap, I looked to see if the Trefusis funkyed it. Not she!—and she cleared it too, lifting her chestnut high in the air, over the ugly blackthorn boughs; but on the slippery marshy ground the horse fell, heavily and awkwardly, flinging her forward; so at least they told me afterwards. The courtly M.F.H. stopped to offer her assistance, but she waved him on; De Vigne had forgotten all his chivalry, and led straight ahead without looking back; while picking up her hunter, the Trefusis remounted, nothing daunted by her fall. Lady Blanche’s Maseppa refused the leap; and with a little petulant French oath, she rode further down, to try and find a gap; while my

luckless underbred one flung me over his head, rolling on his back in rushes, nettles, mud, and duckweed, and before either he or I could recover ourselves and shake off the slough, the fox was killed, and the whoop of triumph came ringing far over plantations and pastures, on the clear October air.

With not a few unholy oaths, less choice than Lady Blanche's, I rode through the gap lower down, and made my way to the finish. The brush was awarded to De Vigne by the old huntsman, who might have given it to the Trefusis, for she was only a yard or two behind him; but Squib had no tenderness for the sex; indeed, he looked on them as having no earthly business in the field, and gave it with a gruff word of compliment to Granville, who of course handed it to Miss Trefusis, but claimed the right of sending it up to town, to be mounted on ivory for her.—From *Held in Bondage*, 1863 (Chatto & Windus), Tauchnitz Edition, 1348-49.

A. CONAN DOYLE (1859—)

RACING ON THE BRIGHTON ROAD.

As our tandem came alongside of the four-in-hand, with the two bonny bay mares gleaming like shot-silk in the sunshine, a murmur of admiration rose from the crowd. My uncle, in his fawn-coloured driving-coat, with all his harness of the same tint, looked the ideal of a Corinthian whip; while Sir John Lade, with his many-caped coat, his white hat, and his rough, weather-beaten face, might have taken his seat with a line of profes-

sionals upon any ale-house bench without any one being able to pick him out as one of the wealthiest landowners in England. It was an age of eccentricity, but he had carried his peculiarities to a length which surprised even the out-and-outers by marrying the sweetheart of a famous highwayman when the gallows had come between her and her lover. She was perched by his side, looking very smart in a flowered bonnet and grey travelling-dress, while in front of them the four splendid coal-black horses, with a flickering touch of gold upon their powerful, well-curved quarters, were pawing the dust in their eagerness to be off.

"It's a hundred that you don't see us before Westminster with a quarter of an hour's start," said Sir John.

"I'll take you another hundred that we pass you," answered my uncle.

"Very good. Time's up. Good-bye!" He gave a *tchk* of the tongue, shook his reins, saluted with his whip in true coachman's style, and away he went, taking the curve out of the square in a workmanlike fashion that fetched a cheer from the crowd. We heard the dwindling roar of the wheels upon the cobblestones until they died away in the distance.

It seemed one of the longest quarters of an hour that I had ever known before the first stroke of nine boomed from the parish clock. For my part, I was fidgeting in my seat in my impatience, but my uncle's calm, pale face and large blue eyes were as tranquil and demure as those of the most unconcerned spectator. He was keenly on the alert, however, and it seemed to me that the stroke of the clock and the theng of his whip fell together—not in a blow, but in a sharp snap

over the leader, which sent us flying with a jingle and a rattle upon our fifty miles' journey. I heard a roar from behind us, saw the gliding lines of windows with staring faces and waving handkerchiefs, and then we were off the stones and on to the good white road which curved away in front of us, with the sweep of the green downs upon either side.

I had been provided with shillings that the turnpike-gate might not stop us, but my uncle reined in the mares and took them at a very easy trot up all the heavy stretch which ends in Clayton Hill. He let them go then, and we flashed through Friar's Oak and across St. John's Common without more than catching a glimpse of the yellow cottage which contained all that I loved best. Never have I travelled at such a pace, and never have I felt such a sense of exhilaration from the rush of keen upland air upon our faces, and from the sight of those two glorious creatures stretched to their utmost, with the roar of their hoofs and the rattle of our wheels, as the light curricie bounded and swayed behind them.

"It's a long four miles uphill from here to Hand Cross," said my uncle, as we flew through Cuckfield. "I must ease them a bit, for I cannot afford to break the hearts of my cattle. They have the right blood in them, and they would gallop until they dropped if I were brute enough to let them. Stand up on the seat, nephew, and see if you can get a glimpse of them."

I stood up, steadying myself upon my uncle's shoulder, but though I could see for a mile, or perhaps a quarter more, there was not a sign of the four-in-hand.

"If he has sprung his cattle up all these hills they'll be spent ere they see Croydon," said he.

"They have four to two," said I.

"*J'en suis bien sûr.*" Sir John's black strain makes a good, honest creature, but not fliers like these. There lies Cuckfield Place, where the towers are, yonder. Get your weight right forward on the splashboard now that we are going uphill, nephew. Look at the action of that leader: did you ever see anything more easy and more beautiful?"

We were taking the hill at a quiet trot, but even so we made the carrier, walking in the shadow of his huge, broad-wheeled, canvas-covered waggon, stare at us in amazement. Close to Hand Cross we passed the Royal Brighton stage, which had left at half-past seven, dragging heavily up the slope; and its passengers, toiling along through the dust behind, gave us a cheer as we whirled by. At Hand Cross we caught a glimpse of the old landlord hurrying out with his gin and his gingerbread; but the dip of the ground was downwards now, and away we flew as fast as eight gallant hoofs could take us.

"Do you drive, nephew?"

"Very little, sir."

"There is no driving on the Brighton Road."

"How is that, sir?"

"Too good a road, nephew. I have only to give them their heads, and they will race me into Westminster. It wasn't always so. When I was a very young man one might learn to handle his twenty yards of tape here as well as elsewhere. There's not much really good waggoning now south of Leicestershire. Show me a man who can hit 'em and hold 'em on a Yorkshire daleside, and that's the man who comes from the right school."

We had raced over Crawley Down and into the broad main street of Crawley Village, flying between two country waggons in a way which showed me that even now a driver might do something on the road. With every turn I peered ahead, looking for our opponents, but my uncle seemed to concern himself very little about them, and occupied himself in giving me advice, mixed up with so many phrases of the craft, that it was all that I could do to follow him.

"Keep a finger for each, or you will have your reins clubbed," said he. "As to the whip, the less fanning the better if you have willing cattle; but when you want to put a little life into a coach, see that you get your thong on to the one that needs it, and don't let it fly round after you've hit. I've seen a driver warm up the off-side passenger on the roof behind him every time he tried to cut his off-side wheeler. I believe that is their dust over yonder."

A long stretch of road lay before us, barred with the shadows of wayside trees. Through the green fields a lazy blue river was drawing itself slowly along, passing under a bridge in front of us. Beyond was a young fir plantation, and over its olive line there rose a white whirl which drifted swiftly, like a cloud-scud on a breezy day.

"Yes, yes, it's they!" cried my uncle. "No one else would travel as fast. Come, nephew, we're half-way when we cross the mole at Kimberham Bridge, and we've done it in two hours and fourteen minutes. The Prince drove to Carlton House with a three tandem in four hours and a half. The first half is the worst half, and we might cut his time if all goes well. We should make up between this and Reigate."

And we flew. The bay mares seemed to know what that white puff in front of us signified, and they stretched themselves like greyhounds. We passed a phaeton-and-pair London-bound, and we left it behind as if it had been standing still. Trees, gates, cottages went dancing by. We heard the folks shouting from the fields, under the impression that we were a runaway. Faster and faster yet they raced, the hoofs rattling like castanets, the yellow manes flying, the wheels buzzing, and every joint and rivet creaking and groaning, while the currie swung and swayed until I found myself clutching to the side-rail. My uncle eased them and glanced at his watch as we saw the grey tiles and dingy red houses of Reigate in the hollow beneath us.

"We did the last six well under twenty minutes," said he. "We've time in hand, and a little water at the Red Lion will do them no harm. Red four-in-hand passed, ostler?"

"Just gone, sir."

"Going hard?"

"Galloping full split, sir! Took the wheel off a butcher's cart at the corner of the High Street, and was out o' sight before the butcher's boy could see what had hurt him."

Z-Z-Z-Z-aek! went the long thong, and away we flew once more. It was market-day at Redhill, and the road was crowded with carts of produce, droves of bullocks, and farmers' gigs. It was a sight to see how my uncle threaded his way amongst them all. Through the market-place we dashed, amidst the shouting of men, the screaming of women, and the scuttling of poultry, and then we were out in the country again,

with the long, steep incline of the Redhill Road before us. My uncle waved his whip in the air with a shrill view-halloa!

There was the dust-cloud rolling up the hill in front of us, and through it we had a shadowy peep of the backs of our opponents, with a flash of brass-work and a gleam of scarlet.

"There's half the game won, nephew. Now we must pass them. Hark forrard, my beauties! By George, if Kitty isn't founndered!"

The leader had suddenly gone dead lame. In an instant we were both out of the curricie and on our knees beside her. It was but a stone, wedged between frog and shoe in the off forefoot, but it was a minute or two before we could wrench it out. When we had regained our places the Lades were round the curve of the hill and out of sight.

"Bad luck!" growled my uncle. "But they can't get away from us!" For the first time he touched the mares up, for he had but cracked the whip over their heads before. "If we catch them in the next few miles we can spare them for the rest of the way."

They were beginning to show signs of exhaustion. Their breath came quick and hoarse, and their beautiful coats were matted with moisture. At the top of the hill, however, they settled down into their swing once more.

"Where on earth have they got to?" cried my uncle. "Can you make them out on the road, nephew?"

We could see a long white ribbon of it, all dotted with carts and waggons coming from Croydon to Redhill, but there was no sign of the big four-in-hand.

"There they are! Stole away! stole away!" he

cried, wheeling the mares round into a side road which struck to the right out of that which we had travelled. "There they are, nephew! On the brow of the hill!"

Sure enough, on the rise of a curve upon our right the four-in-hand had appeared, the horses stretched to the utmost. Our mares laid themselves out gallantly, and the distance between us began slowly to decrease. I found that I could see the black band upon Sir John's white hat, then that I could count the folds of his cape; finally, that I could see the pretty features of his wife as she looked back at us.

"We're on the side road to Godstone and Warlingham," said my uncle. "I suppose he thought that he could make better time by getting out of the way of the market-carts. But we've got the deuce of a hill to come down. You'll see some fun, nephew, or I am mistaken."

As he spoke I suddenly saw the wheels of the four-in-hand disappear, then the body of it, and then the two figures upon the box, as suddenly and abruptly as if it had bumped down the first three steps of some gigantic stairs. An instant later we had reached the same spot, and there was the road beneath us, steep and narrow, winding in long curves into the valley. The four-in-hand was swishing down it as hard as the horses could gallop.

"Thought so!" cried my uncle. "If he doesn't brake, why should I? Now, my darlings, one good spurt, and we'll show them the colour of our tail-board."

We shot over the brow and flew madly down the hill, with the great red coach roaring and thundering before us. Already we were in the dust, so that we

could see nothing but the dim scarlet blur in the heart of it, rocking and rolling, with its outline hardening at every stride. We could hear the crack of the whip in front of us, and the shrill voice of Lady Lade as she screamed to the horses. My uncle was very quiet, but when I glanced up at him I saw that his lips were set and his eyes shining, with just a little flush upon each pale cheek. There was no need to urge on the mares, for they were already flying at a pace which could neither be stopped nor controlled. Our leader's head came abreast of the off hind-wheel, then of the off front one—then for a hundred yards we did not gain an inch, and then with a spurt the bay leader was neck-to-neck with the black wheeler and our fore-wheel within an inch of their hind one.

"Dusty work!" said my uncle quietly.

"Fan 'em, Jack! Fan 'em!" shrieked the lady.

He sprang up and lashed at his horses.

"Look out, Tregellis!" he shouted. "There's a damnation spill coming for somebody."

We had got fairly abreast of them now, the rumps of the horses exactly a-line and the fore-wheels whizzing together. There was not six inches to spare in the breadth of the road, and every instant I expected to feel the jar of a locking wheel. But now, as we came out from the dust, we could see what was ahead, and my uncle whistled between his teeth at the sight.

Two hundred yards or so in front of us there was a bridge, with wooden posts and rails upon either side. The road narrowed down at the point, so that it was obvious that the two carriages abreast could not possibly get over. One must give way to the other. Already our wheels were abreast of their wheelers.

"I lead!" shouted my uncle. "You must pull them, Lade!"

"Not I!" he roared.

"No, by George!" shrieked her ladyship. "Fan 'em, Jack; keep on fanning 'em!"

It seemed to me that we were all going to eternity together. But my uncle did the only thing that could have saved us. By a desperate effort we might just clear the coach before reaching the mouth of the bridge. He sprang up, and lashed right and left at the mares, who, maddened by the unaccustomed pain, hurled themselves on in a frenzy. Down we thundered together, all shouting, I believe, at the top of our voices in the madness of the moment; but still we were drawing steadily away, and we were almost clear of the leaders when we flew on to the bridge. I glanced back at the coach, and I saw Lady Lade, with her savage little white teeth clenched together, throw herself forward and tug with both hands at the off-side reins.

"Jam them, Jack!" she cried. "Jam the —— before they can pass."

Had she done it an instant sooner we should have crashed against the woodwork, carried it away, and been hurled into the deep gully below. As it was, it was not the powerful haunch of the black leader which caught our wheel, but the forequarter, which had not weight enough to turn us from our course. I saw a red wet seam gape suddenly through the black hair, and next instant we were flying alone down the road, whilst the four-in-hand halted, and Sir John and his lady were down in the road together, tending to the wounded horse.

"Easy now, my beauties!" cried my uncle, settling down into his seat again, and looking back over his shoulder. "I could not have believed that Sir John Lade would have been guilty of such a trick as pulling that leader across. I do not permit a *mauvaise plaisanterie* of that sort. He shall hear from me to-night."

"It was the lady," said I.

My uncle's brow cleared, and he began to laugh.

"It was little Letty, was it?" said he. "I might have known it. There's a touch of the late lamented Sixteen-string Jack about the trick. Well, it is only messages of another kind that I send to a lady, so we'll just drive on our way, nephew, and thank our stars that we bring whole bones over the Thames."—From *Rodney Stone*, 1896 (Smith, Elder & Co.), Tauchnitz Edition, 3182-83.

A. CONAN DOYLE.

THE FIGHT.

The company was swarming through the door and clattering down the stair, so we followed in the stream. A fine rain was falling, and the yellow lights from the windows glistened upon the wet cobble-stones of the yard. How welcome was that breath of sweet, damp air after the fetid atmosphere of the supper-room. At the other end of the yard was an open door sharply outlined by the gleam of lanterns within, and through this they poured in their eagerness to get to the front. For my own part, being a smallish man, I should have

seen nothing had I not found an upturned bucket in a corner, upon which I perched myself with the wall at my back.

It was a large room, with a wooden floor and an open square in the ceiling, which was fringed with the heads of the ostlers and stable boys who were looking down from the harness-room above. A carriage lamp was slung in each corner, and a very large stable-lantern hung from a rafter in the centre. A coil of rope had been brought in, and under the direction of Jackson four men had been stationed to hold it.

"What space do you give them?" asked my uncle.

"Twenty-four, as they are both big ones, sir."

"Very good, and half-minutes between rounds, I suppose? I'll umpire if Sir Lothian Hume will do the same, and you can hold the watch and referee, Jackson."

With great speed and exactness every preparation was rapidly made by these experienced men. Mendoza and Dutch Sam were commissioned to attend to Berks, while Belcher and Jack Harrison did the same for Boy Jim. Sponges, towels, and some brandy in a bladder were passed over the heads of the crowd for the use of the seconds.

"Here's our man," cried Belcher. "Come along, Berks, or we'll go to fetch you."

Jim appeared in the ring stripped to the waist, with a coloured handkerchief tied round his middle. A shout of admiration came from the spectators as they looked upon the fine lines of his figure, and I found myself roaring with the rest. . . .

Joe Berks in the meanwhile had swaggered in and stood with folded arms between his seconds in the

opposite corner. His face had none of the eager alertness of his opponent, and his skin, of a dead white, with heavy folds about the chest and ribs, showed, even to my inexperienced eyes, that he was not a man who should fight without training. . . .

The hubbub of the betting had risen until it drowned all other sounds, men shouting their opinions from one side of the coach-house to the other, and waving their hands to attract attention, or as a sign that they had accepted a wager. . . .

The two men had stood up to each other, Jim as light upon his feet as a goat, with his left well out and his right thrown across the lower part of his chest, while Berks held both arms half extended and his feet almost level, so that he might head off with either side. For an instant they looked each other over, and then Berks, ducking his head and rushing in with a hand-over-hand style of hitting, bored Jim down into his corner. It was a backward slip rather than a knock-down, but a thin trickle of blood was seen at the corner of Jim's mouth. In an instant the seconds had seized their men and carried them back into their corners. . . .

They were at it again, and I was jumping about upon my bucket in my excitement. It was evident that Berks meant to finish the battle off-hand, whilst Jim, with two of the most experienced men in England to advise him, was quite aware that his correct tactics were to allow the ruffian to expend his strength and wind in vain. There was something horrible in the ferocious energy of Berks's hitting, every blow fetching a grunt from him as he smashed it in; and after each I gazed at Jim, as I have gazed at a stranded vessel

upon the Sussex beach when wave after wave has roared over it, fearing each time that I should find it miserably mangled. But still the lamplight shone upon the lad's clear, alert face, upon his well-opened eyes and his firm-set mouth, while the blows were taken upon his fore-arm or allowed, by a quick duck of the head, to whistle over his shoulder. But Berks was artful as well as violent. Gradually he worked Jim back into an angle of the ropes from which there was no escape, and then, when he had him fairly pinned, he sprang upon him like a tiger. What happened was so quick that I cannot set its sequence down in words, but I saw Jim make a quick stoop under the swinging arms, and at the same instant I heard a sharp, ringing smack, and there was Jim dancing about in the middle of the ring, and Berks lying upon his side on the floor, with his hand to his eyes.

How they roared! Prize-fighters, Corinthians, Prince, stable-boy, and landlord were all shouting at the top of their lungs.

. . . The two men were hurried to their corners, one second sponging them down and the other flapping a towel in front of their faces, whilst they, with arms hanging down and legs extended, tried to draw all the air they could into their lungs in the brief space allowed them. . . .

"Time!" said Jackson, and the two men sprang forward to the mark again.

This round was a good deal shorter than that which had preceded it. Berks's orders evidently were to close at any cost, and so make use of his extra weight and strength before the superior condition of his antagonist

could have time to tell. On the other hand, Jim, after his experience in the last round, was less disposed to make any great exertion to keep him at arm's-length. He led at Berks's head, as he came rushing in, and missed him, receiving a severe body blow in return, which left the imprint of four angry knuckles above his ribs. As they closed Jim caught his opponent's bullet head under his arm for an instant, and put a couple of half-arm blows in; but the prize-fighter pulled him over by his weight, and the two fell panting side by side upon the ground. Jim sprang up, however, and walked over to his corner, while Berks, distressed by his evening's dissipation, leaned one arm upon Mendoza and the other upon Dutch Sam as he made for his seat. . . . "Time!" said Jackson once more.

They were both at the mark in an instant, Jim as full of sprightly confidence as ever, and Berks with a fixed grin upon his bulldog face and a most vicious gleam in the only eye which was of use to him. His half minute had not enabled him to recover his breath, and his huge, hairy chest was rising and falling with a quick, loud panting like a spent hound. "Go in, boy! Bustle him!" roared Harrison and Belcher. "Get your wind, Joe; get your wind!" cried the Jews. So now we had a reversal of tactics, for it was Jim who went in to hit with all the vigour of his young strength and unimpaired energy, while it was the savage Berks who was paying his debt to Nature for the many injuries he had done her. He gasped, he gurgled, his face grew purple in his attempts to get his breath, while with his long left arm extended and his right thrown across, he tried to screen himself from the

attack of his wiry antagonist. "Drop when he hits!" cried Mendoza. "Drop and have a rest!"

But there was no shyness or shiftiness about Berks's fighting. He was always a gallant ruffian, who disdained to go down before an antagonist as long as his legs would sustain him. He propped Jim off with his long arm, and though the lad sprang lightly round him looking for an opening, he was held off as if a forty-inch bar of iron were between them. Every instant now was in favour of Berks, and already his breathing was easier and the bluish tinge fading from his face. Jim knew that his chance of a speedy victory was slipping away from him, and he came back again and again as swift as a flash to the attack without being able to get past the passive defence of the trained fighting man. It was at such a moment that ring-craft was needed, and luckily for Jim two masters of it were at his back.

"Get your left on his mark, boy," they shouted, "then go to his head with the right."

Jim heard and acted on the instant. Plunk! came his left just where his antagonist's ribs curved from his breast-bone. The force of the blow was half-broken by Berks's elbow, but it served its purpose of bringing forward his head. Spank! went the right, with the clear, crisp sound of two billiard balls clapping together, and Berks reeled, flung up his arms, spun round, and fell in a huge, fleshy heap upon the floor. His seconds were on him instantly, and propped him up in a sitting position, his head rolling helplessly from one shoulder to the other, and finally toppling backwards with his chin pointed to the ceiling. Dutch Sam thrust the brandy-bladder between his

teeth ; while Mendoza shook him savagely and howled insults in his ear, but neither the spirits nor the sense of injury could break into that serene insensibility.

"Time!" was duly called, and the Jews, seeing that the affair was over, let their man's head fall back with a crack upon the floor, and there he lay, his huge arms and legs a-sprawl, whilst the Corinthians and fighting-men crowded past him to shake the hand of his conqueror.—From *Rodney Stone*, 1896 (Smith, Elder & Co.), Tauchnitz Edition, 3182-83.

GEORGE WARRINGTON STEEVENS

(1869–1900).

THE DERBY.

I.

On the Epsom road early summer brings a double crop. • It is not so near the London blights but that chestnut and may blossom sweetly above the hedges, kingcups in the ditches, and buttercups in the meadows. Along with them this season breeds •products less clean. Between the chestnut trees, above the may, come out festoons of grossly yellow and vermilion posters; among the buttercups on the roadside, a succession of sleepy tramps readjust battered billycocks over their eyes, and heave from one elbow on to the other. Then you know that summer is come and the Derby is at hand.

On the Epsom road we associate the Derby with a string of raucous brakes in the morning and the same hideously vocal returning at night; also with

entirely supererogatory niggers, who pester us as we go back to work in the quiet interval after dinner. As if we had anything to waste on niggers, we who try to live on the starveling Epsom road. Nevertheless, if we had eyes to spare for it, the days before the Derby bring quite a modern exodus in a panorama before us.

The Monday before the Epsom Summer Meeting is, as the calendar will tell you, one of the rare holidays of the flat-racing season. Yet that day sees a procession from London to the Downs as continuous, if not so thick, as that of the Wednesday itself. On Monday morning I found one unbroken string of vehicles and foot-passengers stretched all along the ten miles from Double Gates, Merton, which are held to be the end of London, to the Grand Stand above Epsom. They had nothing directly to do with racing, and they were not making holiday. They were just the parasites—the swing-boat people and the Aunt-Sally people, the gipsies, the hawkers, and the general cadgers that make what you might call the properties of the Derby.

Most of the vehicles were of the house-van kind that you all know, though you will not often see so many of them together. They seem rarer than they used to be, and I should have hardly thought there were so many left in England. Yet here they were in scores, plodding, plodding southward: on the road their sloping decks and soot-crustcd chimneys, their dark-green or claret-coloured sides give them something of the air of vessels. This is the ship of the road, self-contained and self-sufficient, touching here and there for supplies, yet independent of any roof or bed or stable, or any other resting-place—the true

automobile. The sky for your roof-tree and the turf for your pillow; how you envy the free mariners of the road—until you look at them. Verminous hair matted over low foreheads and shifting eyes, arms that hang forward from loose shoulders like an orang-outang's, toeless and heelless boots, every man and woman and child in shapeless clothes that obviously were made for somebody else—no: I would not be a van-dweller after all.

The van carries its all with it: the smoke from the funnel says they are cooking their dinner; lashed to a tail-board is the goat that gives the milk for tea; hung out in front the caged lianet that furnishes the band during meals. Mixed up with these go parties who travel much lighter—a coster-cart, laden with what look like bean-sticks and a length or two of canvas, that is to make a shelter wherein the family will spend the week. Then there are those who travel lighter still—the foot-passengers, some in droves of men and women together, their sole baggage a few ponies, seemingly ignorant of the difference between a summer and winter coat; some all alone, and with no more baggage than the hands in their pockets. They have no trade goods, these slouching scarecrows, no accomplishments, no qualification at all for work, and no intention in the world of doing it. Yet here they are in their thousands, shuffling towards the Derby—to beg, to borrow, to steal—all drawn by the lodestar of that hope of getting money without working for it, which is inseparable from the glorious turf.

You do not fall exactly in love with the British turf on the Epsom road the day before the Derby meeting. And when you get up on to the Downs

you love it still less. You see the lower side of it, which is to the brilliancy and excitement of the day itself as loaded beer is to champagne, or the shaggy galumphing gipsy pony to the shining thoroughbred. When you get on to the Downs you should have drawn definitely clear of London and all about it. Behind and below you trees and meadows, farms and villages, welter in black murk: the filthy exhalations of London climb up the sky like a wall. Before you stretches of rolling grass dip down to hollows, rise up to brows, all furred with rich green plantation; the sky is wistfully blue, hoping that the sunlight will tarry a little now it has come at last. The breeze that howls over the Downs you can feel in the very bottom of your lungs, cleaning your blood. As you begin to rejoice in all this, there rises into your vision the Grand Stand and the racecourse and all the tawdry vulgarities that have sprung up in a night about them. London looks to have oozed out and laid a patch of its slimy self over the beginning of the clean country.

Already a village of vans has sat down on the gorse-bushes. At rest the vans lose their suggestion of ships. You notice, rather, the clean window curtains, and begin to think you could be a gipsy after all. Having arrived and got their pitches, half of them are making holiday before the working days begin—a simple sort of holiday, that consists, for the young, the touzle-haired, and bare-legged, in pulling each other aimlessly over the turf, but for the staidier elders in lying down to sleep in the sun. You are reminded that the gipsy is a true Oriental in this, that he has no bedtime.

But we must not harrow ourselves unduly. The gipsy is happy enough in his dirt; and if you don't like it, there are comely sights on Epsom Downs, even before the Derby. Along with the gipsies have come the advance-guard of the costers—a very different class. The coster is a happy-go-lucky fellow, and on occasion blasphemous; but he is also quick, ready, skilled in men, and especially, independent. On an occasion like this, in the country, where good business is to be combined with pleasure, his women-kind are a sight worth coming so far to see. They are neither shabby nor gaudy: their gowns and hats are black, their adornments are no more than clear eyes and yet clearer weather-ripened cheeks, and aprons spotlessly white and so stiffly starched that they could stand by themselves.

The sight of two such, walking casually among the street of vans and shock-headed viragoes, cheerfully and hopelessly asking if anybody has seen a young feller with a pony-cart pass that way, is enough to sweeten the whole scene for at least a moment. But when you look at it again, you may love horses and racing as much as you like, but your heart sinks. You see all the naked apparatus of pleasure, and it looks as a circus might at noonday, or a fashionable beauty without her paint and powder. To-morrow it may not be beautiful, but at least it will be crowded, merry, roaring with enjoyment, fulfilling its purposes in life. To-day the swings and merry-go-rounds are gaunt skeletons being patched together, or heaps of garish yellow and vermilion and boards strewn on the desecrated green. The refreshment-booths are heaps of forms and trestles littered with coarse crockery.

The whole place is covered with loitering scallywags, touts and tramps and beggars, the scum of England.

And the beer! Beer is good, but to see it hauled up the day before, in cold blood, is all but to turn teetotaller. Drays and drays and drays of it—beer arriving, beer disembarking, barrels of beer ranged in every tent, empty drays going back for more. Some of the loafers have begun on it already, and stagger instead of shuffling: you wonder what they will be like by Oaks night.

The whole thing is altogether too naked, you feel: it wants draping into decency. When you go down into Epsom you find it full of horse-faced stable-lads out of work, who ask you whether by any chance you have a steeplechaser that wants schooling, and, if not, whether you have a shilling. Outside the station the street is double-lined with lounging unemployed ostensibly waiting to carry visionary bags. By every train pour in blue-chinned, hungry-faced book-makers. The tail of yellow brakes is already standing to take tomorrow's crowds up to the Course. A steady stream of horses, that have left coaches ready in their places in the enclosure or vans immobile for the week, plod wearily back for more.

This is not a sermon: I could write you just as forbidding a description of the eve of a first night, or a Church Congress, or a Handel Festival, or the places where they make the dresses for a fancy-dress ball. When it is dressed and at work it will look quite different, only it is never pleasant to contemplate the raw material of pleasure.

II.

What a day! We could tell in an instant that it would be glorious as soon as we put our heads outside the door on to the Epsom road.

We got in and up ostentatiously, half the household—the other half sorrowed at home, only half believing that there will be another Derby next year—and went off with the blessed knowledge that all the neighbours saw us go. They were all on the pavements, or at their windows, or the doors of their shops. They were not going, it is true; for all that they were to enjoy their day watching the other people. That is the beauty of Derby Day, especially on the Epsom road: it is of universal enjoyment—the great festival of all the Cockney year.

The costers, who inhabit our quarter in great strength, were going too. Oh yes, they were going—old man and old woman and kids and pony and moke. We started early: the coaches and brakes had not yet got so far from Piccadilly, and the road belonged—as indeed it mostly belongs—all Derby Day to the poor. But none of them—not the tradesman in his market-cart lined with Windsor chairs, not even the fair ladies you divine inside the darkling furniture vans—can touch the coster.

He is the only man of his class who always takes the whole family on the jaunt, and they are the only kind of family that knows how to turn itself out. The well-fed Polly or Neddy in the shafts, the harness picked out with ribbons or bunches of lilac, the long, new-painted, highly variegated cart that balances on its axle-tree like a liner at sea, the old man's twinkling eyes

and weather-reddened cheeks, the old woman in crimson velvet or lilac silk sitting so bolt upright, so queenly under her tiadem of feathers, the tiny boys in their square-tailed grey coats and their square capable faces,—oh yes, give me the coster on Derby Day. There is nothing like him outside London, and nothing inside either.

We roll out between the familiar meadows. On the roadside rest foot-passengers; a steady stream of them sits all along the road, the British working man walking down. He looks twice the man he does on other days—striding along, holding himself upright, smoking his old pipe. Who grudges him the buttercups and the sweet hawthorn and the cloudless blue—already filtered so clean from the reek of London? What a day!

North Cheam, the Queen Victoria's Head, Ewell, Epsom,—every soul on the pavements—Ashley Road—and we are there already. Just in time to get the carriage into the front row and yet two good hours from the first race. But that is all the better. There are those among us who have never seen a book-maker, and wonder why showers of leaflets drop from a still sky: two hours fly as two minutes in such initiations. But meanwhile, and from the first moment to the last, what a sight!

The day before the meeting the course was an abomination, an outrage on the clear sky and the lift of the Downs and the far-off blotches of woodland. But to-day London has come out and draped the indecency, and it is all pure holiday. The shabby vans and shaggy ponies and the shock-headed women and children now fall into their proper places as the frame-

work of the world's greatest fair. The Hill, which on Monday was a stack of tawdry bits of timber and dirty canvas, to-day, upholstered with people, has become a very palace of pleasure. It stands up over against you with the white and blue and scarlet signs of the silver ring, the red and yellow of the swings and merry-go-rounds; the colours are just as garish as they ever were, but now they are only the embroidery on a spreading cloak of black-coated Londoners.

You might think that the whole city had migrated on to the Downs. You wonder what London is like at this moment: is it possible that many poor wretches are left there breathing the air through that respirator of smoke? Here, although the dust is in your nostrils, you still smell the may through it. At least, there are thousands and thousands enjoying that smell to-day, and you rejoice; for the Derby is one of those blessed days when everybody wants everybody to enjoy himself.

By now the stands opposite us are black with people; the whole course is black as far as Tattenham Corner, and beyond; wherever you look is a thick black carpet pricked with myriads of pin-point faces. It is a huge city, almost a nation in itself. Only this is a city where everybody can see the sky—a whole hemisphere of it; we may thank the wisdom of our fathers for giving London an institution like the Derby. The Prince of Wales is under the clock under the royal standard; the dustman is on the course below, brushing against the frock-coat of a Cabinet Minister. And they are all enjoying themselves, and enjoying the enjoyment of the others.

However, we came to see races—and now the

limber two-year-olds are stretching their long legs in the canter; a few minutes and they come thundering past us home. Sloan wins! and nobody grudges it him; yet, if it were an omen. Surely Providence will never allow a French colt with an American rider to win our Derby! We lost heavily on the first race, and worse on the second; yet on the Derby none of us really cared to bet at all. It was almost too dear and important an issue for betting—almost as bad as insuring your mother's life.

Now comes the Bell, and that ever-wonderful scene of clearing the course—the black river that dries up in five minutes at the hand-wave of a few score men in blue coats and helmets. Another wait—and here come the horses. They walk past, and then canter back—Holocauste first, looking a bit of a slug; with Sloan riding him as if he were a bicycle; then the rest of the shining ones, and last Flying Fox, with what a reach, what an all-conquering stride, and a man on his back that sits and has hands left to ride with. They disappear, and then we wait and wait and wait. Time after time the silk jackets break away behind us and file slowly back. Won't it be all in favour of the slug? Wasn't Flying Fox tearing a little at his bit in the canter? Quarter-past three, half-past—off; no, false start again—twenty to, quarter to—ah! a breathless interval, and there they sweep over the hill, well together. Now they are shut out again; but now they are tearing round the corner. Little spots of colour are sliding down the hill; now jerking furiously up it. Nearer and nearer, bigger and bigger; the earth trembles; the wave of colour surges up, and—yellow, Flying Fox, Morning-

ton Cannon, by all that's glorious! Running under the whip, with some of the fire out of his action, but still that conquering stride. A yellow ray, across the eyes—a flash of the jockey's square resolute face as he looks round an instant, and then—ah-h! Our Derby is our Derby, still.

Somehow there seem to be fewer Frenchmen than there were a minute ago. Yet we can all spare a pang for a good horse come to grief and for a plucky rider beaten, who yet weighs out, next race. But to hold up a horse round Tattenham Corner, we tell ourselves with great sageness, you need to sit on his back.

More races: we lose our money quite cheerfully, for the country is saved, and our best horseman has won his Derby. Under the unaccustomed sun we all sit and are happy, till suddenly—oh, alas!—the last race is run, and we must go home. You would say that this black garment of people could never be pulled off the Downs. Coaches and landaus and coster-carts start and start and start; yet there isn't even room made for us to put in our horses. The broad black river in the course flows and flows, but it never seems to get thinner. The truth is that nobody cares to go away: the evening air and the evening sun and the evening scents are all kisses.

We get away at last. It appears that the tin trumpet is this year's foolishness for coming home, with paper sunshades for yourself and—if you are a coster and your beast is a friend—for him also. When you have been to the Derby the tin trumpet sounds quite passable. We observe a good many stoppages by the way. Many of them are near public-houses, certainly, but not nearly all. The truth is that

the Derby is a day of days, and nobody is in a hurry to get it over. Hundreds stop just to get a little more green hedgerow, the pony has a feed, and they sit quite happily on the cooling grass. It is not the racing entirely, and it is not wholly the air and the sun and the green, nor the blending of all classes, nor the lunch, nor the beer. It is all together. It is just the Derby—London's day of pure enjoyment. What a day!—From *Things Seen*, 1897 (Wm. Blackwood & Sons).

III. OF CITIES.

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NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE (1804-1864).

SORDID LONDON.

It is human life; it is this material world; it is a grim and heavy reality. I have never had the same

sense of being surrounded by materialism and hemmed in with the grossness of this earthly existence anywhere else ; these broad, crowded streets are so evidently the veins and arteries of an enormous City. London is evidenced in every one of them, just as a megatherium is in each of its separate bones, even if they be small ones. Thus I never fail of a sort of self-congratulation in finding myself, for instance, passing along Ludgate Hill ; but, in spite of this, it is really an ungladdened life to wander through these huge, thronged ways, over a pavement foul with mud, ground into it by a million of footsteps ; jostling against people who do not seem to be individuals, but all one mass, so homogeneous is the street-walking aspect of them ; the roar of vehicles pervading me, wearisome cabs and omnibuses, everywhere the dingy brick edifices heaving themselves up, and shutting out all but a strip of sullen cloud that serves London for a sky—in short, a general impression of grime and sordidness, and at this season always a fog scattered along the vista of streets, sometimes so densely as almost to spiritualise the materialism and make the scene resemble the other world of worldly people, gross even in ghostliness.—From *The English Note-Books of Nathaniel Hawthorne*, 1870.

RICHARD JEFFERIES (1848–1887).

DOWN AT THE DOCKS.

Fleet upon fleet, argosy upon argosy. Masts to the right, masts to the left, masts in front, masts yonder above the warehouses ; masts in among the streets as

steeple appear amid roofs ; masts across the river hung with drooping half-furled sails ; masts afar down thin and attenuated, mere dark straight lines in the distance. They await in stillness the rising of the tide.

It comes, and at the exact moment—foreknown to a second—the gates are opened, and the world of ships moves outwards to the stream. Downwards they drift to the east, some slowly that have as yet but barely felt the pull of the hawser, others swiftly, and the swifter because their masts cross and pass the masts of inward-bound ships ascending. Two lines of masts, one raking one way, the other the other, cross and puzzle the eye to separate their weaving motion and to assign the rigging to the right vessel. White funnels aslant, dark funnels, red funnels, rush between them ; white steam curls upwards ; there is a hum, a haste, almost a whirl, for the commerce of the world is crowded into the hour of the full tide. These great hulls, these crossing masts a-rake, the intertangled rigging, the background of black barges drifting downwards, the lines and ripple of the water as the sun comes out, if you look too steadily, daze the eyes and cause a sense of giddiness. It is so difficult to realise so much mass—so much bulk—moving so swiftly, and in so intertangled a manner ; a mighty dance of thousands of tons—gliding, slipping, drifting forwards, yet without apparent effort. Thousands upon thousands of tons go by like the shadows, silently, as if the ponderous hulls had no stability or weight ; like a dream they float past, solid and yet without reality. It is a giddiness to watch them.

This happens, not on one day only, not one tide, but at every tide and every day the year through, year

after year. The bright summer sun glows upon it; the red sun of the frosty hours of winter looks at it from under the deepening canopy of vapour; the blasts of the autumnal equinox howl over the vast city and whistle shrilly in the rigging; still at every tide the world of ships moves out into the river.—From *The Life of the Fields*, 1884 (Chatto & Windus).

GEORGE GISSING (1857–1903).

BLACKFRIARS BRIDGE AT 9 A.M.

Strong and silent the tide of Thames flowed upward, and over it swept the morning tide of humanity. Through white autumnal mist yellow sunbeams fitted from shore to shore. The dome, the spires, the river frontages unveiled and brightened: there was hope of a fair day.

Not that it much concerned this throng of men and women hastening to their labour. From near and far, by the league-long highways of South London, hither they converged each morning, and joined the procession across the bridge; their task was the same to-day as yesterday, regardless of gleam or gloom. Many had walked such a distance that they plodded wearily, looking neither to right nor left. The more vigorous strode briskly on, elbowing their way, or nimbly skipping into the road to gain advance; yet these also had a fixed gaze, preoccupied or vacant, seldom cheerful. Here and there a couple of friends conversed; girls, with bag or parcel and a book for the dinner hour, chattered and laughed; but for the most part lips

were mute amid the clang and roar of heavy-laden wheels.

It was the march of those who combat hunger with delicate hands: at the pen's point, or from behind the breastwork of a counter, or trusting to bare wits pressed daily on the grindstone. Their chief advantage over the sinewy class beneath them lay in the privilege of spending more than they could afford on house and clothing; with rare exceptions they had no hope, no chance, of reaching independence; enough if they upheld the threadbare standard of respectability, and bequeathed it to their children as a solitary heirloom. The oldest looked the poorest, and naturally so; amid the tramp of multiplying feet, their steps had begun to lag when speed was more than ever necessary; they saw newcomers outstrip them, and trudged under an increasing load.—From *The House of Cobwebs* (Constable & Co., Ltd.).

JOSEPH CONRAD (1857—).

THE CITY MAN GOES HOME.

The inner circle train from the City rushed impetuously out of a black hole and pulled up with a discordant, grinding racket in the smirched twilight of a West-End station. A line of doors flew open and a lot of men stepped out headlong. They had high hats, healthy pale faces, dark overcoats, and shiny boots; they held in their gloved hands their umbrellas and hastily folded evening papers that resembled stiff, dirty rags of greenish, pinkish, or whitish colour. Alvan

Hervey stepped out with the rest, a smouldering cigar between his teeth. A disregarded little woman in rusty black, with both arms full of parcels, ran along in distress, bolted suddenly into a third-class compartment, and the train went on. The slamming of carriage doors burst out sharp and spiteful like a fusillade; an icy draught, mingled with acrid fumes, swept the whole length of the platform and made a tottering old man, wrapped up to his ears in a woollen comforter, stop short in the moving throng to cough violently over his stick. No one spared him a glance.

Alvan Hervey passed through the ticket gate. Between the bare walls of a sordid staircase men clambered rapidly; their backs appeared alike—almost as if they had been wearing a uniform; their indifferent faces were varied but somehow suggested kinship, like the faces of a band of brothers who through prudence, dignity, disgust, or foresight would resolutely ignore each other; and their eyes, quick or slow, their eyes gazing up the dusty steps, their eyes, brown, black, grey, blue, had all the same stare, concentrated and empty, satisfied and unthinking.—From *Tales of Unrest*, 1898 (Fisher Unwin), Tauchnitz Edition, 3300.

ARTHUR MORRISON (1863—).

A MEAN STREET.

Every morning at half-past five there is a curious demonstration. The street resounds with thunderous knockings, repeated upon door after door, and acknowledged ever by a muffled shout from within. These

signals are the work of the night-watchman or the early policeman, or both, and they summon the sleepers to go forth to the docks, the gas-works, and the shipyards. To be awakened in this wise costs fourpence a week, and for this fourpence fierce rivalry rages between night-watchmen and policemen. The night-watchman—a sort of by-blow of the ancient “Charley,” and himself a fast-vanishing quantity—is the real professional performer; but he goes to the wall, because a large connection must be worked if the pursuit is to pay at fourpence a knocker. Now, it is not easy to bang at two knockers three-quarters of a mile apart, and a hundred others lying between, all punctually at half-past five. Wherefore the policeman, to whom the fourpence is but a perquisite, and who is content with a smaller round, is rapidly supplanting the night-watchman, whose cry of “Past nine o’clock,” as he collects orders in the evening, is now seldom heard.

The knocking and the shouting pass, and there comes the noise of opening and shutting of doors, and a clattering away to the docks, the gas-works, and the shipyards. Later more door-shutting is heard, and then the trotting of sorrow-laden little feet along the grim street to the grim Board School three grim streets off. Then silence, save for a subdued sound of scrubbing here and there, and the puny squall of croupy infants. After this, a new trotting of little feet to docks, gas-works, and shipyards with father’s dinner in a basin and a red handkerchief, and so to the Board School again. More muffled scrubbing and more squalling, and perhaps a feeble attempt or two at decorating the blackness of a square hole here and there by pouring water into a grimy flower-pot full of

dirt. Then comes the trot of little feet toward the oblong holes, heralding the slower tread of sooty artisans: a smell of bloater up and down; nightfall; the fighting of boys in the street, perhaps of men at the corner near the beer-shop; sleep. And this is the record of a day in this street; and every day is hopelessly the same.—From *Tales of Mean Streets*, 1894 (Methuen & Co.), Tauchnitz Edition, 3059.

ARNOLD BENNETT (1867–).

THE PROMENADE OF A LONDON MUSIC HALL.

The smoke of a thousand cigarettes enveloped the furthest parts of the great interior in a thin bluish haze, which was dissipated as it reached the domed ceiling in the rays of a crystal chandelier. Far in front and a little below the level of the circle lay a line of footlights broken by the silhouette of the conductor's head. A diminutive, solitary figure in red and yellow stood in the centre of the huge stage; it was kissing its hands to the audience with a mincing, operative gesture; presently it tripped off backwards, stopping at every third step to bow; the applause ceased, and the curtain fell slowly.

The broad, semicircular promenade which flanked the seats of the grand circle was filled with a well-dressed, well-fed crowd. The men talked and laughed, for the most part, in little knots, while in and out, steering their way easily and rapidly among these groups, moved the women, some with rouged cheeks, greasy vermillion lips, and enormous liquid eyes; others

whose faces were innocent of cosmetics and showed pale under the electric light; but all with a peculiar, exaggerated swing of the body from the hips, and all surreptitiously regarding themselves in the mirrors which abounded on every glowing wall.

Richard stood aloof against a pillar. Near him were two men in evening dress conversing in tones which just rose above the general murmur of talk and the high, penetrating tinkle of glass from the bar behind the promenade.

"And what did she say then?" one of the pair asked smilingly. Richard strained his ear to listen.

"Well, *she* told *me*," the other said, speaking with a dreamy drawl, while fingering his watch-chain absently and gazing down at the large diamond in his shirt,—"*she* told *me* that she said she'd do for him if he didn't fork out. But I don't believe her. You know, of course . . . There's Lottie. . . ."

The band suddenly began to play, and after a few crashing bars, the curtain went up for the ballet. The rich *coup d'œil* which presented itself provoked a burst of clapping from the floor of the house and the upper tiers, but to Richard's surprise no one in his proximity seemed to exhibit any interest in the entertainment. The two men still talked with their backs to the stage, the women continued to find a pathway between the groups, and from within the bar came the unabated murmur of voices and tinkle of glasses.—
From *A Man from the North*, 1898 (John Lane).

ARNOLD BENNETT.

THE BRITISH MUSEUM READING-ROOM.

In the centre of the Reading-room at the British Museum sit four men fenced about by a quadruple ring of unwieldy volumes which are an index to all the knowledge in the world. The four men know these volumes as a good courier knows the Continental *Bradshaw*, and all day long, from early morning, when the attendants, self-propelled on wheeled stools, run round the rings arranging and aligning the huge blue tomes, to late afternoon, when the immense dome is like a dark night and the arc lamps hiss and crackle in the silence, they answer questions, patiently, courteously; they are seldom embarrassed and less seldom in the wrong.

Radiating in long rows from the central fortress of learning, a diversified company of readers disposes itself; bishops, statesmen, men of science, historians, needy pedants, popular authors whose broughams are waiting in the precincts, journalists, medical students, law students, curates; hack-writers, women with clipped hair and black aprons, idlers; all short-sighted and all silent.

Every few minutes an official enters in charge of an awed group of country visitors, and whispers mechanically the unchanging formula: "Eighty thousand volumes in this room alone; thirty-six miles of bookshelves in the Museum altogether." Whereupon the visitors stare about them, the official unsuccessfully endeavours not to let it appear that

the credit of the business belongs-entirely to himself, and the party retires again.

Vague, reverberating noises roll heavily from time to time across the chamber, but no one looks up; the incessant feast of the living upon the dead goes speechlessly forward; the trucks of food are always moving to and fro, and the nonchalant waiters seem to take no rest.—From *A Man from the North*, 1898 (John Lane).

STEPHEN CRANE (1870–1900).

LONDON TRAFFIC.

I must not falter in saying that I think the management of the traffic—as the phrase goes—to be distinctly illuminating and wonderful. The police were not ruffled and exasperated. They were as peaceful as two cows in a pasture.

I remember once remarking that mankind, with all its boasted modern progress, had not yet been able to invent a turnstile that will commute into fractions. I have now learned that 756 rights-of-way cannot operate simultaneously at one point. Right-of-way, like fighting women, requires space. Even two rights-of-way can make a scene which is only suited to the tastes of an ancient public.

This truth was very evidently recognised. There was only one right-of-way at a time. The police did not look behind them to see if their orders were to be obeyed; they knew they were to be obeyed. These four torrents were drilling like four battalions. The two

blue-cloth men manœuvred them in solemn, abiding peace, the silence of London.

I thought at first that it was the intellect of the individual, but I looked at one constable closely and his face was as afire with intelligence as a flannel pin-cushion. It was not the police, and it was not the crowd. It was the police and the crowd. Again, it was drill.—From *Last Words* (Wm. Heinemann).

JAMES BRYCE (1838—).

WALL STREET.

This famous thoroughfare is hardly a quarter of a mile long, a little longer than Lombard Street in London. It contains the Sub-Treasury of the United States and the Stock Exchange. In it and the three or four streets that open into it are situated the Produce Exchange, the offices of the great stockbrokers, together representing an accumulation of capital and intellect comparable to the capital and intellect of London, and destined before many years to surpass every similar spot in either hemisphere. Wall Street is the great nerve-centre of all American business; for finance and transportation, the two determining powers in business, have here their headquarters. It is also the financial barometer of the country, which every man engaged in large affairs must constantly consult, and whose only fault is that it is too sensitive to slight and transient variations of pressure.

The share market of New York, or rather of the

whole Union, in "the Street," as it is fondly named, is the most remarkable sight in the country, after Niagara and the Yellowstone Geysers. It is not unlike those geysers in the violence of its explosions, and in the rapid rise and equally rapid subsidence of its active paroxysms. And as the sparkling column of the geyser is girt about and often half concealed by volumes of steam, so are the rise and fall of the stocks mostly surrounded by mists and clouds of rumour, some purposely created, some self-generated in the atmosphere of excitement, curiosity, credulity, and suspicion which the denizens of Wall Street breathe. Opinions change from moment to moment; hope and fear are equally vehement, and equally irrational; men are constant only in inconstancy, superstitious because they are sceptical, distrustful of patent probabilities, and therefore ready to trust their own fancies or some unfathered tale. As the eagerness and passion of New York leave European stock markets far behind—for what the Paris and London Exchanges are at rare moments Wall Street is for weeks, or perhaps, with a few intermissions, for months together—so the operations of Wall Street are vaster, more boldly conceived, executed with a steadier precision, than those of European speculators.—From *The American Commonwealth*, 1888 (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.).

LAFCADIO HEARN (1850–1904).

A VISION OF NEW YORK.

As I muse, the remembrance of a great city comes back to me,—a city walled up to the sky and roaring

like the sea. The memory of that roar returns first; then the vision defines: a chasm, which is a street, between mountains, which are houses. I am tired, because I have walked many miles between those precipices of masonry, and have trodden no earth,—only slabs of rock,—and have heard nothing, but thunder of tumult. Deep below those huge pavements I know there is a cavernous world tremendous: systems underlying systems of ways contrived for water and steam and fire. On either hand tower façades pierced by scores of tiers of windows,—cliffs of architecture shutting out the sun. Above, the pale-blue streak of sky is cut by a maze of spidery lines,—an infinite cobweb of electric wires. In that block on the right there dwell nine thousand souls; the tenants of the edifice facing it pay the annual rent of a million dollars. Seven millions scarcely covered the cost of those bulks overshadowing the square beyond,—and there are miles of such. Stairways of steel and cement, of brass and stone, with costliest balustrades, ascend through the decades and double-decades of stories; but no foot treads them. By water-power, by steam, by electricity, men go up and down; the heights are too dizzy, the distances too great for the use of the limbs. My friend who pays rent of five thousand dollars for his rooms in the fourteenth story of a monstrosity not far off has never trodden his stairway. I am walking for curiosity alone; with a serious purpose I should not walk: the spaces are too broad, the time is too precious, for such slow exertion,—men travel from district to district, from house to office, by steam. Heights are too great for the voice to traverse; orders are given and obeyed by machinery. By electricity

far-away doors are opened ; with one touch a hundred rooms are lighted or heated.

And all this enormity is hard, grim, dumb ; it is the enormity of mathematical power applied to utilitarian ends of solidity and durability. These leagues of palaces, of warehouses, of business structures, of buildings describable and indescribable, are not beautiful, but sinister. One feels depressed by the mere sensation of the enormous life which created them, life without sympathy ; of their prodigious manifestation of power, power without pity. They are the architectural utterance of the new industrial age. And there is no halt in the thunder of wheels, in the storming of hoofs and of human feet. To ask a question, one must shout into the ear of the questioned ; to see, to understand, to move in that high-pressure medium needs experience. The unaccustomed feels the sensation of being in a panic, in a tempest, in a cyclone. Yet all this is order.

The monster streets leap rivers, span seaways, with bridges of stone, bridges of steel. Far as the eye can reach, a bewilderment of masts, a web-work of rigging, conceals the shores, which are cliffs of masonry. Trees in a forest stand less thickly, branches in a forest mingle less closely, than the masts and spars of that immeasurable maze. Yet all is order.—From *Kokoro*, 1895 (Gay & Hancock), Tauchnitz Edition, 3957.

STEPHEN CRANE (1870–1900).

IN A BROADWAY CAR.

The cable cars come down Broadway as the waters come down at Lodore. Years ago Father Knicker-

bocker had convulsions when it was proposed to lay impious rails on his sacred thoroughfare. At the present day the cars, by force of column and numbers, almost dominate the great street, and the eye of even an old New Yorker is held by these long yellow monsters which prowl intently up and down, up and down in a mystic search.

In the grey of the morning they come out of the up-town, bearing janitors, porters, all that class which carries the keys to set alive the great down-town. Later, they shower clerks. Later still, they shower more clerks. And the thermometer which is attached to a conductor's temper is steadily rising, rising, and the blissful time arrives when everybody hangs to a strap and stands on his neighbour's toes. Ten o'clock comes, and the Broadway cars, as well as elevated cars, horse cars, and ferry boats innumerable, heave sighs of relief. They have filled lower New York with a vast army of men who will chase to and fro and amuse themselves until almost nightfall.

The cable car's pulse drops to normal. But the conductor's pulse begins now to beat in split seconds. He has come to the crisis in his day's agony. He is now to be overwhelmed with feminine shoppers. They all are going to give him two-dollar bills to change. They all are going to threaten to report him. He passes his hand across his brow and curses his beard from black to grey and from grey to black.

* * * * *

The car sweeps on its diagonal path through the tenderloin with its hotels, its theatres, its flower-shops, its 10,000,000 actors who played with Booth and Barret. It passes Madison Square and enters the gorge made

by the towering walls of great shops. It sweeps around the double curve at Union Square and Fourteenth Street, and a life insurance agent falls in a fit as the car dashes over the crossing, narrowly missing three old ladies, two old gentlemen, a newly-married couple, a sandwich man, a newsboy, and a dog. At Grace Church the conductor has an altercation with a brave and reckless passenger who beards him in his own car, and at Canal Street he takes dire vengeance by tumbling a drunken man on to the pavement. Meanwhile, the gripman has become involved with countless truck drivers, and inch by inch, foot by foot, he fights his way to City Hall Park. On past the post office the car goes, with the gripman getting advice, admonition, personal comment, an invitation to fight from the drivers, until Battery Park appears at the foot of the slope, and as the car goes sedately around the curve the burnished shield of the bay shines through the trees.

It is a great ride, full of exciting actions. Those inexperienced persons who have been merely chased by Indians know little of the dramatic quality which life holds for them. These jungles of men and vehicles, these cañons of streets, these lofty mountains of iron and cut stone—a ride through them affords plenty of excitement. And no lone panther's howl is more serious in intentions than the howl of the truck driver when the cable car bumps one of his rear wheels.

* * * * *

Towards evening, when the tides of travel set northward, it is curious to see how the gripman and conductor reverse their tempers. Their dispositions flop over like patent signals. During the down-trip they

had in mind always, the advantages of being at Battery Park. A perpetual picture of the blessings of Battery Park was before them, and every delay made them fume—made this picture all the more alluring. Now the delights of up-town appear to them. They have reversed the signs on the cars; they have reversed their aspirations. Battery Park has been gained and forgotten. There is a new goal. Here is a perpetual illustration which the philosophers of New York may use.

In the tenderloin, the place of theatres, and of the restaurant where gayer New York does her dining, the cable cars in the evening carry a stratum of society which looks like a new one, but it is of the familiar strata in other clothes. It is just as good as a new stratum, however, for in evening dress the average man feels that he has gone up three pegs in the social scale, and there is considerable evening dress about a Broadway car in the evening. A car with its electric lamp resembles a brilliantly lighted salon, and the atmosphere grows just a trifle strained. People sit more rigidly and glance sidewise, perhaps as if each was positive of possessing social value, but was doubtful of all others. The conductor says, "Oh, gwan. Git off 'th' earth." But this is to a man at Canal Street. That shows his versatility. He stands on the platform and beams in a modest and polite manner into the car. He notes a lifted finger and grabs swiftly for the bell-strap. He reaches down to help a woman aboard. Perhaps his demeanour is a reflection of the manner of the people in the car. No one is in a mad New York hurry; no one is fretting and muttering; no one is perched upon his neighbour's toes. Moreover, the

tenderloin is a glory at night. Broadway of late years has fallen heir to countless signs illuminated with red, blue, green, and gold electric lamps, and the people certainly fly to these as the moths go to a candle. And perhaps the gods have allowed this opportunity to observe and study the best-dressed crowds in the world to operate upon the conductor until his mood is to treat us with care and mildness.

Late at night, after the diners and theatre-goers have been lost in Harlem, various inebriate persons may perchance emerge from the darker regions of Sixth Avenue and swing their arms solemnly at the gripman. If the Broadway cars run for the next 7000 years this will be the only time when one New Yorker will address another in public without an excuse sent direct from heaven. In these cars late at night it is not impossible that some fearless drunkard will attempt to inaugurate a general conversation. He is quite willing to devote his ability to the affair. He tells of the fun he thinks he has had; describes his feelings; recounts stories of his dim past. None reply, although all listen with every ear. The rake probably ends by borrowing a match, lighting a cigar, and entering into a wrangle with the conductor with an *abandon*, a ferocity and a courage that do not come to us when we are sober.

In the meantime the figures on the street grow fewer and fewer. Strolling policemen test the locks of the great dark-fronted stores. Night-hawk cabs whirl by the cars on their mysterious errands. Finally the cars themselves depart in the way of the citizen, and for the few hours before dawn a new sound comes

into the still thoroughfare—the cable whirring in its channel underground.

From *Last Words* (William Heinemann).

BENJAMIN DISRAELI (1804–1881).

CONINGSBY IN COTTONOPOLIS.

He had travelled the whole day through the great district of labour, his mind excited by strange sights, and, at length, wearied by their multiplication. He had passed over the plains where iron and coal supersede turf and corn, dingy as the entrance of Hades, and flaming with furnaces; and now he was among illumined factories, with more windows than Italian palaces, and smoking chimneys taller than Egyptian obelisks.

* * * *

Even his bedroom was lit by gas. Wonderful city! That, however, could be got rid of. He opened the window. The summer air was sweet, even in this land of smoke and toil. He feels a sensation such as in Lisbon or Lima precedes an earthquake. The house appears to quiver. It is a sympathetic affection occasioned by a steam-engine in a neighbouring factory.

* * * *

He entered chambers vaster than are told of in Arabian fable, and peopled with habitants more wondrous than Afrite or Peri. For there he beheld, in long-continued ranks, those mysterious forms full of existence without life, that perform with facility

and in an instant what man can fulfil only with difficulty and in days. A machine is a slave that neither brings nor bears degradation; it is a being endowed with the greatest degree of energy, and acting under the greatest degree of excitement, yet free at the same time from all passion and motion. It is, therefore, not only a slave, but a supernatural slave. And why should one say that the machine does not live? It breathes, for its breath forms the atmosphere of some towns. It moves with more regularity than man. And has it not a voice? Does not the spindle sing like a merry girl at her work, and the steam-engine roar in jolly chorus, like a strong artisan handling his lusty tools and gaining a fair day's wages for a fair day's toil?

Nor should the weaving-room be forgotten, where a thousand or fifteen hundred girls may be observed in their coral necklaces, working like Penelope in the daytime; some pretty, some pert, some graceful and jocund, some absorbed in their occupation, a little serious some, few sad. And the cotton you have observed in its rude state, that you have seen the silent spinner change into thread, and the bustling weaver convert into cloth, you may now watch as in a moment it is tinted with beautiful colours, or printed with fanciful patterns. And yet the mystery of mysteries is to view machines making machines; a spectacle that fills the mind with curious, and even awful speculation.

From early morn to the late twilight our Coningsby for several days devoted himself to the comprehension of Manchester. It was to him a new world, pregnant with new ideas, and suggestive of new trains of thought and feeling. In this unprecedented partnership be-

tween capital and science, working on a spot which Nature had indicated as the fitting theatre of their exploits, he beheld a great source of the wealth of nations which had been reserved for these times, and he perceived that this wealth was rapidly developing classes whose power was imperfectly recognised in the constitutional scheme, and whose duties in the social system seemed altogether omitted.

From *Coningsby*, 1844.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888).

OXFORD THE DREAMER.

Beautiful city, so venerable, so lovely, so unravaged by the fierce intellectual life of our century, so serene!

There are our young barbarians, all at play! And yet, steeped in sentiment as she lies, spreading her gardens to the moonlight, and whispering from her towers the last enchantments of the Middle Age, who will deny that Oxford, by her ineffable charm, keeps ever calling us nearer to the true goal of all of us, to the ideal, to perfection, to beauty, in a word, which is only truth seen from another side? nearer, perhaps, than all the science of Tübingen? Adorable dreamer, whose heart has been so romantic, who hast given thyself so prodigally, given thyself to sides and to heroes not mine, only never to the Philistines! home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties! what example could ever so inspire us to keep down the Philistine in ourselves, what

teacher could ever so save us from that bondage to which we are all prone, that bondage which Goethe, in his incomparable lines on the death of Schiller, makes it his friend's highest praise (and nobly did Schiller deserve the praise) to have left miles out of sight behind him: the bondage of "was uns, alle bündigt, DAS GEMEINE!" Oxford will forgive me, even if I have unwittingly drawn upon her a shot or two aimed at her unworthy son; for she is generous and the cause in which I fight is, after all, hers. Apparition of a day, what is our puny warfare against the Philistines, compared with the warfare which this queen of romance has been waging against them for centuries, and will wage after we are gone?

From preface to *Essays in Criticism*, 1865.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON (1850-1894).

THE CHARM OF AULD REEKIE.

Into no other city does the sight of the country enter so far; if you do not meet a butterfly, you shall certainly catch a glimpse of far-away trees upon your walk; and the place is full of theatre tricks in the way of scenery. You peep under an arch, you descend stairs that look as if they would land you in a cellar, you turn to the back window of a grimy tenement in a lane:—and behold! you are face to face with distant and bright prospects. You turn a corner, and there is the sun going down into the Highland hills. You look down an alley and see ships tacking for the Baltic.

For the country people to see Edinburgh on her hill-tops is one thing; it is another for the citizen, from the thick of his affairs, to overlook the country. It should be a genial and ameliorating influence in life; it should prompt good thoughts and remind him of Nature's unconcern: that he can watch from day to day, as he trots officeward, how the Spring green brightens in the wood or the field grows black under a moving ploughshare. I have been tempted, in this connection, to deplore the slender faculties of the human race, with its penny-whistle of a voice, its dull ears, and its narrow range of sight. If you could see as people are to see in heaven, if you had eyes such as you can fancy for a superior race, if you could take clear note of the objects of vision, not only a few yards, but a few miles from where you stand:—think how agreeably your sight would be entertained, how pleasantly your thoughts would be diversified, as you walked the Edinburgh streets! For you might pause, in some business perplexity, in the midst of the city traffic, and perhaps catch the eye of a shepherd as he sat down to breathe upon a heathery shoulder of the Pentlands; or perhaps some urchin, clambering in a country elm, would put aside the leaves and show you his flushed and rustic visage; or a fisher racing seawards, with the tiller under his elbow, and the sail sounding in the wind, would fling you a salutation from between Anst'er and the May.—From *Edinburgh: Picturesque Notes*, 1879 (Seeley, Service & Co., Ltd.).

IV.

NATIONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

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R. W. EMERSON (1803-1882).

SOME ENGLISH TRAITS.

I.

Domesticity is the tap-root which enables the nation to branch wide and high. The motive and end of their trade and empire is to guard the independence and privacy of their homes. Nothing so much marks their manners as the Concentration on the household ties. This domesticity is carried into court and camp. Wellington governed India and Spain and his own troops, and fought battles like a good family-man, paid his debts, and, though general of an army in Spain, could not stir abroad for fear of public creditors. This taste for house and parish merits has, of course, its doting and foolish side. Mr. Cobbett attributes the huge popularity of Perceval, prime minister in 1810,

to the fact that he was wont to go to church every Sunday, with a large quarto gilt prayer-book under one arm, his wife hanging on the other, and followed by a long brood of children.

They keep their old customs, costumes, and pomps, their wig and mace, sceptre and crown. The Middle Ages still lurk in the streets of London. The Knights of the Bath take oath to defend injured ladies; the gold stick-in-waiting survives. They repeated the ceremonies of the eleventh century in the Coronation of the present Queen. A hereditary tenure is natural to them. Offices, farms, trades and traditions descend so. Their leases run for a hundred and a thousand years. Terms of service and partnership are life-long, or are inherited. "Holdship has been with me," said Lord Eldon, "eight-and-twenty years; knows all my business and books." Antiquity of usage is sanction enough. Wordsworth says of the small freeholders of Westmoreland: "Many of these humble sons of the hills had a consciousness that the land which they tilled had for more than five hundred years been possessed by men of the same name and blood." The ship-carpenter in the public yards, my lord's gardener and porter, have been there for more than a hundred years, grandfather, father, and son.

The English power resides also in their dislike of change. They have difficulty in bringing their reason to act, and on all occasions use their memory first. As soon as they have rid themselves of some grievance, and settled the better practice, they make haste to fix it as a finality, and never wish to hear of alteration more.

Every Englishman is an embryonic chancellor; his

instinct is to search for a precedent. The favourite phrase of their law is "A custom whereof the memory of man runneth not back to the contrary." The barons say "*Nolumus mutari*"; and the Cockneys stifle the curiosity of the foreigner on the reason of any practice with "Lord, sir, it was always so." They hate innovation. Bacon told them, "Time was the right reformer"; Chatham, that "confidence was a plant of slow growth"; Canning, to "advance with the times"; and Wellington, that "habit was ten times nature." All their statesmen learn the irresistibility of the tide of custom, and have invented many fine phrases to cover this slowness of perception and prehensibility of tail. A sea-shell should be the crest of England, not only because it represents a power built on the waves, but also the hard finish of the men. The Englishman is finished like a cowry or a murex. After the spire and the spines are formed, or, with the formation, a juice exudes, and a hard enamel varnishes every part. The keeping of the proprieties is as indisputable as clean linen. No merit quite countervails the want of this, whilst this sometimes stands in lieu of all. "'Tis in bad taste," is the most formidable word an Englishman can pronounce. But this japan costs them dear. There is a prose in certain Englishmen, which exceeds in wooden deadness all rivalry with other countrymen. There is a knell in the conceit and externality of their voice, which seems to say, "*Leave all hope behind.*" In this Gibraltar of propriety, mediocrity gets entrenched, and consolidated, and founded in adamant. An Englishman of fashion is like one of those souvenirs, bound in gold vellum, enriched with delicate engravings, on thick hot-pressed paper, fit for the hands of ladies and

princes, but with nothing in it worth reading or remembering.

II.

The English race are reputed morose. I do not know that they have sadder brows than their neighbours of northern climates. They are sad by comparison with the singing and dancing nations; not sadder, but slow and staid, as finding their joys at home. They, too, believe that where there is no enjoyment of life there can be no vigour and art in speech or thought; that your merry heart goes all the way, your sad one tires in a mile.

This trait of gloom has been fixed on them by French travellers, who, from Froissart, Voltaire, Le Sage, Mirabeau, down to the lively journalists of the *feuilletons*, have spent their wit on the solemnity of their neighbours. The French say, gay conversation is unknown in their island: the Englishman finds no relief from reflection except in reflection: when he wishes for amusement, he goes to work: his hilarity is like an attack of fever. Religion, the theatre, and the reading the books of his country, all feed and increase his natural melancholy. The police does not interfere with public diversions. It thinks itself bound in duty to respect the pleasures and rare gaiety of this inconsolable nation; and their well-known courage is entirely attributable to their disgust of life.

I suppose their gravity of demeanour and their few words have obtained this reputation. As compared with the Americans, I think them cheeful and contented. Young people in this country are much more prone to melancholy. The English have a mild aspect,

and a ringing, cheerful voice. They are large-hearted, and not so easily amused as the southerners, and are among them as grown people among children, requiring war, or trade, or engineering, or science, instead of frivolous games. They are proud and private, and, even if disposed to recreation, will avoid an open garden. They sported sadly; *ils s'amusaient tristement, selon la coutume de leur pays*, said Froissart; and, I suppose, never nation built their party walls so thick, or their garden fences so high. Meat and wine produce no effect on them: they are just as cold, quiet, and composed at the end as at the beginning of dinner.

The reputation of taciturnity they have enjoyed for six or seven hundred years; and a kind of pride in bad public speaking is noted in the House of Commons, as if they were willing to show that they did not live by their tongues, or thought they spoke well enough if they had the tone of gentlemen. In mixed company they shut their mouths. A Yorkshire mill-owner told me he had ridden more than once all the way from London to Leeds, in the first-class carriage, with the same persons, and no words exchanged. The club-houses were established to cultivate social habits, and it is rare that more than two eat together, and oftenest one eats alone. Was it then a stroke of humour in the serious Swedenborg, or was it only his pitiless logic that made him shut up the English souls in a heaven by themselves?

III.

He is a churl with a soft place in his heart, whose speech is a brash of bitter waters, but who loves to help you at a pinch. He says no, and serves you, and

your thanks disgust him. There was lately a cross-grained miser, odd and ugly, resembling in countenance the portrait of Punch, with the laugh left out : rich by his own industry ; sulking in a lonely house ; who never gave a dinner to any man, and disdained all courtesies ; yet as true a worshipper of beauty in form and colour as ever existed, and profusely pouring over the cold mind of his countrymen creations of grace and truth, removing the reproach of sterility from English art, catching from their savage climate every fine hint, and importing into their galleries every tint and trait of sunnier cities and skies ; making an era in painting ; and, when he saw that the splendour of one of his pictures in the Exhibition dimmed his rival's that hung next it, secretly took a brush and blackened his own.

They do not wear their heart in their sleeve for daws to peck at. They have that phlegm or staidness, which it is a compliment to disturb. "Great men," said Aristotle, "are always of a nature originally melancholy." 'Tis the habit of a mind which attaches to abstractions with a passion which gives vast results. They dare to displease, they do not speak to expectation. They like the sayers of No, better than the sayers of Yes.

IV.

He is intensely patriotic, for his country is so small. His confidence in the power and performance of his nation makes him provokingly incurious about other nations. He dislikes foreigners. Swedenborg, who lived much in England, notes "the similitude of minds among the English, in consequence of which

they contract familiarity with friends who are of that nation, and seldom with others; and they regard foreigners, as one looking through a telescope from the top of a palace regards those who dwell or wander about out of the city." A much older traveller, the Venetian who wrote the *Relation of England*, in 1500, says: "The English are great lovers of themselves and of everything belonging to them. They think that there are no other men than themselves, and no other world but England; and, whenever they see a handsome foreigner, they say that he looks like an Englishman, and it is a great pity he should not be an Englishman; and whenever they partake of any delicacy with a foreigner they ask him whether such a thing is made in his country." When he adds epithets of praise, his climax is "so English"; and when he wishes to pay you the highest compliment he says, "I should not know you from an Englishman." France is, by its natural contrast, a kind of blackboard on which English character draws its own traits in chalk. This arrogance habitually exhibits itself in allusions to the French. I suppose that all men of English blood in America, Europe, or Asia, have a secret feeling of joy that they are not French' natives. Mr. Coleridge is said to have given public thanks to God, at the close of a lecture, that He had defended him from being able to utter a single sentence in the French language. I have found that Englishmen have such a good opinion of England, that the ordinary phrases, in all good society, of postponing or disparaging one's own things in talking with a stranger, are seriously mistaken by them for an insuppressible homage to the merits of their nation; and the New Yorker or Penn-

sylvanian who modestly laments the disadvantage of a new country, log-huts, and savages, is surprised by the instant and unfeigned commiseration of the whole company, who plainly account all the world out of England as a heap of rubbish.

The same insular limitation pinches his foreign politics. He sticks to his traditions and usages, and, so help him God, he will force his island by-laws down the throat of great countries, like India, China, Canada, Australia, and not only so, but impose Wapping on the Congress of Vienna, and trample down all nationalities with his taxed boots. Lord Chatham goes for liberty, and no taxation without representation—for that is British law; but not a hobnail shall they make in America, but buy their nails in England—for that also is British law; and the fact that British commerce was to be recreated by the independence of America, took them all by surprise.

In short, I am afraid that English nature is so rank and aggressive as to be a little incompatible with every other. The world is not wide enough for two.

V.

An English lady on the Rhine hearing a German speaking of her party as foreigners, exclaimed, "No, we are not foreigners; we are English, it is you that are foreigners." They tell you daily in London, the story of the Frenchman and the Englishman who quarrelled. Both were unwilling to fight, but their companions put them up to it; at last, it was agreed that they should fight alone, in the dark, and with pistols: the candles were put out, and the Englishman,

to make sure not to hit anybody, fired up the chimney, and brought down the Frenchman. They have no curiosity about foreigners, and answer any information you may volunteer with "Oh, oh!" until the informant makes up his mind that they shall die in their ignorance for any help he will offer. There are really no limits to this conceit, though brighter men among them make painful efforts to be candid.

From *English Traits*, 1856.

PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON (1834-1894).

IS THE ENGLISHMAN SO STOLID?

Do the English suppress feeling, or have they no feeling to be suppressed? The true answer to this question cannot be a simple one. English usages have a tendency to prevent the expression of feeling where it exists, and therefore they are not favourable to the culture of the feelings; still these exist naturally as blades of grass will grow between the hard stones of a pavement. It must, however, be admitted that although in England a man of feeling may certainly live, the moral climate is not so favourable to him as it is to one who feels much less and is therefore harder. The Englishman who is best constituted for life in his own country is one who has just feeling enough to keep him right in all matters of external duty, but not enough to make him very sympathetic, or to give him any painful craving for sympathy. If he is sympathetic he will offer his sympathy where it is not wanted, and be hurt by the chilling acceptance of

it, and if he has the misfortune to crave for sympathy he will suffer. So it comes to pass that the tenderer natures try to harden themselves by an acquired and artificial insensibility, whilst those which are not very tender find the conditions of existence more suitable for them. I had collected a number of examples, but do not give them, because instances prove nothing, and because it would be so easy to affirm that my examples were not truly representative. I prefer to take another course, and to suggest to the reader, if he is familiar with English life, the idea of making a little investigation on his own account, by consulting his own recollections. First, as to family affections, the reader has probably met with many cases in which the paternal and filial relations were cool and rather distant, so that separation was not painful to either party. If he has observed brothers he may have seen them practically almost strangers, living far apart, in different spheres, and seldom, if ever, corresponding. He may have known cousins, even first cousins, who did not remember their relationship so far as to announce to each other the occurrences of marriages and deaths. He may have observed that a slight impediment of distance or occupation is sometimes enough to prevent a relation from coming to a funeral, and that the tombs of dead relations are sometimes left unvisited, uncared for, and untended. The reader may have noticed cases in which a difference of fortune produces a complete estrangement between very near relations, and finally he may have met with Englishmen who declared that friends were worth having because they could be selected, but that relations were a nuisance or a "mistake."

Cases like these are very numerous in England, because the affections are left to the chances of accident; they are not sedulously cared for and cultivated. When they are of great strength naturally, and when the conditions happen to be favourable, there is nothing to prevent their growth, but in less favourable conditions there is nothing to keep them alive. In France all very near relations write to each other when they cannot meet personally on their fête days, all friends write at least a line or two for the New Year, and acquaintances exchange cards. An intelligent Frenchman said to me, "Our culture of the family affections is sometimes insincere, we sometimes express sentiments which are assumed for the occasion, but on the whole, our customs tend to keep alive the reality of affection as well as its appearance, by reminding us of our relations and friends and of our duties towards them."

What is the cause of this difference? Do the English really care less for each other than the French, or is there some hidden reason why they are less demonstrative?

There is one reason—the English shyness, the English fear of giving verbal utterance to feeling. Now, this is distinctly a want of culture, for the due expression of feeling is, in all the higher arts, one of the best results of culture. There can be no doubt that many Englishmen feel much more than they are able to express, and they certainly appreciate the power of utterance in others, as, for example, in their orators. A few Englishmen boldly go beyond and do express feeling, even in ordinary life, just as a few venture to talk like intellectual men. These few are not

uncommonly found among the clergy, at least it has been so in my experience; and this may be due to the culture which religion gives to feeling; and, in the clergy, to the practice gained by the utterance of it in sermons and exhortations.

The idea that feeling is a weakness, and that it is well to suppress it in the education of boys, is more in accordance with the opinion of the Red Indians than with that of the ancient Greeks. The best education would respect all natural and healthy sentiment, such as a boy's love for his mother, without ridiculing it, but would at the same time train the boy in the courage which has always been compatible with tenderness, ay, and even with tears. Amongst the services of an inobtrusive kind which Queen Victoria has rendered to the English, one of the best has been by setting an example of openness in matters of feeling. She has permitted her subjects to see what she has felt on many occasions, and has done this simply, plainly, and without the dread of sneering depreciation. The same healthy influence is often exercised by women in narrower spheres. There is more than ever room for this feminine influence in an age like ours, when the positivism of the scientific and industrial temper, and the fierce competition amongst individual men, as well as between nations, are hardening the heart of the world. The due exercise and culture of the feelings are always appreciated at their right value in literature and the fine arts; it is a strange and striking anomaly that we fail to perceive their equal importance in the reality of life itself.—From *French and English*, 1889 (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.), Tauchnitz Edition, 2618-19.

JOHN BURROUGHS (1837-**AMERICAN AND ENGLISH.**

England is a mellow country, and the English people are a mellow people. They have hung on the tree of nations a long time, and will, no doubt, hang as much longer; for windfalls, I reckon, are not the order in this island. We are pitched several degrees higher in this country. By contrast, things here are loud, sharp, and garish. Our geography is loud; the manners of the people are loud; our climate is loud, very loud, so dry and sharp, and full of violent changes and contrasts, and our goings-out and comings-in as a nation are anything but silent. Do we not occasionally give the door an extra slam, just for effect?

In England, everything is on a lower key, slower, steadier, gentler. Life is, no doubt, as full, or fuller, in its material forms and measures, but less violent and aggressive. The buffers the English have between their cars to break the shock are typical of much one sees there.

All sounds are softer in England; the surface of things is less hard. The eye of day and the face of Nature are less bright. There is no abruptness in the landscape, no sharp and violent contrasts, no brilliant and striking tints in the foliage. A soft, pale yellow is all one sees in the way along the borders of the autumn woods. English apples (very small and inferior, by the way) are not so highly coloured as ours. The blackberries, just ripening in October, are less pungent and acid; and the garden vegetables,

such as cabbage, celery, cauliflower, beet, and other root crops, are less rank and fibrous; and I am very sure that the meats also are tenderer and sweeter. There can be no doubt about the superiority of mutton; and the tender and succulent grass, and the moist and agreeable climate, must tell upon the beef also.

English coal is all soft coal, and the stone is soft stone. The foundations of the hills are chalk instead of granite. The stone with which most of the old churches and cathedrals are built would not endure in our climate half a century; but in Britain the tooth of Time is much blunter, and the hunger of the old man less ravenous, and the ancient architecture stands half a millennium, or until it is slowly worn away by the gentle attrition of the wind and rain.

At Chester, the old Roman wall that surrounds the town, built in the first century and repaired in the ninth, is still standing without a break or a swerve, though in some places the outer face of the wall is worn through. The cathedral, and St. John's Church in the same town, present to the beholder outlines as jagged and broken as rocks and cliffs, and yet it is only chip by chip, or grain by grain, that ruin approaches. The timber also lasts an incredibly long time. Beneath one of the arched ways, in the Chester wall above referred to, I saw timbers that must have been in place five or six hundred years. The beams in the old houses, also fully exposed to the weather, seem incapable of decay; those dating from Shakespeare's time being apparently as firm as ever.

I noticed that the characteristic aspect of the

clouds in England was different from ours—soft, fleecy, vapoury, indistinguishable—never the firm, compact, sharply-defined, deeply-dyed masses and fragments so common in our own sky. It rains easily but slowly. The average rainfall of London is less than that of New York, and yet it doubtless rains ten days in the former to one in the latter. Storms accompanied with thunder are rare, while the crashing, wrenching, explosive thunder-gusts so common with us, deluging the earth, and convulsing the heavens, are seldom known.

In keeping with elemental control and moderation, I found the character and manners of the people gentler and sweeter than I had been led to believe they were. No loudness, brazenness, impertinence; no oaths, no swaggering, no leering at women, no irreverence, no flippancy, no bullying, no insolence, of porters, or clerks, or conductors, no importunity of boot-blacks or newsboys, no omnivorousness of hackmen—at least, comparatively none—all of which an American is apt to notice, and I hope appreciate. In London the boot-black salutes you with a respectful bow, and touches his cap, and would no more think of pursuing you or answering your refusal than he would of jumping into the Thames. The same is true of the newsboys. If they were to scream and bellow in London as they do in New York or Washington, they would be suppressed by the police, as they ought to be. The vendor of papers stands at the corner of the street, with his goods in his arms, and a large placard spread out at his feet, giving in big letters the principal news-headings.

Street cries of all kinds are less noticeable, less

aggressive, than in this country, and the manners of the shopmen make you feel you are conferring a benefit instead of receiving one. Even their locomotives are less noisy than ours, having a shrill, infantile whistle that contrasts strangely with the loud demoniac yell that makes a residence near a railway or *dépôt* in this country so unbearable. The trains themselves move with wonderful smoothness and celerity, making a mere fraction of the racket made by our flying palaces as they go swaying and jolting over our hasty, ill-ballasted roads.

It is characteristic of the English prudence and plain-dealing, that they put so little on the cars and so much on the road, while the reverse process is equally characteristic of American enterprise. Our railway system, no doubt, has certain advantages, or rather conveniences, over the English, but, for my part, I had rather ride smoothly, swiftly, and safely in a luggage van than be jerked and jolted to destruction in the velvet and veneering of our palace cars. Upholster the road first, and let us ride on bare boards, until a cushion can be afforded; not till after the bridges are of granite and iron, and the rails of steel, do we want this more than aristocratic splendour and luxury of palace and drawing-room cars. To me there is no more marked sign of the essential vulgarity of the national manners than these princely cars and beggarly, clap-trap roads. It is like a man wearing a ruffled and jewelled shirt front, but too poor to afford a shirt itself.

I have said the English are a sweet and mellow people. There is, indeed, a charm about these ancestral races that goes to the heart. And herein

was one of the profoundest surprises of my visit, namely, that, in coming from the New World to the Old, from a people the most recently out of the woods of any, to one of the ripest and venerablest of the European nationalities, I should find a race more simple, youthful, and less sophisticated than the one I had left behind me. Yet this was my impression. We have lost immensely in some things, and what we have gained is not yet so obvious or so definable. We have lost in reverence, in homeliness, in heart and conscience—in virtue, using the word in its proper sense. To some the difference which I note may appear the difference in favour of the greater 'cuteness, wideawakeness, and enterprise of the American, but it is simply a difference expressive of our greater forwardness. We are a forward people, and the God we worship is Smartness. In one of the worst tendencies of the age, namely, an impudent, superficial, journalistic intellectuality and glibness, America, in her polite and literary circles, no doubt, leads all other nations. English books and newspapers show more homely veracity, more singleness of purpose, in short more *character* than ours. The great charm of such a man as Darwin, for instance, is his simple manliness and transparent good faith, and the absence in him of that finical self-complacent smartness which is the bane of our literature.

The poet Clough thought the New England man more simple than the man of Old England. Hawthorne, on the other hand, seemed reluctant to admit that the English were a "franker and simpler people, from peer to peasant," than we are; and that

they had not yet wandered so far from that "healthful and primitive simplicity in which man was created" as have their descendants in America. My own impression accords with Hawthorne's. We are a more alert and curious people, but not so simple—not so easily angered, not so easily amused. We have partaken more largely of the fruit of the forbidden tree. The English have more of the stay-at-home virtues, which, on the other hand, they no doubt pay pretty well for by their more insular tendencies.

* * * * *

The American is certainly not the grumbler the Englishman is; he is more cosmopolitan and conciliatory. The Englishman will not adapt himself to his surroundings; he is not the least bit an imitative animal; he will be nothing but an Englishman, and is out of place—an anomaly—in any country but his own. To understand him, you must see him at home in the British island where he grew, where he belongs, where he has expressed himself and justified himself, and his interior, unconscious characteristics are revealed. There he is quite a different creature from what he is abroad. There he is "sweet," but he sours the moment he steps off the island. In this country he is too generally arrogant, fault-finding, and supercilious. The very traits of loudness, sharpness, and unleavenedness which I complain of in our national manners, he very frequently exemplifies in an exaggerated form.—From *Winter Sunshine*, 1875 (Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston, U.S.A.).

V.

SCENES FROM THE NOVELISTS.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT (1771-1832).

THE EVICTION.

It was in a hollow way, near the top of a steep ascent, upon the verge of the Ellangowan estate, that Mr. Bertram met the gipsy procession. Four or five men formed the advanced guard, wrapped in long loose great-coats that hid their tall slender figures, as the large slouched hats, drawn over their brows, concealed their wild features, dark eyes, and swarthy faces. Two of them carried long fowling-pieces, one wore a broadsword without a sheath, and all had the Highland dirk, though they did not wear that weapon openly or ostentatiously. Behind them followed the train of laden asses, and small carts or *tumblers*, as

they were called in that country, on which were laid the decrepit and the helpless, the aged and infant part of the exiled community. The women in their red cloaks and straw hats, the elder children with bare heads and bare feet, and almost naked bodies, had the immediate care of the little caravan. The road was narrow, running between two broken banks of sand, and Mr. Bertram's servant rode forward, smacking his whip with an air of authority, and motioning to the drivers to allow free passage to their betters. His signal was unattended to. He then called to the men who lounged idly on before, "Stand to your beasts' heads, and make room for the Laird to pass."

"He shall have his share of the road," answered a male gipsy from under his slouched and large-brimmed hat, and without raising his face, "and he shall have nae mair; the highway is as free to our cuddies as to his gelding."

The tone of the man being sulky, and even menacing, Mr. Bertram thought it best to put his dignity in his pocket, and pass by the procession quietly, on such space as they chose to leave for his accommodation, which was narrow enough. To cover with an appearance of indifference his feeling of the want of respect with which he was treated, he addressed one of the men, as he passed him without any show of greeting, salute, or recognition — "Giles Baillie," he said, "have you heard that your son Gabriel is well?" (The question respected the young man who had been pressed.)

"If I had heard otherwise," said the old man, looking up with a stern and menacing countenance, "you should have heard of it too." And he plodded

on his way, tarrying no further question. When the Laird had pressed on with difficulty among a crowd of familiar faces, which had on all former occasions marked his approach with the reverence due to that of a superior being, but in which he now only read hatred and contempt, and had got clear of the throng, he could not help turning his horse, and looking back to mark the progress of their march. The group would have been an excellent subject for the pencil of Calotte. The van had already reached a small and stunted thicket, which was at the bottom of the hill, and which gradually hid the line of march until the last stragglers disappeared.

His sensations were bitter enough. The race, it is true, which he had thus summarily dismissed from their ancient place of refuge, was idle and vicious; but had he endeavoured to render them otherwise? They were not more irregular characters now than they had been while they were admitted to consider themselves as a sort of subordinate dependants of his family; and ought the mere circumstance of his becoming a magistrate to have made at once such a change in his conduct towards them? Some means of reformation ought at least to have been tried before sending seven families at once upon the wide world, and depriving them of a degree of countenance which withheld them at least from atrocious guilt. There was also a natural yearning of heart on parting with so many known and familiar faces; and to this feeling Godfrey Bertram was peculiarly accessible, from the limited qualities of his mind, which sought its principal amusements among the petty objects around him. As he was about to turn his horse's head to

pursue his journey. Meg Merrilies, who had lagged behind the troop, unexpectedly presented herself.

She was standing upon one of those high precipitous banks, which, as we before noticed, overhung the road; so that she was placed considerably higher than Ellangowan, even though he was on horseback; and her tall figure, relieved against the clear blue sky, seemed almost of supernatural stature. We have noticed that there was in her general attire, or rather in her mode of adjusting it, somewhat of a foreign costume, artfully adopted perhaps for the purpose of adding to the effect of her spells and predictions, or perhaps from some traditional notions respecting the dress of her ancestors. On this occasion she had a large piece of red cotton cloth rolled about her head in the form of a turban, from beneath which her dark eyes flashed with uncommon lustre. Her long and tangled black hair fell in elf-locks from the folds of this singular head-gear. Her attitude was that of a sibyl in frenzy, and she stretched out, in her right hand, a sapling bough which seemed just pulled.

"I'll be d——d," said the groom, "if she has not been cutting the young ashes in the Dukit park!"—The Laird made no answer, but continued to look at the figure which was thus perched above his path.

"Ride your ways," said the gipsy, "ride your ways, Laird of Ellangowan—ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram!—This day have ye quenched seven smoking hearths—see if the fire in your ain parlour burn the blyther for that. Ye have riven the thack off seven cottar houses—look if your ain roof-tree stand the faster.—Ye may stable your stirks in the shealings at Derncleugh—see that the hare does not couch on the

hearthstane at Ellangowan—Ride your ways, Godfrey Bertram—what do ye glower after our folk for?—There's thirty hearts there that wad hae wanted bread ere ye had wanted sunkets, and spent their life-blood ere ye had scratched your finger. Yes—there's thirty yonder, from the auld wife of a hundred to the babe that was born last week, that ye have turned out o' their bits o' bields, to sleep with the tod and the blackcock in the muirs!—Ride your ways, Ellangowan.—Our bairns are hinging at our weary backs—look that your braw cradle at hame be the fairer spread up—not that I am wishing ill to little Harry, or to the babe that's yet to be born—God forbid—and make them kind to the poor, and better folk than their father!—And now, ride e'en your ways; for these are the last words ye'll ever hear Meg Merrilies speak, and this is the last reise that I'll ever cut in the bonny woods of Ellangowan.”

So saying, she broke the sapling she held in her hand, and flung it into the road. Margaret of Anjou, bestowing on her triumphant foes her keen-edged malediction, could not have turned from them with a gesture more proudly contemptuous. The Laird was clearing his voice to speak, and thrusting his hand in his pocket to find a half-crown; the gipsy waited neither for his reply nor his donation, but strode down the hill to overtake the caravan.

From *Guy Mannering*, 1815.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY
(1811-1863).

AFTER WATERLOO.

It grew to be broad daylight as they stood here, and fresh news began to arrive from the war, brought by men who had been actors in the scene. Waggons and long country carts laden with wounded came rolling into the town; ghastly groans came from within them, and haggard faces looked up sadly from out of the straw. Jos Sedley was looking at one of these carriages with a painful curiosity—the moans of the people within were frightful—the wearied horses could hardly pull the cart. “Stop! Stop!” a feeble voice cried from the straw, and the carriage stopped opposite Mr. Sedley’s hotel.

“It is George, I know it is!” cried Amelia, rushing in a moment to the balcony, with a pallid face and loose flowing hair. It was not George, however, but it was the next best thing: it was news of him. It was poor Tom Stubble, who had marched out of Brussels so gallantly twenty-four hours before, bearing the colours of the regiment, which he had defended very gallantly upon the field. A French lancer had speared the young ensign in the leg, who fell, still bravely holding to his flag. At the conclusion of the engagement, a place had been found for the poor boy in a cart, and he had been brought back to Brussels.

“Mr. Sedley, Mr. Sedley!” cried the boy faintly, and Jos came up almost frightened at the appeal. He had not at first distinguished who it was that called him.

Little Tom Stubble held out his hot and feeble hand: "I'm to be taken in here," he said. "Osborne—and—and Dobbin said I was; and you are to give the man two napoleons: my mother will pay you." This young fellow's thoughts during the long feverish hours passed in the cart, had been wandering to his father's parsonage, which he had quitted only a few months before, and he had sometimes forgotten his pain in that delirium.

The hotel was large, and the people kind, and all the inmates of the cart were taken in and placed on various couches. The young ensign was conveyed upstairs to Osborne's quarters. Amelia and the Major's wife had rushed down to him, when the latter had recognised him from the balcony. You may fancy the feelings of these women when they were told that the day was over, and both their husbands were safe; in what mute rapture Amelia fell on her good friend's neck, and embraced her; in what grateful passion of prayer she fell on her knees, and thanked the Power which had saved her husband.

Our young lady, in her fevered and nervous condition, could have had no more salutary medicine prescribed for her by any physician than that which chance put in her way. She and Mrs. O'Dowd watched incessantly by the wounded lad, whose pains were very severe; and in the duty thus forced upon her, Amelia had not time to brood over her personal anxieties, or to give herself up to her own fears and forebodings after her wont. The young patient told in his simple fashion the events of the day, and the actions of our friends of the gallant—th. They had suffered severely. They had lost very many officers and men. The Major's

horse had been shot under him as the regiment charged, and they all thought that O'Dowd was gone, and that Dobbin had got his majority, until on their return from the charge to their old ground, the Major was discovered seated on Pyramus's carcase, refreshing himself from a case-bottle. It was Captain Osborne that cut down the French lancer who had speared the ensign. Amelia turned so pale at the notion that Mrs. O'Dowd stopped the young ensign in his story. And it was Captain Dobbin who at the end of the day, though wounded himself, took up the lad in his arms and carried him to the surgeon, and thence to the cart which was to bring him back to Brussels. And it was he who promised the driver two louis if he would make his way to Mr. Sedley's hotel in the city, and tell Mrs. Captain Osborne that the action was over, and that her husband was unhurt and well.

"Indeed, but he has a good heart that William Dobbin," Mrs. O'Dowd said, "though he is always laughing at me."

Young Stubble vowed there was not such another officer in the army, and never ceased his praises of the senior captain, his modesty, his kindness, and his admirable coolness in the field. To these parts of the conversation Amelia lent a very distracted attention; it was only when George was spoken of that she listened, and when he was not mentioned, she thought about him.

In tending her patient, and in thinking of the wonderful escapes of the day before, her second day passed away not too slowly with Amelia. There was only one man in the army for her: and as long as he was well, it must be owned that its movements

interested her little. All the reports which Jos brought from the streets fell very vaguely on her ears; though they were sufficient to give that timorous gentleman, and many other people then in Brussels, every disquiet. The French had been repulsed, certainly, but it was after a severe and doubtful struggle, and with only a division of the French army. The Emperor, with the main body, was away at Ligny, where he had utterly annihilated the Prussians, and was now free to bring his whole force to bear upon the allies. The Duke of Wellington was retiring upon the capital, and a great battle must be fought under its walls probably, of which the chances were more than doubtful. The Duke of Wellington had but twenty thousand British troops on whom he could rely, for the Germans were raw militia, the Belgians disaffected; and with this handful His Grace had to resist a hundred and fifty thousand men that had broken into Belgium under Napoleon. Under Napoleon! What warrior was there, however famous and skilful, that could fight at odds with him?

Jos thought of all these things, and trembled. So did all the rest of Brussels—where people felt that the fight of the day before was but the prelude to the greater combat which was imminent. One of the armies opposed to the Emperor was scattered to the winds already. The few English that could be brought to resist him would perish at their posts, and the conqueror would pass over their bodies into the city. Woe be to those whom he found there! Addresses were prepared, public functionaries assembled and debated secretly, apartments were got ready, and tricoloured banners and triumphal emblems manu-

factured to welcome the arrival of His Majesty the Emperor and King.

The emigration still continued, and wherever families could find means of departure, they fled. When Jos, on the afternoon of the 17th of June, went to Rebecca's hotel, he found that the great Bareacres' carriage had at length rolled away from the *porte-cochère*. The Earl had procured a pair of horses somehow . . . , and was rolling on the road to Ghent. Louis the Desired was getting ready his portmanteau in that city too. It seemed as if Misfortune was never tired of worrying into motion that unwieldy exile.

Jos felt that the delay of yesterday had been only a respite, and that his dearly bought horses must of a surety be put into requisition. His agonies were very severe all this day. As long as there was an English army between Brussels and Napoleon there was no need of immediate flight; but he had his horses brought from their distant stables to the stables in the courtyard of the hotel where he lived, so that they might be under his own eyes, and beyond the risk of violent abduction. Isidor watched the stable-door constantly, and had the horses saddled, to be ready for the start. He longed intensely for that event.

After the reception of the previous day, Rebecca did not care to come near her dear Amelia. She clipped the bouquet which George had brought her, and gave fresh water to the flowers, and read over the letter which he had sent her. "Poor wretch," she said, twirling round the little bit of paper in her fingers, "how I could crush her with this! And it is for a thing like this that she must break her heart, forsooth—for a man who is stupid—a coxcomb—and

who does not care for her. My poor good Rawdon is worth ten of this creature." And then she fell to thinking what she should do if—if anything happened to poor good Rawdon, and what a great piece of luck it was that he had left his horses behind.

In the course of this day, too, Mrs. Crawley . . . bethought her of the precaution which the Countess had taken, and did a little needlework for her own advantage; she stitched away the major part of her trinkets, bills, and bank-notes about her person, and so prepared, was ready for any event—to fly if she thought fit, or to stay and welcome the conqueror, were he Englishman or Frenchman. And I am not sure that she did not dream that night of becoming a duchess and Madame la Maréchale, while Rawdon, wrapped in his cloak, and making his bivouac under the rain at Mount Saint John, was thinking, with all the force of his heart, about the little wife whom he had left behind him.

The next day was a Sunday. And Mrs. Major O'Dowd had the satisfaction of seeing both her patients refreshed in health and spirits by some rest which they had taken during the night. She herself had slept on a great chair in Amelia's room, ready to wait upon her poor friend or the ensign, should either need her nursing. When morning came this robust woman went back to the house where she and her Major had their billet, and here performed an elaborate and splendid toilette, befitting the day. And it is very possible that whilst alone in that chamber, which her husband had inhabited, and where his cap still lay on the pillow, and his cane stood in the corner, one prayer at least was sent up to Heaven for the welfare of the brave soldier, Michael O'Dowd.

When she returned she brought her prayer-book with her, and her uncle the Dean's famous book of sermons, out of which she never failed to read every Sabbath; not understanding all, haply, not pronouncing many of the words aright, which were long and abstruse—for the Dean was a learned man, and loved long Latin words—but with great gravity, vast emphasis, and with tolerable correctness in the main. How often has my Mike listened to these sermons, she thought, and me reading in the cabin of a calm! She proposed to resume this exercise on the present day, with Amelia and the wounded ensign for a congregation. The same service was read on that day in twenty thousand churches at the same hour; and millions of British men and women, on their knees, implored protection of the Father of all.

They did not hear the noise which disturbed our little congregation at Brussels. Much louder than that which had interrupted them two days previously. as Mrs. O'Dowd was reading the service in her best voice, the cannon of Waterloo began to roar.

When Jos heard that dreadful sound, he made up his mind that he would bear this perpetual recurrence of terrors no longer, and would fly at once. He rushed into the sick man's room, where our three friends had paused in their prayers, and further interrupted them by a passionate appeal to Amelia.

"I can't stand it any more, Emmy," he said; "I won't stand it; and you must come with me. I have brought a horse for you—never mind at what price—and you must dress and come with me, and ride behind Isidor."

"God forgive me, Mr. Sedley, but you are no better

than a coward," Mrs. O'Dowd said, laying down the book.

"I say come, Amelia," the civilian went on; "never mind what she says; why are we to stop here and be butchered by the Frenchmen?"

"You forget the —th, my boy," said the little Stubble, the wounded hero, from his bed—"and—and you won't leave me, will you, Mrs. O'Dowd?"

"No, my dear fellow," said she, going up and kissing the boy. "No harm shall come to you while I stand by. I don't budge till I get the word from Mick. A pretty figure I'd be, wouldn't I, stuck behind that chap on a pillion?"

This image caused the young patient to burst out laughing in his bed, and even made Amelia smile. "I don't ask her," Jos shouted out—"I don't ask that—that Irishwoman, but you, Amelia; once for all, will you come?"

"Without my husband, Joseph?" Amelia said, with a look of wonder, and gave her hand to the Major's wife. Jos's patience was exhausted.

"Good-bye, then," he said, shaking his fist in a rage, and slamming the door by which he retreated. And this time he really gave his order for march; and mounted in the courtyard. Mrs. O'Dowd heard the clattering hoofs of the horses as they issued from the gate; and looking on, made many scornful remarks on poor Joseph as he rode down the street with Isidor after him in the laced cap. The horses, which had not been exercised for some days, were lively, and sprang about the street. Jos, a clumsy and timid horseman, did not look to advantage in the saddle. 'Look at him, Amelia dear, driving into the parlour

window. Such a bull in a china-shop *I* never saw." And presently the pair of riders disappeared at a canter down the street leading in the direction of the Ghent road, Mrs. O'Dowd pursuing them with a fire of sarcasm so long as they were in sight.

All that day, from morning until past sunset, the cannon never ceased to roar. It was dark when the cannonading stopped all of a sudden.

All of us have read of what occurred during that interval. The tale is in every Englishman's mouth; and you and I, who were children when the great battle was won and lost, are never tired of hearing and recounting the history of that famous action. Its remembrance rankles still in the bosoms of millions of the countrymen of those brave men who lost the day. They pant for an opportunity of revenging that humiliation; and if a contest, ending in a victory on their part, should ensue, elating them in their turn, and leaving its cursed legacy of hatred and rage behind to us, there is no end to the so-called glory and shame, and to the alternations of successful and unsuccessful murder, in which two high-spirited nations might engage. Centuries hence, we Frenchmen and Englishmen might be boasting and killing each other still, carrying out bravely the Devil's code of honour.

All our friends took their share and fought like men in the great field. All day long, whilst the women were praying ten miles away, the lines of the dauntless English infantry were receiving and repelling the furious charges of the French horsemen. Guns which were heard at Brussels were ploughing up their ranks, and comrades falling, and the resolute survivors closing in. Towards evening, the attack of the French,

repeated and resisted so bravely, slackened in its fury. They had other foes beside the British to engage, or were preparing for a final onset. It came at last: the columns of the Imperial Guard marched up the hill of Saint Jean, at length and at once to sweep the English from the height which they had maintained all day, and spite of all: unscared by the thunder of the artillery, which hurled death from the English line, the dark rolling column pressed on and up the hill. It seemed almost to crest the eminence, when it began to wave and falter. Then it stopped, still facing the shot. Then at last the English troops rushed from the post from which no enemy had been able to dislodge them, and the Guard turned and fled.

No more firing was heard at Brussels—the pursuit rolled miles away. Darkness came down on the field and city; and Amelia was praying for George, who was lying on his face, dead, with a bullet through his heart.

From *Vanity Fair*, 1847.

CHARLES DICKENS (1812–1870).

THE WRECK.

“Don’t you think that,” I asked the coachman, in the first stage out of London, “a very remarkable sky? I don’t remember to have seen one like it.”

“Nor I—not equal to it,” he replied. “That’s wind, sir. There’ll be mischief done at sea, I expect, before long.”

It was a murky confusion—here and there blotted

with a colour like the colour of the smoke from damp fuel—of flying clouds tossed up into most remarkable heaps, suggesting greater heights in the clouds than there were depths below them to the bottom of the deepest hollows in the earth, through which the wild moon seemed to plunge headlong, as if, in a dread disturbance of the laws of nature, she had lost her way and were frightened. There had been a wind all day, and it was rising then with an extraordinary great sound. In another hour it had much increased, and the sky was more overcast, and blew hard.

But as the night advanced, the clouds closing in and densely overspreading the whole sky, then very dark, it came on to blow, harder and harder. It still increased, until our horses could scarcely face the wind. Many times, in the dark part of the night (it was then late in September, when the nights were not short), the leaders turned about, or came to a dead stop; and we were often in serious apprehension that the coach would be blown over. Sweeping gusts of rain came up before this storm like showers of steel; and, at those times, when there was any shelter of trees or lee walls to be got, we were fain to stop, in a sheer impossibility of continuing the struggle.

When the day broke, it blew harder and harder. I had been in Yarmouth when the seamen said it blew great guns, but I had never known the like of this, or anything approaching to it. We came to Ipswich—very late, having had to fight every inch of ground since we were ten miles out of London—and found a cluster of people in the market-place, who had risen from their beds in the night, fearful of falling chimneys. Some of these, congregating about the inn-yard

while we changed horses, told us of great sheets of lead having been ripped off a high church tower, and flung into a by-street, which they then blocked up. Others had to tell of country people, coming in from neighbouring villages, who had seen great trees lying torn out of the earth, and whole ricks scattered about the roads and fields. Still there was no abatement in the storm, but it blew harder.

As we struggled on, nearer and nearer to the sea, from which this mighty wind was blowing dead on shore, its force became more and more terrific. Long before we saw the sea its spray was on our lips, and showered salt rain upon us. The water was out, over miles and miles of the flat country adjacent to Yarmouth; and every sheet and puddle lashed its banks, and had its stress of little breakers setting heavily towards us. When we came within sight of the sea, the waves on the horizon, caught at intervals above the rolling abyss, were like glimpses of another shore with towers and buildings. When at last we got into the town, the people came out to their doors, all aslant and with streaming hair, making a wonder of the mail that had come through such a night.

I put up at the old inn, and went down to look at the sea; staggering along the street, which was strewn with sand and seaweed, and with flying blotches of sea-foam; afraid of falling slates and tiles; and holding by people I met, at angry corners. Coming near the beach I saw, not only the boatmen, but half the people of the town, lurking behind buildings—some now and then braving the fury of the storm to look away to sea, and blown sheer out of their course in trying to get zigzag back.

Joining these groups, I found bewailing women whose husbands were away in herring or oyster boats, which there was too much reason to think might have foundered before they could run in anywhere for safety. Grizzled old sailors were among the people, shaking their heads, as they looked from water to sky, and muttering to one another; shipowners, excited and uneasy; children, huddling together, and peering into older faces; even stout mariners, disturbed and anxious, levelling their glasses at the sea from behind places of shelter, as if they were surveying an enemy.

The tremendous sea itself, when I could find sufficient pause to look at it, in the agitation of the blinding wind, the flying stones and sand, and the awful noise, confounded me. As the high watery walls came rolling in, and, at their highest, tumbled into surf, they looked as if the least would engulf the town. As the receding wave swept back with a hoarse roar, it seemed to scoop out deep caves in the beach, as if its purpose were to undermine the earth. When some white-headed billows thundered on, and dashed themselves to pieces before they reached the land, every fragment of the late whole seemed possessed by the full might of its wrath, rushing to be gathered to the composition of another monster. Undulating hills were changed to valleys, undulating valleys (with a solitary storm-bird sometimes skimming through them) were lifted up to hills; masses of water shivered and shook the beach with a booming sound; every shape tumultuously rolled on, as soon as made, to change its shape and place, and beat another shape and place away; the ideal shore on the horizon, with its towers and buildings, rose and fell; the clouds fell

fast and thick; I seemed to see a rending and upheaving of all nature.

Not finding Ham among the people whom this memorable wind—for it is still remembered down there as the greatest ever known to blow upon that coast—had brought together, I made my way to his house. It was shut; and as no one answered to my knocking, I went, by back ways and by-lanes, to the yard where he worked. I learned, there, that he had gone to Lowestoft, to meet some sudden exigency of ship repairing in which his skill was required; but that he would be back to-morrow morning, in good time.

I went back to the inn; and when I had washed and dressed, and tried to sleep, but in vain, it was five o'clock in the afternoon. I had not sat five minutes by the coffee-room fire, when the waiter coming to stir it, as an excuse for talking, told me that two colliers had gone down, with all hands, a few miles away; and that some other ships had been seen labouring hard in the Roads, and trying, in great distress, to keep off shore. Mercy on them, and on all poor sailors, said he, if we had another night like the last!

I was very much depressed in spirits; very solitary; and felt an uneasiness in Ham's not being there, disproportionate to the occasion. I was seriously affected, without knowing how much, by late events; and my long exposure to the fierce wind had confused me. There was that jumble in my thoughts and recollections, that I had lost the clear arrangement of time and distance. Thus, if I had gone out into the town, I should not have been surprised, I think, to encounter some one who I

knew must be ~~then~~ in London. So to speak, there was in these respects a curious inattention in my mind. Yet it was busy, too, with all the remembrances the place naturally awakened; and they were particularly distinct and vivid.

In this state the waiter's dismal intelligence about the ships immediately connected itself, without any effort of my volition, with my uneasiness about Ham. I was persuaded that I had an apprehension of his returning from Lowestoft by sea, and being lost. This grew so strong with me, that I resolved to go back to the yard before I took my dinner, and ask the boat-builder if he thought his attempting to return by sea at all likely? If he gave me the least reason to think so, I would go over to Lowestoft and prevent it by bringing him with me.

I hastily ordered my dinner, and went back to the yard. I was none too soon; for the boat-builder, with a lantern in his hand, was locking the yard-gate. He quite laughed when I asked him the question, and said there was no fear; no man in his senses, or out of them, would put off in such a gale of wind, least of all Ham Peggotty, who had been born to seafaring.

So sensible of this, beforehand, that I had really felt ashamed of doing what I was nevertheless impelled to, I went back to the inn. If such a wind could rise, I think it was rising. The howl and roar, the rattling of the doors and windows, the rumbling in the chimneys, the apparent rocking of the very house that sheltered me, and the prodigious tumult of the sea, were more fearful than in the morning. But there was now a great darkness besides; and that invested the storm with new terrors, real and fanciful.

I could not eat, I could not sit still, I could not continue steadfast to anything. Something within me, faintly answering to the storm without, tossed up the depths of my memory, and made a tumult in them. Yet, in all the hurry of my thoughts, wild running with the thundering sea,—the storm and my uneasiness regarding Ham were always in the foreground.

My dinner went away almost untasted, and I tried to refresh myself with a glass or two of wine. In vain. I fell into a dull slumber before the fire, without losing my consciousness, either of the uproar out of doors or of the place in which I was. Both became overshadowed by a new and indefinable horror; and when I awoke—or rather when I shook off the lethargy that bound me in my chair—my whole frame thrilled with objectless and unintelligible fear.

I walked to and fro, tried to read an old gazetteer, listened to the awful noises; looked at faces, scenes, and figures in the fire. At length, the steady ticking of the undisturbed clock on the wall tormented me to that degree that I resolved to go to bed.

It was reassuring, on such a night, to be told that some of the inn-servants had agreed together to sit up until morning. I went to bed, exceedingly weary and heavy; but, on my lying down, all such sensations vanished as if by magic, and I was broad awake, with every sense refined.

For hours I lay there, listening to the wind and water; imagining, now, that I heard shrieks out at sea; now, that I distinctly heard the firing of signal guns; and now, the fall of houses in the town. I got up several times and looked out, but could see

nothing, except the reflection in the window-panes of the faint candle I had left burning, and of my own haggard face looking in at me from the black void.

At length, my restlessness attained to such a pitch, that I hurried on my clothes and went downstairs. In the large kitchen, where I dimly saw bacon and ropes of onions hanging from the beams, the watchers were clustered together, in various attitudes, about a table, purposely moved away from the great chimney, and brought near the door. A pretty girl, who had her ears stopped with her apron and her eyes upon the door, screamed when I appeared, supposing me to be a spirit; but the others had more presence of mind, and were glad of an addition to their company. One man, referring to the topic they had been discussing, asked me whether I thought the souls of the collier-crews, who had gone down, were out in the storm?

I remained there, I daresay, two hours. Once, I opened the yard-gate, and looked into the empty street. The sand, the seaweed, and the flakes of foam were driving by; and I was obliged to call for assistance before I could shut the gate again, and make it fast against the wind.

There was a dark gloom in my solitary chamber when I at length returned to it; but I was tired now, and, getting into bed again, fell—off a tower and down a precipice—into the depths of sleep. I have an impression that for a long time, though I dreamed of being elsewhere and in a variety of scenes, it was always blowing in my dream. At length I lost that feeble hold upon reality, and was engaged with two dear friends, but who they were I don't know, at the siege of some town in a roar of cannonading.

The thunder of the cannon was so loud and incessant, that I could not hear something I much desired to hear, until I made a great exertion and awoke. It was broad day—eight or nine o'clock; the storm raging, in lieu of the batteries; and some one knocking and calling at my door.

"What is the matter?" I cried.

"A wreck! Close by!"

I sprung out of bed, and asked, what wreck?

"A schooner, from Spain or Portugal, laden with fruit and wine. Make haste, sir, if you want to see her! It's thought, down on the beach, she'll go to pieces every moment."

The excited voice went clamouring along the staircase; and I wrapped myself in my clothes as quickly as I could, and ran into the street.

Numbers of people were there before me, all running in one direction to the beach. I ran the same way, outstripping a good many, and soon came facing the wild sea.

The wind might by this time have lulled a little, though not more sensibly than if the cannonading I had dreamed of had been diminished by the silencing of half-a-dozen guns out of hundreds. But the sea, having upon it the additional agitation of the whole night, was infinitely more terrific than when I had seen it last. Every appearance it had then presented bore the expression of being *swelled*; and the height to which the breakers rose, and, looking over one another, bore one another down, and rolled in, in interminable hosts, was most appalling.

In the difficulty of hearing anything but wind and waves, and in the crowd, and the unspeakable con-

fusion, and my first breathless efforts to stand against the weather, I was so confused that I looked out to sea for the wreck, and saw nothing but the foaming heads of the great waves. A half-dressed boatman, standing next me, pointed with his bare arm (a tattooed arrow on it, pointing in the same direction) to the left. Then, O great Heaven, I saw it, close in upon us!

One mast was broken short off, six or eight feet from the deck, and lay over the side, entangled in a maze of sail and rigging; and all that ruin, as the ship rolled and beat—which she did without a moment's pause, and with a violence quite inconceivable—beat the side as if it would stave in. Some efforts were even then being made to cut this portion of the wreck away; for as the ship, which was broadside on, turned towards us in her rolling, I plainly descried her people at work with axes, especially one active figure, with long curling hair, conspicuous among the rest. But a great cry, which was audible even above the wind and water, rose from the shore at this moment; the sea, sweeping over the rolling wreck, made a clean breach, and carried men, spars, casks, planks, bulwarks, heaps of such toys, into the boiling surge.

The second mast was yet standing, with the rags of a rent sail, and a wild confusion of broken cordage flapping to and fro. The ship had struck once, the same boatman hoarsely said in my ear, and then lifted in and struck again. I understood him to add that she was parting amidships, and I could readily suppose so, for the rolling and beating were too tremendous for any human work to suffer long. As he spoke, there was another great cry of pity from the beach; four men arose with the wreck out of the deep, clinging to

the rigging of the remaining mast; uppermost, the active figure with the curling hair.

There was a bell on board; and as the ship rolled and dashed, like a desperate creature driven mad, now showing us the whole sweep of her deck, as she turned on her beam, ends towards the shore, now nothing but her keel, as she sprung wildly over and turned towards the sea, the bell rang; and its sound, the knell of those unhappy men, was borne towards us on the wind. Again we lost her, and again she rose. Two men were gone. The agony on shore increased. Men groaned, and clasped their hands; women shrieked, and turned away their faces. Some ran wildly up and down along the beach, crying for help where no help could be. I found myself one of these, frantically imploring a knot of sailors whom I knew, not to let those two lost creatures perish before our eyes.

They were making out to me, in an agitated way—I don't know how, for the little I could hear I was scarcely composed enough to understand—that the life-boat had been bravely manned an hour ago, and could do nothing; and that as no man would be so desperate as to attempt to wade off with a rope, and establish a communication with the shore, there was nothing left to try; when I noticed that some new sensation moved the people on the beach, and saw them part, and Ham came breaking through them to the front.

I ran to him—as well as I know—to repeat my appeal for help. But, distracted though I was by a sight so new to me and terrible, the determination in his face, and his look out to sea—exactly the same look as I remembered in connection with the morning after Emily's flight—awoke me to a knowledge of his

danger. I held him back with both arms; and implored the men with whom I had been speaking, not to listen to him, not to do murder, not to let him stir from off that sand!

Another cry arose on shore; and looking to the wreck, we saw the cruel sail, with blow on blow, beat off the lower of the two men, and fly up in triumph round the active figure left alone upon the mast.

Against such a sight, and against such determination as that of the calmly desperate man who was already accustomed to lead half the people present, I might as hopefully have entreated the wind. "Mas'r Davy," he said, cheerily grasping me by both hands, "if my time is come, 'tis come. If 'tan't, I'll bide it. Lord above bless you, and bless all! Mates, make me ready! I'm a-going off!"

I was swept away, but not unkindly, to some distance, where the people around made me stay, urging, as I confusedly perceived, that he was bent on going, with help or without, and that I should endanger the precautions for his safety by troubling those with whom they rested. I don't know what I answered, or what they rejoined; but I saw hurry on the beach, and men running with ropes from a capstan that was there, and penetrating into a circle of figures that hid him from me. Then I saw him standing alone, in a seaman's frock and trousers; a rope in his hand, or slung to his wrist; another round his body; and several of the best men holding, at a little distance, to the latter, which he laid out himself, slack upon the shore, at his feet.

The wreck, even to my unpractised eye, was breaking up. I saw that she was parting in the middle, and that the life of the solitary man upon the mast

hung by a thread. Still, he clung to it. He had a singular red cap on,—not like a sailor's cap, but of a finer colour; and as the few yielding planks between him and destruction rolled and bulged, and his anticipative death-knell rung, he was seen by all of us to wave it. I saw him do it now, and thought I was going distracted, when his action brought an old remembrance to my mind of a once dear friend.

Ham watched the sea, standing alone, with the silence of suspended breath behind him, and the storm before, until there was a great retiring wave, when, with a backward glance at those who held the rope which was made fast round his body, he dashed in after it, and in a moment was buffeting with the water; rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the foam; then drawn again to land. They hauled in hastily.

He was hurt. I saw blood on his face, from where I stood; but he took no thought of that. He seemed hurriedly to give them some directions for leaving him more free—or so I judged from the motion of his arm—and was gone as before.

And now he made for the wreck, rising with the hills, falling with the valleys, lost beneath the rugged foam, borne in towards the shore, borne on towards the ship, striving hard and valiantly. The distance was nothing, but the power of the sea and wind made the strife deadly. At length he neared the wreck. He was so near, that with one more of his vigorous strokes he would be clinging to it,—when a high, green, vast hill-side of water, moving on shoreward, from beyond the ship, he seemed to leap up into it with a mighty bound, and the ship was gone!

Some eddying fragments I saw in the sea, as if a mere cask had been broken, in running to the spot where they were hauling in. Consternation was in every face. They drew him to my very feet—insensible—dead. He was carried to the nearest house; and, no one preventing me now, I remained near him, busy, while every means of restoration were tried; but he had been beaten to death by the great wave, and his generous heart was stilled for ever.

As I sat beside the bed, when hope was abandoned and all was done, a fisherman, who had known me when Emily and I were children, and ever since, whispered my name at the door.

"Sir," said he, with tears starting to his weather-beaten face, which, with his trembling lips, was ashy pale, "will you come over yonder?"

The old remembrance that had been recalled to me was in his look. I asked him, terror-stricken, leaning on the arm he held out to support me:

"Has a body come ashore?"

He said, "Yes."

"Do I know it?" I asked then.

He answered nothing.

But he led me to the shore. And on that part of it where she and I had looked for shells, two children—on that part of it where some lighter fragments of the old boat, blown down last night, had been scattered by the wind—among the ruins of the home he had wronged—I saw him lying with his head upon his arm, as I had often seen him lie at school.

From *David Copperfield*, 1850.

GEORGE ELIOT (1819-1880).

LOVE AND DUTY.

"Here we are in sight of Mudport," he said at last. "Now dearest," he added, turning towards her with a look that was half-beseeching, "the worst part of your fatigue is over. On the land we can command swiftness. In another hour and a half we shall be in a chaise together—and that will seem rest to you after this."

Maggie felt it was time to speak; it would only be unkind now to assent by silence. She spoke in the lowest tone, as he had done, but with distinct decision.

"We shall not be together—we shall have parted."

The blood rushed to Stephen's face.

"We shall not," he said. "I'll die first."

It was as he had dreaded—there was a struggle coming. But neither of them dared to say another word till the boat was let down, and they were taken to the landing-place. Here there was a cluster of gazers and passengers awaiting the departure of the steamboat to St. Ogg's. Maggie had a dim sense, when she had landed, and Stephen was hurrying her along on his arm, that some one had advanced towards her from that cluster, as if he were coming to speak to her. But she was hurried along, and was indifferent to everything but the coming trial.

A porter guided them to the nearest inn and posting-house, and Stephen gave the order for the chaise as they passed through the yard. Maggie took no notice of this, and only said, "Ask them to show us into a room where we can sit down."

When they entered, Maggie did not sit down, and Stephen, whose face had a desperate determination in it, was about to ring the bell, when she said, in a firm voice :

"I'm not going ; we must part here."

"Maggie," he said, turning round towards her, and speaking in the tones of a man who feels a process of torture beginning, "do you mean to kill me ? What is the use of it now ? The whole thing is done."

"No, it is not done," said Maggie. "Too much is done—more than we can ever remove the trace of. But I will go no farther. Don't try to prevail with me again. I couldn't choose yesterday."

What was he to do ? He dared not go near her—her anger might leap out, and make a new barrier. He walked backwards and forwards in maddening perplexity.

"Maggie," he said at last, pausing before her, and speaking in a tone of imploring wretchedness, "have some pity—hear me—forgive me for what I did yesterday. I will do nothing without your full consent. But don't blight our lives for ever by a rash perversity that can answer no good purpose to any one—that can only create new evils. Sit down, dearest ; wait—think what you are going to do. Don't treat me as if you couldn't trust me."

He had chosen the most effective appeal ; but Maggie's will was fixed unswervingly on the coming wrench. She had made up her mind to suffer.

"We must not wait," she said in a low but distinct voice : "we must part at once."

"We *can't* part, Maggie," said Stephen, more impetuously. "I can't bear it. What is the use of

inflicting that misery on me? the blow—whatever it may have been—has been struck now. Will it help any one else that you should drive me mad?”

“I will not begin any future, even for you,” said Maggie tremulously, “with a deliberate consent to what ought not to have been. What I told you at Basset I feel now: I would rather have died than fall into this temptation. It would have been better if we had parted for ever then. But we must part now.”

“We will *not* part,” Stephen burst out, instinctively placing his back against the door—forgetting everything he had said a few moments before; “I will not endure it. You’ll make me desperate—I shan’t know what I do.”

Maggie trembled. She felt that the parting could not be effected suddenly. She must rely on a slower appeal to Stephen’s better self—she must be prepared for a harder task than that of rushing away while resolution was fresh. She sat down. Stephen, watching her with that look of desperation which had come over him like a lurid light, approached slowly from the door, seated himself close beside her, and grasped her hand. Her heart beat like the heart of a frightened bird; but this direct opposition helped her. She felt her determination growing stronger.

“Remember what you felt weeks ago,” she began, with beseeching earnestness—“remember what we both felt—that we owed ourselves to others, and must conquer every inclination which could make us false to that debt. We have failed to keep our resolutions; but the wrong remains the same.”

“No, it does *not* remain the same,” said Stephen.

We have proved that the feeling which draws us towards each other is too strong to be overcome: that natural law surmounts every other; we can't help what it clashes with."

"It is not so, Stephen—I'm quite sure that is wrong. I have tried to think it again and again: but I see, if we judged in that way, there would be a warrant for all treachery and cruelty—we should justify breaking the most sacred ties that can ever be formed on earth. If the past is not to bind us, where can duty lie? We should have no law but the inclination of the moment."

"But there are ties that can't be kept by mere resolution," said Stephen, starting up and walking about again. "What is outward faithfulness? Would they have thanked us for any thing so hollow as constancy without love?"

Maggie did not answer immediately. She was undergoing an inward as well as an outward contest. At last she said, with a passionate assertion of her conviction, as much against herself as against him:

"That seems right—at first; but when I look further, I'm sure it is *not* right. Faithfulness and constancy mean something else besides doing what is easiest and pleasantest to ourselves. They mean renouncing whatever is opposed to the reliance others have in us—whatever would cause misery to those whom the course of our lives has made dependent on us. If we—if I had been better, nobler, those claims would have been so strongly present with me—I should have felt them pressing on my heart so continuously, just as they do now in the moments when my conscience is awake—that the opposite feeling

would never have grown in me as it has done: it would have been quenched at once—I should have prayed for help so earnestly—I should have rushed away as we rush from hideous danger. I feel no excuse for myself—none. I should never have failed towards Lucy and Philip as I have done, if I had not been weak, selfish, and hard—able to think of their pain without a pain to myself that would have destroyed all temptation. Oh, what is Lucy feeling now? She believed in me—she loved me—she was so good to me. Think of her. . . .

Maggie's voice was getting choked as she uttered these last words.

"I *can't* think of her," said Stephen, stamping as if with pain. "I can think of nothing but you, Maggie. You demand of a man what is impossible. I felt that once; but I can't go back to it now. And where is the use of *your* thinking of it, except to torture me? You can't save them from pain now; you can only tear yourself from me, and make my life worthless to me. And even if we could go back, and both fulfil our engagements—if that were possible now—it would be hateful—horrible, to think of your ever being Philip's wife—of your ever being the wife of a man you didn't love. We have both been rescued from a mistake."

A deep flush came over Maggie's face, and she couldn't speak. Stephen saw this. He sat down again, taking her hand in his, and looking at her with passionate entreaty.

"Maggie! Dearest! If you love me, you are mine. Who can have so great a claim on you as I have? My life is bound up in your love. There is

nothing in the past that can annul our right to each other: it is the first time we have either of us loved with our whole heart and soul."

Maggie was still silent for a little while—looking down. Stephen was in a flutter of new hope: he was going to triumph. But she raised her eyes and met his with a glance that was filled with the anguish of regret—not with yielding.

"No—not with my whole heart and soul, Stephen," she said, with timid resolution. "I have never consented to it with my whole mind. There are memories, and affections, and longings after perfect goodness, that have such a strong hold on me; they would never quit me for long; they would come back and be pain to me—repentance. I couldn't live in peace if I put the shadow of a wilful sin between myself and God. I have caused sorrow already—I know—I feel it; but I have never deliberately consented to it: I have never said, 'They shall suffer, that I may have joy.' It has never been my will to marry you: if you were to win consent from the momentary triumph of my feeling for you, you would not have my whole soul. If I could wake back again into the time before yesterday, I would choose to be true to my calmer affections, and live without the joy of love."

Stephen loosed her hand, and, rising impatiently, walked up and down the room in suppressed rage.

"Good God!" he burst out at last, "what a miserable thing a woman's love is to a man's! I could commit crimes for you—and you can balance and choose in that way. But you *don't* love me: if you had a tithe of the feeling for me that I have for

you, it would be impossible to you, to think for a moment of sacrificing me. But it weighs nothing with you that you are robbing me of *my* life's happiness."

Maggie pressed her fingers together almost convulsively as she held them clasped on her lap. A great terror was upon her, as if she were ever and anon seeing where she stood by great flashes of lightning, and then again stretched forth her hands in the darkness.

"No—I don't sacrifice you—I couldn't sacrifice you," she said, as soon as she could speak again: "but I can't believe in a good for you, that I feel—that we both feel is a wrong towards others. We can't choose happiness either for ourselves or for another; we can't tell where that will lie. We can only choose whether we will indulge ourselves in the present moment, or whether we will renounce that, for the sake of obeying the divine voice within us—for the sake of being true to all the motives that sanctify our lives. I know this belief is hard: it has slipped away from me again and again; but I have felt that if I let it go for ever I should have no light through the darkness of this life."

"But, Maggie," said Stephen, seating himself by her again, "is it possible you don't see that what happened yesterday has altered the whole position of things? What infatuation is it—what obstinate prepossession that blinds you to that? It is too late to say what we might have done or what we ought to have done. Admitting the very worst view of what has been done, it is a fact we must act on now; our position is altered; the right course is no longer what

it was before. We must accept our own actions and start afresh from them. Suppose we had been married yesterday? It is nearly the same thing. The effect on others would not have been different. It would only have made this difference to ourselves," Stephen added, bitterly, "that you might have acknowledged, then that your tie to me was stronger than to others."

Again a deep blush came over Maggie's face, and she was silent. Stephen thought again that he was beginning to prevail—he had never yet believed that he should *not* prevail: there are possibilities which our minds shrink from too completely for us to fear them.

"Dearest," he said, in his deepest, tenderest tone, leaning towards her and putting his arm round her, "you *are* mine now—the world believes it—duty must spring out of that now: in a few hours you will be legally mine, and those who had claims on us will submit—they will see that there was a force which declared against their claims."

Maggie's eyes opened wide in one terrified look at the face that was close to hers, and she started up—pale again.

"Oh, I can't do it," she said, in a voice almost of agony—"Stephen—don't ask me—don't urge me. I can't argue any longer—I don't know what is wise; but my heart will not let me do it. I see—I feel their trouble now: it is as if it were branded on my mind. I have suffered, and had no one to pity me; and now I have made others suffer. It would never leave me; it would embitter your love to me. I *do* care for Philip—in a different way: I remember

all we said to each other; I know how he thought of me as the one promise of his life. He was given to me that I might make his lot less hard; and I have forsaken him. And Lucy—she has been deceived—she who trusted me more than any one. I cannot marry you: I cannot take a good for myself that has been wrung out of their misery. It is not the force that ought to rule us—this that we feel for each other; it would rend me away from all that my past life has made dear and holy to me. I can't set out on a fresh life, and forget that: I must go back to it, and cling to it, else I shall feel as if there were nothing firm beneath my feet."

"Good God, Maggie!" said Stephen, rising too, and grasping her arm, "you rave. How can you go back without marrying me? You don't know what will be said, dearest. You see nothing as it really is."

"Yes, I do. But they will believe me—she will forgive you, and—and—oh, *some* good will come by clinging to the right. Dear, dear, Stephen, let me go!—don't drag me into deeper remorse. My whole soul has never consented—it does not consent now."

Stephen let go her arm, and sank back on his chair, half stunned by despairing rage. He was silent a few moments, not looking at her; while her eyes were turned towards him yearningly in alarm at this sudden change. At last he said, still without looking at her:

"Go then, leave me—don't torture me any longer—I can't bear it."

Involuntarily she leaned towards him and put out her hand to touch his. But he shrank from it as if it had been burning iron, and said again:

“Leave me.”

Maggie was not conscious of a decision as she turned away from that gloomy averted face, and walked out of the room; it was like an automatic action that fulfils a forgotten intention. What came after? A sense of stairs descended as if in a dream—of flagstones—of a chaise and horses standing—then a street, and a turning into another street where a stage-coach was standing, taking in passengers—and the darting thought that that coach would take her away, perhaps towards home. But she could ask nothing yet; she only got into the coach.

Home—where her mother and brother were—Philip—Lucy—the scene of her very cares and trials—was the haven towards which her mind tended—the sanctuary where sacred relics lay—where she would be rescued from more falling. The thought of Stephen was like a horrible throbbing pain, which yet, as such pains do, seemed to urge all other thoughts into activity. But among her thoughts, what others would say and think of her conduct was hardly present. Love and deep pity and remorseful anguish left no room for that.

The coach was taking her to York—farther away from home; but she did not learn that until she was set down in the old city at midnight. It was no matter: she could sleep there, and start home the next day. She had her purse in her pocket, with all her money in it—a bank-note and a sovereign: she had kept it in her pocket from forgetfulness, after going out to make purchases the day before yesterday.

Did she lie down in the gloomy bedroom of the old inn that night with her will bent unwaveringly on the

path of penitent sacrifice? The great struggles of life are not so easy as that; the great problems of life are not so clear. In the darkness of that night she saw Stephen's face turned towards her in passionate, reproachful misery; she lived through again all the tremulous delights of his presence with her that made existence an easy floating in a stream of joy, instead of a quiet resolved endurance and effort. The love she had renounced came back upon her with a cruel charm, she felt herself opening her arms to receive it once more; and then it seemed to slip away and fade and vanish, leaving only the dying sound of a deep thrilling voice that said, "Gone—for ever gone."

From *The Mill on the Floss*, 1860.

THOMAS HARDY (1840—)

TESS BAPTIZES HER CHILD.

The household went to bed, and, distressed beyond measure, Tess retired also. She was continually waking as she lay, and in the middle of the night found that the baby was still worse. It was obviously dying—quietly and painlessly, but none the less surely.

In her misery she rocked herself upon the bed. The clock struck the solemn hour of one, that hour when fancy stalks outside reason, and malignant possibilities stand rock-firm as facts. She thought the child consigned to the nethermost corner of hell, as its double doom for lack of baptism and lack of legitimacy; saw the arch-fiend tossing it with his three-pronged fork, like the one they used for heating the oven on

baking days; to which picture she added many other quaint and curious details of torment taught the young in this Christian country. The lurid presentment so powerfully affected her imagination in the silence of the sleeping house that her nightgown became damp with perspiration, and the bedstead shook with each throb of her heart.

The infant's breathing grew more difficult, and the mother's mental tension increased. It was useless to devour the little thing with kisses; she could stay in bed no longer, and walked feverishly about the room.

"Oh, merciful God, have pity; have pity upon my poor baby!" she cried. "Heap as much anger as you want to upon me, and welcome; but pity the child!"

She leant against the chest of drawers, and murmured incoherent supplications for a long while till she suddenly started up.

"Ah! perhaps baby can be saved! Perhaps it will be just the same!"

She spoke so brightly that it seemed as though her face might have shone in the gloom surrounding her.

She lit a candle, and went to a second and a third bed under the wall, where she awoke her young sisters and brothers, all of whom occupied the same room. Pulling out the washing-stand so that she could get behind it, she poured some water from a jug, and made them kneel around, putting their hands together with fingers exactly vertical. While the children, scarcely awake, awe-stricken at her manner, their eyes growing larger and larger, remained in this position, she took the baby from her bed—a child's child—so immature as scarce to seem a sufficient personality to

endow its producer with the maternal title. Tess then stood erect with the infant on her arm beside the basin, the next sister held the Prayer-Book open before her, as the clerk at church held it before the parson; and thus the girl set about baptizing her child.

Her figure looked singularly tall and imposing as she stood in her long white nightgown, a thick cable of twisted dark hair hanging straight down her back to her waist. The kindly dimness of the weak candle abstracted from her form and features the little blemishes which sunlight might have revealed—the stubble scratches upon her wrists, and the weariness of her eyes—her high enthusiasm having a transfiguring effect upon the face which had been her undoing, showing it as a thing of immaculate beauty, with a touch of dignity which was almost regal. The little ones kneeling round, their sleepy eyes blinking and red, awaited her preparations full of a suspended wonder which their physical heaviness at that hour would not allow to become active.

The most impressed of them said:

“Be you really going to christen him, Tess?”

The girl-mother replied in a grave affirmative.

“What’s his name going to be?”

She had not thought of that, but a name suggested by a phrase in the book of Genesis came into her head as she proceeded with the baptismal service, and now she pronounced it.

“SORROW, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.”

She sprinkled the water, and there was silence.

“Say ‘Amen,’ children.”

The tiny voices piped in obedient response, "Amen."

Tess went on :

"We receive this child"—and so forth—"and do sign him with the sign of the Cross."

Here she dipped her hand into the basin, and fervently drew an immense cross upon the baby with her forefinger, continuing with the customary sentences as to his manfully fighting against sin, the world, and the devil, and being a faithful soldier and servant unto his life's end. She duly went on with the Lord's Prayer, the children lisping it after her in a thin gnat-like wail, till, at the conclusion, raising their voices to clerk's pitch, they again piped into the silence, "Amen !"

Then their sister, with much augmented confidence in the efficacy of this sacrament, poured forth from the bottom of her heart the thanksgiving that follows, uttering it boldly and triumphantly in the stopt-diapason note which her voice acquired when her heart was in her speech, and which will never be forgotten by those who knew her. The ecstasy of faith almost apotheosized her ; it set upon her face a glowing irradiation, and brought a red spot into the middle of each cheek ; while the miniature candle-flame inverted in her eye-pupils shone like a diamond. The children gazed up at her with more and more reverence, and no longer had a will for questioning. She did not look like Sissy to them now, but as a being large, towering, and awful—a divine personage with whom they had nothing in common.—From *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*, 1891 (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.), Tauchnitz Edition, 2800-1.

H. G. WELLS (1866-).**THE SCENT OF ROSES.**

When he re-entered the living-room, he found Ethel sitting idly at her typewriter, playing with the keys. She got up at his return and sat down in the armchair with a novelette that hid her face. He stared at her, full of questions. After all, then, they had not come. He was intensely disappointed now, he was intensely angry with the ineffable young shop-woman in black. He looked at his watch and then again, he took a book and pretended to read and found himself composing a scathing speech of remonstrance to be delivered on the morrow at the flower-shop. He put his book down, went to his black bag, opened and closed it aimlessly. He glanced covertly at Ethel, and found her looking covertly at him. He could not quite understand her expression.

He fidgeted into the bedroom and stopped as dead as a pointer.

He felt an extraordinary persuasion of the scent of roses. So strong did it seem that he glanced outside the room door, expecting to find a box there, mysteriously arrived. But there was no scent of roses in the passage.

Then he saw close by his foot an enigmatical pale object, and stooping, picked up the creamy petal of a rose. He stood with it in his hand, perplexed beyond measure. He perceived a slight disorder of the valence of the dressing-table and linked it with this petal by a swift intuition.

He made two steps, lifted the valence, and behold! there lay his roses crushed together!

He gasped like a man who plunges suddenly into cold water. He remained stooping with the valence raised.

Ethel appeared in the half doorway and her expression was unfamiliar. He stared at her white face.

"Why on earth did you put my roses here?" he asked.

She stared back at him. Her face reflected his astonishment.

"Why did you put my roses here?" he asked again.

"Your roses!" she cried. "What! Did *you* send those roses?"

* * * * *

He remained stooping and staring up at her, realising the implication of her words only very slowly.

Then it grew clear to him.

As she saw understanding dawning in his face, she uttered a cry of consternation. She came forward and sat down upon the little bedroom chair. She turned to him and began a sentence. "I," she said, and stopped, with an impatient gesture of her hands. "*Oh!*"

He straightened himself and stood regarding her. The basket of roses lay overturned between them. "You thought these came from some one else?" he said, trying to grasp this inversion of the universe.

She turned her eyes. "I did not know," she panted. "A trap . . . Was it likely—they came from you?"

"You thought they came from some one else?" he said.

"Yes," she said; "I did."

"Who?"

"Mr. Baynes."

"That boy!"

"Yes—that boy."

"Well!"

Lewisham looked about him—a man in the presence of the inconceivable.

"You mean to say you have been carrying on with that youngster behind my back?" he asked.

She opened her lips to speak and had no words to say.

His pallor increased until every tinge of colour had left his face. He laughed and then set his teeth. Husband and wife looked at one another.

"I never dreamt," he said in even tones.

He sat down on the bed, thrusting his feet amongst the scattered roses with a sort of grim satisfaction. "I never dreamt," he repeated, and the flimsy basket kicked by his swinging foot hopped indignantly through the folding-doors into the living-room and left a trail of blood-red petals.

They sat for perhaps two minutes, and when he spoke again his voice was hoarse. He reverted to a former formula. "Look here," he said, and cleared his throat. "I don't know whether you think I'm going to stand this, but I'm not."

He looked at her. She sat staring in front of her, making no attempt to cope with disaster.

"When I say I'm not going to stand it," explained Lewisham, "I don't mean having a row or anything

of that sort. One can quarrel and be disappointed over—other things—and still go on. But this is a different thing altogether.

“Of all dreams and illusions! . . . Think what I have lost in this accursed marriage. And now. . . . You don’t understand—you won’t understand.”

“Nor you,” said Ethel, weeping, but neither looking at him nor moving her hands from her lap where they lay helplessly. “You don’t understand.”

“I’m beginning to.”

He sat in silence gathering force. “In one year,” he said, “all my hopes, all my ambitions have gone. I know I have been cross and irritable—I know that. I’ve been pulled two ways. But . . . I bought you these roses.”

She looked at the roses, and then at his white face, made an imperceptible movement towards him, and became impassive again.

“I do think one thing. I have found out you are shallow, you don’t think, you can’t feel things that I think and feel. I have been getting over that. But I did think you were loyal——”

“I am loyal,” she cried.

“And you think — Bah! — you poke my roses under the table!”

Another portentous silence. Ethel stirred and he turned his eyes to watch what she was about to do. She produced her handkerchief and began to wipe her dry eyes rapidly, first one and then the other. Then she began sobbing. “I’m . . . as loyal as you . . . anyhow,” she said.

For a moment Lewisham was aghast. Then he perceived he must ignore that argument.

"I would have stood it—I would have stood anything if you had been loyal—if I could have been sure of you. I am a fool, I know, but I would have stood the interruption of my work, the loss of any hope of a career; if I had been sure you were loyal. I . . . I cared for you a great deal."

He stopped. He had suddenly perceived the pathetic. He took refuge in anger.

"And you have deceived me! How long, how much, I don't care. You have deceived me. And I tell you," he began to gesticulate—"I'm not so much your slave and fool as to stand that! No woman shall make me that sort of fool, whatever else—— So far as I am concerned, this ends things. This ends things. We are married—but I don't care if we were married five hundred times. I won't stop with a woman who takes flowers from another man——"

"I didn't," said Ethel.

Lewisham gave way to a transport of anger. He caught up a handful of roses and extended them, trembling. "What's this?" he asked. His finger bled from a thorn, as once it had bled from a black-thorn spray.

"I *didn't* take them," said Ethel. "I couldn't help it if they were sent."

"Ugh!" said Lewisham. "But what is the good of argument and denial? You took them in, you had them. You may have been cunning, but you have given yourself away. And our life and all this"—he waved an inclusive hand at Madam Gadow's furniture—"is at an end."

He looked at her and repeated with bitter satisfaction, "At an end."

She glanced at his face, and his expression was remorseless. "I will not go on living with you," he said, lest there should be any mistake. "Our life is at an end."

Her eyes went from his face to the scattered roses. She remained staring at these. She was no longer weeping, and her face, save about the eyes, was white.

He presented it in another form. "I shall go away."

"We never ought to have married," he reflected. "But . . . I never expected *this*!"

"I didn't know," she cried out, lifting up her voice. "I *didn't* know. How could *I* help! *Oh!*"

She stopped and stared at him with hands clenched, her eyes haggard with despair.

Lewisham remained impenetrably malignant.

"I don't *want* to know," he said, answering her dumb appeal. "That settles everything. *That!*" He indicated the scattered flowers. "What does it matter to me what has happened or hasn't happened? Anyhow—oh! I don't mind. I'm glad. See? It settles things.

"The sooner we part the better. I shan't stop with you another night. I shall take my box and my portmanteau into that room and pack. I shall stop in there to-night, sleep in a chair or *think*. And to-morrow I shall settle up with Madam Gadow and go. You can go back . . . to your cheating."

He stopped for some seconds. She was deadly still. "You wanted to, and now you may. You wanted to, before I got work. You remember? You know your place is still open at Lagune's. I don't care. I tell you I don't care that. Not that! You

may go your own way—and I, shall go mine. See? And all this rot—this sham of living together when neither cares for the other—I don't care for you now, you know, so you needn't think it—it will be over and done with. As for marriage—I don't care *that* for marriage—it can't make a sham and a blunder anything but a sham.

“It's a sham, and shams have to end, and that's the end of the matter.”

He stood up resolutely. He kicked the scattered roses out of his way and dived beneath the bed for his portmanteau. Ethel neither spoke nor moved, but remained watching his movements. For a time the portmanteau refused to emerge, and he marred his stern resolution by a half audible “Come here—damn you!” He swung it into the living-room and returned for his box. He proposed to pack in that room.

When he had taken all his personal possessions out of the bedroom, he closed the folding-doors with an air of finality. He knew from the sounds that followed that she flung herself upon the bed, and that filled him with grim satisfaction.

He stood listening for a space, then set about packing methodically. The first rage of discovery had abated; he knew quite clearly that he was inflicting grievous punishment, and that gratified him. There was also indeed a curious pleasure in the determination of a long and painful period of vague misunderstanding by this unexpected crisis. He was acutely conscious of the silence on the other side of the folding-doors, he kept up a succession of deliberate little noises, beat books together and brushed clothes, to intimate the resolute prosecution of his preparations.

That was about nine o'clock. At eleven he was still busy. . . .

Darkness came suddenly upon him. It was Madam Gadow's economical habit to turn off all her gas at that hour unless she chanced to be entertaining friends.

* * * * *

He shivered, and realised that he was cold and sitting cramped on an uncomfortable horse-hair chair. He had dozed. He glanced for the yellow line between the folding-doors. It was still there, but it seemed to quiver. He judged the candle must be flaring. He wondered why everything was so still.

Now why should he suddenly feel afraid?

He sat for a long time trying to hear some movement, his head craning forward in the darkness. . . .

A grotesque idea came into his head that all that had happened a very long time ago. He dismissed that. He contested an unreasonable persuasion, that some irrevocable thing had passed. But why was everything so still?

He was invaded by a prevision of unendurable calamity.

Presently he rose and crept very slowly, and with infinite precautions against noise, towards the folding-doors. He stood listening with his ear near the yellow chink.

He could hear nothing, not even the measured breathing of a sleeper.

He perceived that the doors were not shut, but slightly ajar. He pushed against the inner one very gently and opened it silently. Still there was no

sound of Ethel. He opened the door still wider and peered into the room. The candle had burnt down and was flaring in its socket. Ethel was lying half undressed upon the bed, and in her hand and close to her face was a rose.

He stood watching her, fearing to move. He listened hard and his face was very white. Even now he could not hear her breathing.

After all, it was probably all right. She was just asleep. He would slip back before she woke. If she found him——

He looked at her again. There was something in her face——

He came nearer, no longer heeding the sounds he made. He bent over her. Even now she did not seem to breathe.

He saw that her eyelashes were still wet, the pillow by her cheek was wet. Her white, tear-stained face hurt him. . . .

She was intolerably pitiful to him. He forgot everything but that and how he had wounded her that day. And then she stirred and murmured indistinctly a foolish name she had given him.

He forgot that they were going to part for ever. He felt nothing but a great joy that she could stir and speak. His jealousy flashed out of being. He dropped upon his knees.

"Dear," he whispered, "is it all right? I . . . I could not hear you breathing. I could not hear you breathing."

She started and was awake.

"I was in the other room," said Lewisham in a voice full of emotion. "Everything was so quiet. I

was afraid—I did not know what had happened. Dear—Ethel dear. Is it all right?”

She sat up quickly and scrutinised his face. “Oh! let me tell you,” she wailed. “Do let me tell you. It’s nothing. It’s nothing. You wouldn’t hear me. You wouldn’t hear me. It wasn’t fair—before you had heard me. . . .”

His arms tightened about her. “Dear,” he said, “I knew it was nothing. I knew. I knew.”

She spoke in sobbing sentences. “It was so simple. Mr. Baynes . . . something in his manner . . . I knew he might be silly. . . . Only I did so want to tell you.” She paused. Just for one instant she saw one untellable indiscretion as it were in a lightning flash. A chance meeting it was, a “silly” thing or so said, a panic, retreat. She would have told it—had she known how. But she could not do it. She hesitated. She abolished it—untold. She went on: “And then, I thought he had sent the roses and I was frightened. . . . I was frightened.”

“Dear one,” said Lewisham. “Dear one! I have been cruel to you. I have been unjust. I understand. I do understand. Forgive me. Dearest—forgive me.”

“I did so want to do something for you. It was all I could do—that little money. And then you were angry. I thought you didn’t love me any more because I did not understand your work. . . . And that Miss Heydinger—Oh! it was hard.”

“Dear one,” said Lewisham, “I do not care your little finger for Miss Heydinger.”

“I know how I hamper you. But if you will help me. . . . Oh! I would work, I would study. I would do all I could to understand.”

"Dear," whispered Lewisham. "Dear."

"And to have *her*——"

"Dear," he vowed, "I have been a brute. I will end all that. I will end all that."

He took her suddenly into his arms and kissed her.

"Oh, I *know* I'm stupid," she said.

"You're not. It's I have been stupid. I have been unkind, unreasonable. All to-day . . . I've been thinking about it. Dear! I don't care for anything—It's you. If I have you nothing else matters. . . . Only I get hurried and cross. It's the work and being poor. Dear one, we *must* hold to each other. All to-day—— It's been dreadful. . . ."

He stopped. They sat clinging to one another.

"I do love you," she said presently with her arms about him. "Oh! I do—*do*—love you."

He drew her closer to him.

He kissed her neck. She pressed him to her.

Their lips met.

The expiring candle streamed up into a tall flame, flickered, and was suddenly extinguished. The air was heavy with the scent of roses.—From *Love and Mr. Lewisham*, 1900 (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.), Tauchnitz Edition, 3446.

VI.

SKETCHES FROM LIFE.

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WASHINGTON IRVING (1783-1859).

THE STAGE COACHMAN.

Wherever an English stage coachman may be seen he cannot be mistaken for one of any other craft or mystery.

He has commonly a broad, full face, curiously mottled with red, as if the blood had been forced by hard feeding into every vessel of the skin; he is swelled into jolly dimensions by frequent potations of malt liquors, and his bulk is still further increased by a multiplicity of coats, in which he is buried like a

cauliflower, the upper one reaching to his heels. He wears a broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat; a huge roll of coloured handkerchief round his neck, knowingly knotted and tucked in at the bosom; and has in summer-time a large bouquet of flowers in his button-hole; the present, most probably, of some enamoured country lass. His waistcoat is commonly of some bright colour, striped; and his small-clothes extend far below the knees, to meet a pair of jockey boots which reach about half-way up his legs.

All this costume is maintained with much precision: he has a pride in having his clothes of excellent materials, and, notwithstanding the seeming grossness of his appearance, there is still discernible that neatness and propriety of person which is almost inherent in an Englishman. He enjoys great consequence and consideration along the road; has frequent conferences with the village housewives, who look upon him as a man of great trust and dependence; and he seems to have a good understanding with every bright-eyed country lass. The moment he arrives where the horses are to be changed, he throws down the reins with something of an air, and abandons the cattle to the care of the ostler; his duty being merely to drive from one stage to another. When off the box his hands are thrust in the pockets of his greatcoat, and he rolls about the inn-yard with an air of the most absolute lordliness. Here he is generally surrounded by an admiring throng of ostlers, stable-boys, shoe-blacks, and those nameless hangers-on that infest inns and taverns, and run errands, and do all kinds of odd jobs, for the privilege of fattening on the drippings of the kitchen and the leakage of the tap-room. These all look up to him as to an

oracle ; treasure up his cant phrases ; echo his opinions about horses and other topics of jockey lore ; and, above all, endeavour to imitate his air and carriage. Every ragamuffin that has a coat to his back thrusts his hands in the pockets, rolls in his gait, talks slang, and is an embryo Coachey.

From *The Sketch-Book*, 1820.

DR. JOHN BROWN (1810-1882).

THE PASSING OF AILIE.

The following day, at noon, the students came in, hurrying up the great stair. At the first landing-place, on a small well-known blackboard, was a bit of paper fastened by wafers, and many remains of old wafers beside it. On the paper were the words : “ An operation to-day.—J. B., *Clerk*.”

Up ran the youths, eager to secure good places : in they crowded, full of interest and talk. “ What’s the case ? ” “ Which side is it ? ”

Don’t think them heartless ; they are neither better nor worse than you or I : they get over their professional horrors, and into their proper work ; and in them pity—as an *emotion*, ending in itself, or at best in tears or a long-drawn breath, lessens, while pity as a *motive* is quickened, and gains power and purpose. It is well for poor human nature that it is so.

The operating theatre is crowded ; much talk and fun, and all the cordiality and stir of youth. The surgeon with his staff of assistants is there. In comes Ailie : one look at her quiets and abates the eager

students. The beautiful old woman is too much for them ; they sit down, and are dumb, and gaze at her. These rough boys feel the power of her presence. She walks in quickly, but without haste ; dressed in her mutch, her neckerchief, her white dimity short-gown, her black bombazeen petticoat, showing her white worsted stockings and her carpet-shoes. Behind her was James, with Rab. James sat down in the distance, and took that huge and noble head between his knees. Rab looked perplexed and dangerous ; for ever cocking his ear and dropping it as fast.

Ailie stepped up on a seat, and laid herself on the table, as her friend the surgeon told her ; arranged herself, gave a rapid look at James, shut her eyes, rested herself on me, and took my hand. The operation was at once begun ; it was necessarily slow, and chloroform—one of God's best gifts to His suffering children—was then unknown. The surgeon did his work. The pale face showed its pain, but was still and silent. Rab's soul was working within him ; he saw that something strange was going on,—blood flowing from his mistress, and she suffering ; his ragged ear was up, and importunate ; he growled and gave now and then a sharp impatient yelp ; he would have liked to have done something to that man. But James had him firm, and gave him a glower from time to time, and an intimation of a possible kick ;—all the better for James, it kept his eyes and his mind off Ailie.

It is over : she is dressed, steps gently and decently down from the table, looks for James ; then, turning, in a low, clear voice, begs their pardon if she has behaved ill. The students—all of us—wept like children ; the surgeon happed her up carefully, and, resting on James

and me, Ailie went to her room, Rab following. We put her to bed. James took off his heavy shoes, crammed with tacketts, heel-capt and toe-capt, and put them carefully under the table, saying, "Maister John, I'm for nane o' yer strange nurse bodies for Ailie. I'll be her nurse, and on my stockin' soles I'll gang about as canny as pussy." And so he did; and handy and clever, and swift and tender as any woman, was that horny-handed, small, peremptory little man. Everything she got he gave her: he seldom slept; and often I saw his small, shrewd eyes out of the darkness, fixed on her. As before, they spoke little.

* * * * *

For some days Ailie did well. The wound healed "by the first intention"; as James said, "Oor Ailie's skin's ower clean to beil." The students came in quiet and anxious, and surrounded her bed. She said she liked to see their young, honest faces. The surgeon dressed her, and spoke to her in his own short kind way, pitying her through his eyes, Rab and James outside the circle,—Rab being now reconciled, and even cordial, and having made up his mind that as yet nobody required worrying, but as you may suppose, *semper paratus*.

So far well; but, four days after the operation, my patient had a sudden and long shivering, a "groofin'," as she called it. I saw her soon after; her eyes were too bright, her cheek coloured; she was restless, and ashamed of being so; the balance was lost; mischief had begun. On looking at the wound, a blush of red told the secret: her pulse was rapid, her breathing anxious and quick; she wasn't herself, as she said, and was vexed at her restlessness. We tried what we

could. James did everything, was everywhere; never in the way, never out of it: Rab subsided under the table into a dark place, and was motionless, all but his eye, which followed every one. Ailie got worse; began to wander in her mind gently; was more demonstrative in her ways to James, rapid in her questions, and sharp at times. He was vexed, and said, "She was never that way afore; no, never." For a time she knew her head was wrong, and was always asking our pardon—the dear, gentle old woman: then delirium set in strong, without pause. Her brain gave way, and that terrible spectacle,

The intellectual power, through words and things,
Went sounding on its dim and perilous way.

She sang bits of old songs and Psalms, stopping suddenly, mingling the Psalms of David, and the diviner words of his Son and Lord, with homely odds and scraps of ballads.

Nothing more touching, or in a sense more strangely beautiful, did I ever witness. Her tremulous, rapid, affectionate, eager Scotch voice,—the swift, aimless, bewildered mind, the baffled utterance, the bright and perilous eye; some wild words, some household cares, something for James, the names of the dead, Rab called rapidly and in a "fremyt" voice, and he starting up, surprised, and slinking off as if he were to blame somehow, or had been dreaming he heard. Many eager questions and beseechings which James and I could make nothing of, and on which she seemed to set her all, and then sink back un-understood. It was very sad, but better than many things that are not called sad. James hovered about, put out and miser-

able, but active and exact as ever; read to her, when there was a lull, short bits from the Psalms, prose and metre, chanting the latter in his own rude and serious way, showing great knowledge of the fit words, bearing up like a man, and doting over her—as his “ain Ailie.” “Ailie, ma woman!” “Ma ain bonnie wee dawtie!”

The end was drawing on: the golden bowl was breaking; the silver cord was fast being loosed—that *animula, blandula, vagula hospes, comesque*, was about to flee. The body and the soul—companions for sixty years—were being sundered and taking leave. She was walking, alone, through the valley of that shadow, into which one day we must all enter,—and yet she was not alone, for we know whose rod and staff were comforting her.

One night she had fallen quiet, and as we hoped, asleep; her eyes were shut. We put down the gas, and sat watching her. Suddenly she sat up in bed, and taking a bed-gown which was lying on it rolled up, she held it eagerly to her breast—to the right side. We could see her eyes bright with a surprising tenderness and joy, bending over this bundle of clothes. She held it as a woman holds her sucking child; opening out her night-gown impatiently, and holding it close, and brooding over it, and murmuring foolish little words, as over one whom his mother comforteth, and who is sucking, and being satisfied. It was pitiful and strange to see her wasted dying look, keen and yet vague—her immense love. “Preserve me!” groaned James, giving way. And then she rocked back and forward, as if to make it sleep, hushing it, and wasting on it her infinite fondness. “Wae’s me, doctor; I declare she’s thinkin’ it’s that bairn.” “What bairn?”

"The only bairn we ever had; our wee Mysie, and she's in the Kingdom, forty years and mair." It was plainly true: the pain in the breast telling its urgent story to a bewildered ruined brain; it was misread and mistaken: it suggested to her the uneasiness of a breast full of milk, and then the child; and so again once more they were together, and she had her ain wee Mysie in her bosom.

This was the close. She sunk rapidly; the delirium left her; but as she whispered, she was clean silly; it was the lightening before the final darkness. After having for some time lain still—her eyes shut, she said "James!" He came close to her, and lifting up her calm, clear, beautiful eyes, she gave him a long look, turned to me kindly but shortly, looked for Rab but could not see him, then turned to her husband again, as if she would never leave off looking, shut her eyes, and composed herself. She lay for some time breathing quick, and passed away so gently, that when we thought she was gone, James in his old-fashioned way, held the mirror to her face. After a long pause, one small spot of dimness was breathed out; it vanished away, and never returned, leaving the blank clear darkness of the mirror without a stain. "What is our life? It is even a vapour, which appeareth for a little time, and then vanisheth away."

From *Rab and his Friends*, 1859.

OUIDA (1839-1908).

GEORGE, EARL OF USK, HIS HOUSE AND HIS LADY.

It is an August morning. It is an old English Manor-house. There is a breakfast-room hung with old gilded leather of the time of the Stuarts; it has oak furniture of the same period; it has leaded lattices with painted glass in some of their frames, and the motto of the house in old French "*Jay bon vouloir*" emblazoned there, with the crest of a heron resting in a crown. Thence, windows open on to a green, quaint, lovely garden, which was laid out by Monsieur Beaumont when he planned the Gardens of Hampton Court. There are clipped yew-tree walks and arbours and fantastic forms; there are stone terraces and steps like those of Haddon, and there are peacocks which pace and perch upon them; there are beds full of all the flowers which blossomed in the England of the Stuarts, and birds dart and butterflies pass above them; there are huge old trees, cedars, lime, hornbeam; beyond the gardens there are the woods and grassy lawns of the home park.

The place is called Surrenden Court, and is one of the houses of George, Earl of Usk; his favourite house in what pastoral people call autumn, and what he calls the shooting season.

Lord Usk is a well-made man of fifty, with a good-looking face, a little spoilt by a permanent expression of irritability and impatience, which is due to the state of his liver; his eyes are good-tempered, his mouth querulous; nature meant him for a very amiable man,

but the dinner-table has interfered with, and in a measure upset, the good intentions of nature: it very often does. Dorothy his wife, who is by birth a Fitzcharles, third daughter of the Duke of Derry, is a still pretty woman of thirty-five or six, inclined to an embonpoint which is the despair of herself and her maids; she has small features, a gay expression, and very intelligent eyes; she does not look at all a great lady, but she can be so when it is necessary. She prefers those merrier moments in life in which it is not necessary.

She and Lord Usk, then Lord Surrenden, were greatly in love when they married; sixteen years have gone by since then, and it now seems odd to each of them that they should ever have been so. They are not, however, bad friends, and have even, at the bottom of their hearts, a lasting regard for each other. This is saying much, as times go. When they are alone they quarrel considerably, but then they are so seldom alone. They both consider this disputatiousness the inevitable result of their respective relations. They have three sons, very pretty boys and great pickles; and two young and handsome daughters. The eldest son, Lord Surrenden, rejoices in the name of Victor Albert Augustus George, and is generally known as Boom.

They are now at breakfast in the garden chamber, the china is old Chelsea, the silver is Queen Anne's, the roses are old-fashioned jacquimines and real cabbage roses. There is a pleasant scent from flowers, coffee, cigarettes, and newly-mown grass. There is a litter of many papers on the floor.

There is yet a fortnight before the show begins:

Lord Usk feels that those fifteen days will be intolerable. He repents a fit of fright and economy in which he has sold his great Scotch moors and deer forest to an American capitalist; not having his own lands in Scotland any longer, pride has kept him from accepting any of the many invitations of his friends to go to them there for the Twelfth; but he has a keen dread of the ensuing fifteen days without sport.

His wife has asked her own set, but he hates her set; he does not much like his own; there is only Dulcie Waverley whom he does like, and Lady Waverley will not come till the twentieth. He feels bored, hipped, annoyed; he would like to strangle the American who has bought Achnalorrie. Achnalorrie, having gone irrevocably out of his hands, represents to him for the time being the one absolutely to be desired spot upon earth. Good Heavens! he thinks, how can he have been such a fool as to sell it!—From *A House Party*, 1887 (Hurst & Blackett), Tauchnitz Edition, 2426.

RICHARD WHITEING (1840—)

SUNDAY IN A LONDON SLUM

It is Sabbath morn at No. 5 John Street. The bells proclaim it, one from a neighbouring chapel, as it might proclaim an execution, others from a Church settlement, in music. But we want no proclamation; the house is aware. Rest, if not devotion, is written all over it, back and front. Our great hive is at least two hours late in stirring, and even then we remain

but half dressed for at least two hours more. The first stage for public appearance is shirt sleeves for one half of the community, and skirts without "body" for the other. Men sit at the windows; the smoke of the morning pipe curls in the air. Ingenious children contrive to play in the yard. Washing in these quarters is classed among the duties — put it off. Birds sing from the greenhouse; and such breeze as finds its way to us stirs the leaves of the tree that pierces the glass roof of their prison. This poor sylvan survival, a mere Cockney now, is a relic of some primeval shrubbery that once marked our status as a mansion. For all its shortcomings, the scene is peace.

The families converse from their back windows with the Sunday "piper" for basis. I meet the boy that hawks this intellectual luxury from floor to floor, as I sally forth to beat up Low Covey in his quarters. We enter my friend's room together. He lies extended at his ease, the while he turns over the whole budget of light literature of John Street with a critical air. In these productions, as I now, for the first time, make closer acquaintance with them, the tragedy of life seems to find its fullest representation in the sheets devoted to humour. Low Covey hands me one of these, which bears the not inappropriate title of *Leavings*, with the remark, "That's a nice bright thing." It is the humour of savages, who happen to be within touch of the appliances of civilisation—the humour of drunken rows, of Homeric blows on the nose, of life as one vast spill-and-pelt of pantomime. These weekly comics, as they are called, are nearly all illustration. They have hundreds of cuts to the issue,

and but a thin black line of legend to each. There is no vice in them, in the sense of conscious depravation; it is but the bestiality of bad taste. The monkey-house at the Zoo might delight in every issue, for to enjoy this revel of pictorial rowdyism it is hardly necessary to know how to read.

Covey's next selection has failed to please him. "*Swipecy Lōafer* ain't up to much this week," he murmurs, as he lays it aside with a sigh of disappointment.

In this elegant trifle, a typical family, and especially the typical head of it, lives before the public on a nutriment of winkles and gin. It gives us the humours of the beanfeast and of the Margate sands, varied by glimpses into the back yards of Somers Town. The more winkle shell and the more gin bottles, the greater the fun; it is a simple plan. All the men are drunk, and most of the women are in short skirts. It is 'Arry in 'Eaven, a heaven of plenty to eat and drink, plenty to wear, and a celestial choir for ever on the spree. Words cannot tell its vulgarity, its spiritual debasement. Better vice itself, if redeemed by a touch of mind.

The *Police* sheets detain him longer—the sheets in which the same scheme of social observation is more or less associated with crime. "That'll do to begin with," he says, laying aside one in which sprightly young women kick off the hats of maudlin young men, in evening dress, or box each other for rights of property, when the supply of lovers fails to go round. Burglars break into bridal chambers. Wives track truant husbands, and make for their rivals, like panthers on the spring. As gin and shell-fish are the

principal ingredients of the first dish, so leg and chemi-sette are indispensable to the last.

"Nice and tasty," observes my friend, with a chuckle, as he points to a leg that seems to fear nothing on earth, nor in the heaven above to which it points—not even Lord Campbell's Act.

These, in their innumerable varieties, form the mirror of life for the slums. They should be carefully stored in our literary archives, for they will be priceless to the future student of manners. They show how remote from the surface we yet are in our ascent from the bottomless pit of taste. They represent the visible world as the incarnation, under an innumerable variety of forms, of the Universal Cad in the dual nature of woman and of man. The creative spirit moves on the slime, and we have organisms and institutions. For the first it is the Cad as Swell, as Plutocrat, as Strumpet, or as Thief. In the other it is the environment of the Gin-Shop, the Racecourse, the Prize Ring, and the Police Cell.

These publications, I believe, are edited by mild-mannered men of blameless life who bring up families on five pounds a week in the villas of Camberwell. They are owned by men of fortune, who have worked their way up from the courts of Fleet Street to mansions on the river-side and to seats on the magisterial bench. I have myself assisted in toasting one of these persons at a public dinner, and have joined in extolling him as a model of successful enterprise. He has given a library and a public swimming-bath to his rural district; and it is hoped that, at the next vacancy, he may be sent to Westminster to make our laws. A portrait published in one of his

"properties" hangs in Low Covey's room. It represents "the bloke as was 'ung"—one who, at the time of his arrest, was our fellow-lodger. Meritorious as an impression in art, it is defective as a likeness, for it was taken when the cap was drawn.

In spite of these aids to cheerfulness, my friend is manifestly troubled in his mind. In truth, on Sabbath mornings he is more or less in hiding from the missionaries. Our house, I find, instead of being our castle, is but a sort of railway junction of social agencies. All seem bound for this spot from the most distant parts of the system. Vast consignments of ministration cross each other at our quivering points, and not without danger, as politics, religion, science, art, and the rest, rushing in pell-mell, contend for the patronage of No. 5.

"I can't get nobody to leave me alone," complains my friend. "I feel a'most barmy with it all. This 'ere improvin' lot's got me down in their books, just as if they were policemen—age, occupation, time of goin' out, time o' comin' in."

"Hush!" he cries as another tread is heard on the landing. "There's old Conroy, bet you what you like. Lay close."

It is too late. An elderly man in black, which betokens not mourning but respectability, gently pushes his way in. He looks, what I afterwards find he is, a city missionary who was once of the world as a shopkeeper, and who now calls sinners to repentance as the unpaid pursuit of his leisure. He has an open countenance. He seems a good man. I am sure he is a perfectly sincere one. His old civility to customers is now unction, with scarcely a change.

"Good-morning, my friend! Jest come to bring you a little picture I thought you would like to 'ang up in your room."

He unrolls a coloured lithograph, which represents Queen Victoria opening the Bible to an inquiring savage, as "the true cause of the greatness of England." The chief kneels in a loin-cloth of ostrich plumes. Ministers in the Windsor uniform hover in the background. Her Majesty wears the crinoline of that happy middle period when we were still able to smack our lips over our own flavour as the salt of the earth.

Covey regards it with evident approbation, but he seems to want time to make a suitable acknowledgment. On occasions of this sort well-bred persons find nothing more difficult than to hit the mean between self-respect and the effusiveness of gratitude.

"There is a double interest in that picture," said Mr. Conroy. "It shows what queer kind o' people, if you might put it in that way, the Queen rules over, and what blessin's she bestows on 'em."

He is evidently a patriot, and he glows with the thought of the evangelising mission of his country. His perhaps too exclusive survey of mankind from the point of view of Exeter Hall has led him to believe that the flag makes the circuit of the globe to the sole end of carrying the Scriptures in its folds.

"What might be 'is name?" asks Covey, at length, pointing to the chief. "Anybody we bin lickin' lately?"

MR. CONROY (*rather uneasily*). "Oh no! There was never any trouble with him—brought up by the missionaries."

COVEY. "What sort of lingo, now, would he speak, in a manner o' speaking?"

MR. CONROY. "Sort of broken English, I fancy—at any rate when he's comin' our way."

COVEY. "I s'pose everybody all over the world 'll know our patter bimeby."

MR. CONROY (*with modest pride*). "That's what it's coming to, I fancy; they pick it up like. It's the tracts."

COVEY (*warming*). "An' what's the lingo up yonder, I wonder?"

MR. CONROY. "Up where?"

COVEY (*apparently too shamefaced to name a better world*). "That plice what you're always a-talkin' of."

MR. CONROY. "English 'll do, I think you'll find."

He does not say so in terms; but he manifestly cherishes the hope that our tongue, if not exactly the one language of heaven, is certainly the one most in use there. I infer as much from a short discourse on the perfections of the Divine Ruler, which he proceeds to hold for our joint benefit. There can be no doubt of the good man's inclination to the belief that his Maker is at heart a Briton. He suspects irreverence in the conclusion, and would be glad to escape from it, but there seems no way. The Lord's steadiness, His constancy, His perfect sobriety of spirit, His great constructive activities, His combined justice and mercy are all, in Mr. Conroy's view, eminently British qualities.

The only circumstance in which he seems to palter with his pride of race is his attribution of our remoter origin to one of the lost tribes. He courteously in-

vites our perusal of the latest tract on that subject as he leaves the room.

"He's a grand old ruin, but he don't mean no 'arm," is Low Covey's judgment on him when his back is turned.

My friend now looks round to find a place for the new print. It is no easy matter. His walls are crowded, and chiefly with presentation" copies. A portrait of the Earl of Beaconsfield, in printed oils, occupies the place of honour over the mantelpiece, and is evidently regarded by its owner with peculiar reverence.

"Real lidy gimme that. One o' these 'ere Primrose dymes. Rides in 'er carriage, and keeps it waitin' cawner o' the street every time she comes up. Wish I may die."

This excellent person appears to be taking him through a brief course of constitutional history.

"Wat Tyler—ever 'ear of 'im, an' Jack Kide! Well, this 'ere chap put 'em down. 'Rooshians shall not 'ave Constantinople'—stopped that little gime too. It was 'im as brought over the primroses to this country. Many a dollar he's put in Tilda's pocket, you bet."

A photograph of the Madonna of Botticelli, which faces this all-compelling nobleman, was the gift of another lady. "Nice sort she is, too. Wears a green frock—no waist to it. Curl Sersiety. Sounds like something in false 'air, don't it? But she's all right that wye."

In this case, I understand, the very laudable object is the development of Covey's sense of the beautiful in and for itself. He has been assured that frequent

contemplation of this work will do wonders for his general education in the amenities, and he has been induced to promise that he will look at it at least twice a day. He keeps the promise by fixing his eye on the picture, as on vacancy, while smoking his pipe.

He ultimately finds room for the new work by displacing the framed set of rules of a church club. This institution offers him every recreation but beer, and especially a weekly set-to with the gloves between an athletic curate and all comers. The champion is from Oxford (new movement), and this apparently is his way of reviving the earlier methods of converting the heathen. On Saturday nights he is ready to visit Low Covey at the club, to smoke a short pipe in his company, and perhaps to black his eye. On Sundays he expects Covey to visit him at St. Amanda's, and to see him, awful in full canonicals, with power of binding and loosing, banning and blessing, the priest behind his altar rails.

"He ain't much of a 'and with the gloves though he fancies 'isself a bit in that line. I'd rather talk to 'im any day than spar with 'im. Yer see, 'e's such a good sort, yer don't care to land."

. At this juncture Covey starts, and assumes something of the tremulously watchful attitude of the hunted hare. A trill, as of miniature cymbals, is heard on the staircase, with now and then a deeper note as of the muffled drum. In another moment the instrument, whatever it is, is used for a rap at the door; and in answer to Covey's resigned murmur of "That's me," a quite beautiful young creature in the uniform of the Salvation Army enters the room. Her air, her sweet voice, and her gentle bearing make me indifferent

to certain little peculiarities of accent and manner, and they are calculated to allay all uneasiness in the prospect of meeting the housemaid in a better world.

It is a tambourine lass with her instrument. The pink and white of her face is set off to perfection by the great plain bonnet, whose dark blue is carried out in the rest of the costume, with never a jarring note. She is all health and all happiness, I should say, to judge by her look of perfect peace.

"Now, brother, come and be saved this very minute. You promised me for to-day."

"Don't want to disgrace myself, Capting. Wish I may die if I'd larf, and if I didn't I should have to bust."

"Larf as long as yer like, only come."

"It ain't you what I should be larfin' at. It's them other cures."

"I know; poor old Colonel Slocum. But he's such a dear!"

"Kunnel Slocum! Why, 'e's only a coaley—jest as I might be. I can't stand that."

"Never mind, brother; larf at 'em. It'll only make 'em pray for yer twice as 'ard. 'Allelujah! Come, and do let us finish off the job this time. Save yer while yer wait."

"I ain't a-goin' to sit along with no sinners, not me—to be talked down to by a gospel shark."

"You shall be saved all by yourself."

Covey softens. "I don't mind goin' jest as far as the door of the barricks—to see yer march out. But I won't go in."

"Just as far as you like, brother. Come."

Poor Covey! one sees the end of it.

I feign to take my leave, but really I mean to see the adventure out. I observe them through the chink of my door as they pass downstairs, the girl leading, Covey following with a defiant air. I follow both on tip-toe, and track them stealthily in the street until they reach "quarters." It is the usual service promenade, with banner and music; and the young woman, spinning her timbrel betwixt thumb and finger, is the Miriam of the hour. Covey stands at the street corner with his hands in his pockets, and observes out of the "tail" of his eye. He would have scorned a more active interest in the proceedings had not, unfortunately, a loutish fellow hurled a cabbage stalk at the contingent, which struck the tabor out of Miriam's hand. Low Covey instantly knocks him down, and then follows the procession—though still without joining it—just to see fair play. In this way he becomes one of the outer ring assisting at the service, and he hears the charming evangelist in the poke bonnet preach and pray. He smokes all the while to show that, personally, it has no effect upon him. He follows the band back to barracks, still as a bodyguard, but at the doorway the evangelist beckons, and he goes in. Before the service closes, I see him sitting on the sinners' form, with his pipe smouldering in his pocket, his head bowed, and his shoulders rounded in the collapse of repentance. I cannot see his face, but there is shame all over him. The bullet head, the big ears standing as it were erect in relief from the close crop, are eloquent of confusion at least, if not of remorse. When the company has prayed over him, he is suffered to escape.

My last view of him leaves him once more in the

filthy streets of the filthiest capital of civilisation—unswept because it is the Lord's Day. I leave him, unconverted indeed, but still dazed, in a group waiting for the opening of "the pubs," amid a litter of last night's fried fish-bones, this morning's orange-peel, and the foul dust of a month's neglect of the simplest process of sanitation. Oh, the nameless abominations of the scene! Not a missionary of them all has wasted a thought on these ever-present suggestions of every kind of defilement while he has been tinkering at our souls. A thousand sittings of the Kyrle Society have left these footways as they are, with their bordering houses all smeared with smoke, like huts of the dawn of civic life. Now I know why all who can fly London town on Sundays, and why so many who cannot keep indoors and play loo. The place is too maddening, without the bright wares in the shop windows to mask its ugliness and grime.—From *No. 5 John Street*, 1899 (Grant Richards), Tauchnitz Edition, 3357.

GEORGE GISSING (1857–1903).

TRANSPLANTED.

The cab was piled with luggage, and within sat a young matron, her cheeks fresh as the meadows she had quitted but a few hours ago. Long Bill, lurking on the limits of the railway station, caught a significant nod from the cab-driver, and at once started in pursuit.

Long Bill was not very tall, but had limbs so excessively slender, and so meagre a trunk, that his

acquaintances naturally thought of him in terms of length. When unoccupied, which was generally the case, he let his arms hang straight, and close to his sides, as though trying to occupy as little room in the world as possible. He walked *on* his toes, rather quietly, and almost without a bend of the knee; his back was straight, and the collar of his filthy coat always turned up, to shield the scraggy, collarless neck. Observe him in motion at a distance, and you were reminded of a Red Indian on the trail. Catch sight of him suddenly close at hand, and his sliding, furtive carriage made you *anxious* about your pockets or watch-guard. By his own account Bill was nineteen years old, but he had the wizened face of senility: his hairless cheeks hollow over tooth-gaps, his nose mere cartilage, his small eyes a-blink, yet eager as those of a hungry animal.

For more than a mile he ran along by the laden cab, and seemingly without much effort: when it drew up in front of a comfortable house, Bill sprang to the door of the vehicle.

"You'll let a pore young feller help with the luggage, lydy? I've ran all the w'y from Victoria."

He panted his mendicant humility, and with a grimy hand shook drops from a scarce visible forehead. The fair young matron regarded him with pained, compassionate look.

"You have *run* all the way from Victoria? Certainly you may help; of course you may!"

She alighted, entered the house, and stood there in the hall watching Long Bill as, with feverish energy, he assisted a servant to transfer trunks and parcels. Relatives pressed about the lady, but she could not give them due attention.

"Look at that poor creature. He has followed my cab all the way from Victoria, just to earn a few pence! Oh, these things are too dreadful!"

The simple heart of this lady was a law unto itself. She had possessions, and spoke with authority. In happy moment, Long Bill had pursued the wheels of her cab. Holding money in readiness, she talked with him. Could he not get work? What was his story? Where did he live? To every question Bill made fluent reply, panting oft, and squeezing the rag which served him for headgear. Work! Only give him the *chawnee*! See what it was, to be rigidly honest: not since yesterday at this time had a morsel of bread passed his lips. Work! He threw up his eyes in appeal to powers supernal.

"Come and see me to-morrow at twelve o'clock!"

His immediate wants provided for, Bill passed the evening in contemplation. He felt no prompting to impart to any one the wonder that had befallen. Very punctually next day did he present himself at the area-door of the comfortable house, and silently he was led to a room where the lady waited for him. To various searching questions he again answered with a tremulous candour which had its full effect. Then, bidding him listen and perpend, the lady offered her suggestion. Far away from London, in very beautiful country, she had a house, with gardens and fields, and there, if so it pleased him, William could support himself honourably by the labour of his hands—could learn the rural life, could gain health and strength, could forget the horrors of his early years. Was William disposed to consider this? The head-gardener, an estimable man, would direct and encourage him.

He would receive wages, and eat the bread of independence. What said he?

William once more threw up his eyes, and, in very truth, knew not how to respond; but his face answered for him. Very well, he should have this chance of proving his sincerity. In a day or two the arrangements would be complete. Let him come again at a time appointed, and be in readiness to quit London. Meanwhile, he must purchase the decent clothes of a labouring man; herewith, money for that purpose. Let him be faithful, and the sun of happiness would henceforth shine upon him.

In less than a week, behold Long Bill, answering now to the name of William Higgs, transplanted to quite a new sphere of existence. His lodging was in the cottage of a farm-labourer; his duties led him to the kitchen gardens of the manor-house, where Mr. Brown, grave and suspicious, set him primitive tasks with the fewest possible words. William looked as though he had fallen from the moon. He was vastly uncomfortable in his clean, new clothing; he stared at everything and everybody. He stood on guard against possible attacks, and kept wondering whether, if he climbed to the top of a hill not far away he would be able to see London. The fact that he had travelled for three hours by an express train did not affect this speculation. Never in his life had William felt so hopeless, so purposeless.

By the directions of his benefactress, he was abundantly fed, and such advantage did he take of his novel experience that, on the second day, he began to suffer from an alarming disorder. A severe pain oppressed his breathing, and his heart throbbed

violently; at length, utterly overcome, he lay gasping as if for life. A doctor had to be summoned. Soon there followed a second and no less violent attack: William had secretly eaten two large cucumbers and a pound of cheese, he paid the penalty. Work, from the first not only distasteful, but difficult, was for some days impossible.

Presently it appeared that he had caught a very bad cold; he was threatened with congestion of the lungs. Writing to the lady of the manor, the doctor explained to her that William's constitution had suddenly broken down in consequence of the great and sudden change. There would have to be care; figuratively and literally, this poor fellow had as good as no legs to stand upon; he seemed ripe for all manner of diseases. If his diet and habits were not strictly regulated, the result might be lamentable.

A month went by. William had pretended to work, but always gave up on the plea of weakness; he looked very miserable, and did not talk much; his cough was bad. One day, after spitting on the gravel walk, he showed the gardener a red stain. Mr. Brown, though he did not like William, looked troubled.

"Ever seen that afore now?"

Ruefully and resentfully, the other declared that he had never known what it was to have anything the matter with him. Then he went apart into a quiet spot, and lay on the grass, and was beset with terrors. Moreover, a great wrath awoke in him: he cursed the place and the people, and, above all, the well-meaning lady who had sent him into exile. Far-off London called to him with irresistible lure; he longed for the streets, the noises, the smells, for his

old companions, for the lurking places of his homeless nights. Money he had none; as yet his weekly wages only paid for board and lodging. But, with or without money, he would get back to London. His purpose must be secret; if the enemy got wind of it, he would be forcibly detained.

That evening he contrived to make a stealthy entry into the grape-house, and to cut the roots of all the vines. Early next morning he did the like damage to a number of rose trees. A poor revenge, but it soothed him. Suspecting that his malfeasance among the vines must soon be discovered, he held himself in readiness for flight at any moment; and while listening eagerly for every word spoken by the people about him, he sought new forms of mischief. His troublesome cough kept him in mind of the wrong he had suffered; it urged him to malicious activity. But before he could do anything worse than pinch blossoms off certain valuable plants, the alarm struck upon his ear.

"Hoy! London Bill! Mr. Brown wants you, and look sharp!"

It was one of the under-gardeners shouting from a distance. In sudden terror, in a mad desire for liberty and home, he slunk rapidly out of sight, then took to his heels.

In the night, at a village some twenty miles away, the constable came upon a tramp who lay helpless by the roadside. "Severe hæmorrhage from the lungs," said a doctor. And, but a few days later, William Higgs was again transplanted—this time to a yet more quiet locality, where no work would ever be asked of him.—From *Human Odds and Ends*, 1898 (Lawrence & Bullen).

W. PETT RIDGE (1859-)

VISITING DAY.

The roadway outside is ablaze with fruit on trestles; and visitors who, lacking forethought, have omitted till now to purchase gifts, can there buy walnuts at ten a penny, oranges at two for three-halfpence, and sticky dates, as to which the merchant's board says in big blue letters, "Startling Prises! Just arrived!! Good Waight Given!!" Here, in St. Cecilia, the gifts are being furtively delved out of overcoat pockets and petticoat pockets and offered to gratified patients, the while the two nurses and the young sister busy themselves with nothing at the green-covered table. St. Cecilia, long and broad, with waxed floors, decorates itself; and the red-bedgowned women, sitting up in their separate beds, point out the ferns and the rocking-chairs and the other comfortable ornaments of St. Cecilia with something of the pride of ownership. At the doorway a small group waits until a visitor at some crowded bedside shall come out and thus make room. Young Number Fifteen, sitting up in her bed, holds her red bedgown at the throat and looks anxiously at the doorway.

"Isn't your friend coming this afternoon, Fifteen?"

"I don't s'pose so," answers Number Fifteen, frowning. "It's the old saying, you know, nurse, 'Out of sight, out of mind'!"

Nurse says optimistically there's a good quarter of an hour yet, but Number Fifteen declines to take cheerful views on the subject. Nurse, urging that he

may have missed his train at Woolwich, Number Fifteen says gloomily that she lays he never tried to catch it.

"Not that I mean to argue," says Number Fifteen, half relenting, "that it's altogether *his* fault. He's a chap with a good appearance, and naturally enough there are some—well, I can't call 'em girls; cats is what *I* call 'em—and you might be their own fellow-servant, p'r'aps, but they'd snatch a young man from you before you can say 'knife' and——"

Number Fifteen stops suddenly: "Why, Jim, you *'ave* come, then, at last. Ain't you nice and late, too?"

Flushed, hurried young Royal Artilleryman salutes respectfully the nurse, and, sitting down on the wooden chair near to Number Fifteen's bed, loosens his white belt, and says he's had a rush for it, fit to break his blooming neck. The young Royal Artilleryman takes his handkerchief from his sleeve and mops his heated forehead; and Number Fifteen doesn't mind her bad knee, doesn't mind the minutes of waiting, doesn't mind St. Cecilia, but leans back and gazes contentedly at her Royal Artilleryman.

"And Mrs. Banks. Mrs. Banks! I say."

Number Twenty-two, a little wearied with her chattering visitor, smooths her grey hair and gives attention.

"You know that party at the end of our street, don't you—the one with the grown-up son? *You* know the one I mean." (Mysteriously) "Mrs. B."

Number Twenty-two remembers. "Well, what *do* you think she came out in last Sunday afternoon? Just guess now. I was looking out between the venetians, just to see people coming 'ome from church,

and presently" (with much bitterness) "up comes me lady decked out in all the colours of the rainbow! At least, I say *all* the colours, but that's a lie. Some of 'em though. A new grey mantle—*grey*, mind you, above all colours in the world—reaching down almost to the ground; and the 'orty look on that woman's face as she marched along—I could 'ave thrown something at her for two pins."

Poor old Number Twenty-two has so short a life before her that she can take only a faint interest even in Mrs. B.'s new grey mantle. She says soothingly that it isn't worth while taking any notice.

"Oh no!" The visitor smooths the folds of her dress indignantly. "*I* never takes no notice of anybody; they could wear forty thousand million new grey mantles and *I* should never pass any remark, but this woman's manner somehow—Oh, and I must tell you this bit. This *will* amuse you, I know."

The wit of St. Cecilia is Number Eight, down on the left-hand side, just under the window. Number Eight has no one to see her to-day, but visitors from overcrowded bedsides go to Number Eight and hold an overflow meeting and listen to her. Number Eight it is who, on the nights when a screen is placed round a bed and Number Something is presently wheeled silently out at the end, and the numbers on either side of the empty bed cry a good deal—it is Number Eight who sits up in bed and with a cockney accent chaffs the others, and rallies elderly Number Twenty on a supposititious affection for the youngest student, and asks riddles, and brings back to St. Cecilia most excellent spirits.

"Oh, we do 'ave some rare larks 'ere." Number

Eight clicks her tongue helplessly as one whose words fail, and makes the visitors feel that they are indeed unfortunate in being quite well. "Larks, I say! Larks ain't the word for it. I tell you, the three months I bin 'ere has passed aw'f like a beautiful dream."

An astonished girl in blue at the end of the bed asks whether it don't get somewhat monotonous.

"Monotonous!" echoes Number Eight amazedly. "Why, what is there to get monotonous? You're w'ited on 'and and foot; you 'ave the best and ch'icest of food; a regular crowd of young gents come to call on you and see how you are every day of your life; you got no work to do——why" (gasping) "what more do you want?"

"D'you feel you're getting any better, Number Eight?"

Number Eight—she will never be better in this world and she knows it—leans forward confidentially with her hand in her tousled hair and a comical air on her big white face.

"Number Itte knows when she's well off," she says impressively. "You let Number Itte alone for that. She ain't going to get well quicker'n she can 'elp. There's no flies on Number Itte."

Number Three, a mother, has her two small boys as visitors. She is very pale, Number Three; and the two small boys stare at their mother open mouthed as though they are trying to find out who she really is.

"You're a good boy at school, I hope, Alf?"

"Middlin'," says Alf, with wariness.

"And *you* look after him, Georgie, don't you?"

"He won't let no one look after him." Georgie

looks across the red coverlet at his brother meaningly, as one fulfilling a threat. "He's independent as he can be."

"And your aunt sees to you nicely?"

There is at first no answer to this question. The small boys glance at each other with diplomatic reserve. Question being pressed, however, Georgie takes it upon him to reply.

"Well, mother, it ain't what we call nicely. In the first place me and Alfie has to be up in the morning at——"

"Five minutes longer, please."

It is the grave young sister at the table who quietly speaks. The farewells commence.

"Oh, doesn't the time fly, to be sure! I s'pose we'd better begin saying good-bye. What would you like me to bring you next Sunday, I wonder? Wouldn't fancy a nice bernana, I s'pose?"

"Well, goo'-bye, mother. Get well as soon as you can, won't you? It ain't too lively at 'ome without you."

"I shall 'ave to finish that story another time. You remind me of it, won't you? Good-bye. I hope" (with sudden apprehension)—"I hope nobody's been talkin' too much. You look a bit tired, yqu know. Good-bye."

The visitors begin to back out of St. Cecilia, walking gingerly because of the waxed floors, and waving their hands. The Numbers who are allowed to sit up in bed do sit up, a row of red-gowned women, looking wistfully at the departing ones.

"I say, Loô!" The flushed young Royal Artillery-man returns, unbuttons his coat, takes out a large envelope. "'Pon my word, I 'alf forgot it."

Number Fifteen, stroking the sleeve of his coat, asks affectionately what's the row now.

"Why, I brought you my photograph," says the Royal Artilleryman awkwardly, "I thought you might like jest to 'ave a glance at it now and again."

Number Fifteen looks delightedly at the portrait of the serious, well-hair-oiled soldier, and chokes a little at the throat. Then she places it with much content under her pillow, and whispers:

"The sister's not looking, Jim. Lean down and give me a good kiss and——thank you for coming to see me."

Out in the corridor a crowd has emerged from the various doorways with red, swollen eyes; there are also mild attempts at hilarity. Some of the worried lady visitors have brought well-behaved children, and these they shake for want of something better to do, and say, "Never no more, my lord, will I bring *you* out on a Sunday afternoon." The Royal Artilleryman sets his cap at the correct angle, adjusts his white belt, and as he strides down the corridor he hums softly,

"Then 'ere's to the land of our birth, dear boys,
And the gurl that we——"

The Royal Artilleryman stops and coughs a little and rubs his nose very hard.—From *An Important Man*, 1896 (Ward, Lock & Co.).

J. M. BARRIE (1860-).**THE REGISTERED LETTER.**

All Jess's acquaintances knew that in the beginning of every month a registered letter reached her from London. To her it was not a matter to keep secret. She was proud that the help she and Hendry needed in the gloaming of their lives should come from her beloved son, and the neighbours esteemed Jamie because he was good to his mother. Jess had more humour than any other woman I have known, while Leeby was but sparingly endowed; yet, as the month marked its close, it was the daughter who put on the humorist, Jess thinking money too serious a thing to jest about. Then if Leeby had a moment for gossip, as when ironing a dickey for Hendry, and the iron was a trifle too hot, she would look archly at me before addressing her mother in these words:

"Will he send, think ye?"

Jess, who had a conviction that he would send, affected surprise at the question.

"Will Jamie send this month, do ye mean? Na, oh, losh no! it's no to be expectit. Na, he couldna do't this time."

"That's what ye aye say, but he aye sends. Yes, an' vara weel ye ken 'at he will send."

"Na, na, Leeby; dinna let me ever think o' sic a thing this month."

"As if ye wasna thinkin' o't day an' nicht!"

"He's terrible mindfu', Leeby, but he doesna hae't. Na, no this month; mebbe next month."

"Do you mean to tell me, mother, 'at ye'll no be up oot o' yer bed on Monunday an hour afore yer usual time, lookin' for the post?"

"Na, no this time. I may be up, an' tak a look for 'im, but no expeckin' a registerdy; na, na, that wouldna be reasonable."

"Reasonable here, reasonable there, up you'll be, keekin' (peering) through the blind to see if the post's comin', ay, an' what's mair, the post will come, and a registerdy in his hand wi' fifteen shillings in't at the least."

"Dinna say fifteen, Leeby; I would never think o' sic a sum. Mebbe five——"

"Five! I wonder to hear ye. Vera weel you ken 'at since he had twenty-two shillings in the week he's never sent less than half a sovereign."

"No, but we canna expeck——"

"Expeck! No, but it's no expeck, it's get."

On the Monday morning when I came downstairs, Jess was in her chair by the window, beaming, a piece of paper in her hand. I did not require to be told about it, but I was told. Jess had been up before Leeby could get the fire lit, with great difficulty reaching the window in her bare feet, and many a time had she said that the post must be by.

"Havers," said Leeby, "he winna be for an hour yet. Come awa' back to your bed."

"Na, he maun be by," Jess would say in a few minutes; "no, we couldna expeck this month."

So it went on until Jess's hand shook the blind. "He's comin', Leeby, he's comin'. He'll no hae naething, na, I couldna expeck—he's by!"

"I dinna believe it," cried Leeby, running to the window, "he's just at his tricks again."

This was in reference to a way our saturnine post had of pretending that he had brought no letters and passing the door. Then he turned back. "Mistress McQumpha," he cried, and whistled.

"Run, Leebby, run," said Jess, excitedly.

Leeby hastened to the door, and came back with a registered letter.

"Registerdy," she cried in triumph, and Jess, with fond hands, opened the letter. By the time I came down the money was hid away in a box beneath the bed, where not even Leebby could find it, and Jess was on her chair hugging the letter.—From *A Window in Thrums*, 1889 (Hodder & Stoughton).

ARTHUR MORRISON (1863—).

A WHIT-MONDAY ON WANSTEAD FLATS.

There is no other fair like Whit Monday's on Wanstead Flats. Here is a square mile and more of open land where you may howl at large; here is no danger of losing yourself as in Epping Forest; the public-houses are always with you; shows, shies, swings, merry-go-rounds, fried fish stalls, donkeys are packed closer than on Hampstead Heath; the ladies' tormentors are larger, and their contents smell worse than at any other fair. Also you may be drunk and disorderly without being locked up,—for the stations won't hold everybody,—and when all else has palled, you may set fire to the turf. Hereinto Billy and Lizerunt projected themselves from the doors of the Holly Tree on Whit Monday morning. But through

hours on hours of fried fish and half-pints both were conscious of a deficiency. For the hat of Lizerunt was brown and old; plush it was not, and its feather was a mere foot long and of a very rusty black. Now, it is not decent for a factory-girl from Limehouse to go bank holidaying under any but a hat of plush, very high in the crown, of a wild blue or a wilder green, and carrying withal an ostrich feather, pink or scarlet or what not; a feather that springs from the fore-part, climbs the crown, and drops as far down the shoulders as may be. Lizerunt knew this, and, had she had no bloke, would have stayed at home. But a chance is a chance. As it was, only another such hapless girl could measure her bitter envy of the feathers about her, or would so joyfully have given an ear for the proper splendour. Billy, too, had a vague impression, muddled by, but not drowned in half-pints, that some degree of plush was condign to the occasion and to his own expenditure. Still, there was no quarrel; and the pair walked and ran with arms about each other's necks; and Lizerunt thumped her bloke on the back at proper intervals; so that the affair went regularly on the whole: although, in view of Lizerunt's shortcomings, Billy did not insist on the customary exchange of hats.

Everything, I say, went well and well enough until Billy bought a ladies' tormentor and began to squirt it at Lizerunt. For then Lizerunt went scampering madly, with piercing shrieks, until her bloke was left some little way behind, and Sam Cardew, turning up at that moment and seeing her running alone in the crowd, threw his arms about her waist and swung her round him again and again, as

he floundered gallantly this way and that, among the shies and the hokey-pokey barrows.

"'Ullo, Lizer! Where are y' a-comin' to? If I 'adn't laid 'old o' ye—!" But here Billy Choep arrived to demand what the 'ell Sam Cardew was doing with his girl. Now Sam was ever readier for a fight than Billy was; but the sum of Billy's half-pints was large: wherefore the fight began. On the skirt of an hilarious ring Lizerunt, after some small outcry, triumphed aloud. Four days before, she had no bloke; and here she stood with two, and those two fighting for her! Here in the public gaze, on the Flats! For almost five minutes she was Helen of Troy.

And in much less time Billy tasted repentance. The haze of half-pints was dispelled, and some teeth went with it. Presently, whimpering and with a bloody muzzle, he rose and made a running kick at the other. Then, being thwarted in a bolt, he flung himself down; and it was like to go hard with him at the hands of the crowd. Punch you may on Wanstead Flats, but execration and worse is your portion if you kick anybody except your wife. But, as the ring closed, the helmets of two policemen were seen to be working in over the surrounding heads, and Sam Cardew, quickly assuming his coat, turned away with such an air of blamelessness as is practicable with a damaged eye; while Billy went off unheeded in an opposite direction.

Lizerunt and her new bloke went the routine of half-pints and merry-go-rounds, and were soon on right thumping terms; and Lizerunt was as well satisfied with the issue as she was proud of the

adventure. Bill was all very well; but Sam was better. She resolved to draw him for a feathered hat before next Bank Holiday. So the sun went down on her and her bloke hanging on each other's necks and straggling toward the Romford Road with shouts and choruses. The rest was tram-car, Bow Music Hall, half-pints, and darkness.—From *Tales of Mean Streets*, 1894 (Methuen & Co.), Tauchnitz Edition, 3059.

VII.

SEA-LIFE AND SEA-FARING.

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ROBERT SOUTHEY (1774-1843).

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

About half-past nine in the morning of the 19th [October] the *Mars*, being the nearest to the fleet of the ships which formed the line of communication with the frigates in shore, repeated the signal, that the enemy were coming out of port. The wind was at this time very light, with partial breezes, mostly from the S.S.W. Nelson ordered the signal to be made for a chase in the south-east quarter. About two, the repeating ships announced that the enemy were at sea. All night the British fleet continued under all

sail, steering to the south-east. At daybreak they were in the entrance of the Straits, but the enemy were not in sight. About seven, one of the frigates made signal that the enemy were bearing north. Upon this the *Victory* hove to; and shortly afterwards Nelson made sail again to the northward. In the afternoon the wind blew fresh from the south-west and the English began to fear that the foe might be forced to return to port. A little before sunset, however, Blackwood, in the *Euryalus*, telegraphed, that they appeared determined to go to the westward,—"And that," said the admiral in his diary, "they shall not do, if it is in the power of Nelson and Bronte to prevent them." Nelson had signified to Blackwood, that he depended upon him to keep sight of the enemy. They were observed so well, that all their motions were made known to him; and, as they wore twice, he inferred that they were aiming to keep the port of Cadiz open, and would retreat there as soon as they saw the British fleet: for this reason he was very careful not to approach near enough to be seen by them during the night. At daybreak the combined fleets were distinctly seen from the *Victory's* deck, formed in a close line of battle ahead, on the starboard tack, about twelve miles to leeward, and standing to the south. Our fleet consisted of twenty-seven sail of the line, and four frigates; theirs of thirty-three, and seven large frigates. Their superiority was greater in size and weight of metal than in numbers. They had four thousand troops on board; and the best riflemen who could be procured, many of them Tyrolese, were dispersed through the ships. Little did the Tyrolese, and little did the Spaniards,

at that day, imagine what horrors the wicked tyrant whom they served was preparing for their country.

Soon after daylight Nelson came upon deck. The 21st of October was a festival in his family, because on that day his uncle, Captain Suckling, in the *Dreadnought*, with two other line of battle ships, had beaten off a French squadron of four sail of the line and three frigates. Nelson, with that sort of superstition from which few persons are entirely exempt, had more than once expressed his persuasion that this was to be the day of his battle also; and he was well pleased at seeing his prediction about to be verified. The wind was now from the west, light breezes, with a long heavy swell. Signal was made to bear down upon the enemy in two lines; and the fleet set all sail. Collingwood, in the *Royal Sovereign*, led the lee line of thirteen ships; the *Victory* led the weather line of fourteen. Having seen that all was as it should be, Nelson retired to his cabin, and wrote the following prayer:

May the great God, whom I worship, grant to my country, and for the benefit of Europe in general, a great and glorious victory, and may no misconduct in any one tarnish it; and may humanity after victory be the predominant feature in the British fleet! For myself individually, I commit my life to Him that made me; and may His blessing alight on my endeavours for serving my country faithfully! To Him I resign myself, and the just Cause which is entrusted to me to defend. Amen, Amen, Amen.

Having thus discharged his devotional duties, he annexed, in the same diary, the following remarkable writing:

October 21, 1805.—Then in sight of the combined fleets of France and Spain, distant about ten miles.

Whereas the eminent services of Emma Hamilton, widow of the Right Honourable Sir William Hamilton, have been of the very greatest service to my King and country, to my knowledge, without ever receiving any reward from either our King or country.

First, that she obtained the King of Spain's letter, in 1796, to his brother, the King of Naples, acquainting him of his intention to declare war against England; from which letter the ministry sent out orders to the then Sir John Jervis to strike a stroke, if opportunity offered, against either the arsenals of Spain or her fleets. That neither of these was done is not the fault of Lady Hamilton; the opportunity might have been offered.

Secondly, the British fleet under my command could never have returned the second time to Egypt, had not Lady Hamilton's influence with the Queen of Naples caused letters to be wrote to the Governor of Syracuse, that he was to encourage the fleets being supplied with everything, should they put into any port in Sicily. We put into Syracuse, and received every supply; went to Egypt, and destroyed the French fleet.

Could I have rewarded these services I would not now call upon my country; but as that has not been in my power, I leave Emma Lady Hamilton therefore a legacy to my King and country that they will give her an ample provision to maintain her rank in life.

I also leave to the beneficence of my country my adopted daughter, Horatia Nelson Thompson; and I desire she will use in future the name of Nelson only.

These are the only favours I ask of my King and country, at this moment when I am going to fight their battle. May God bless my King and country, and all those I hold dear! My relations it is needless to mention; they will, of course, be amply provided for.

NELSON and BRONTE.

Witness { Henry Blackwood.
 { T. M. Hardy.

The child of whom this writing speaks was believed to be his daughter, and so, indeed, he called her the last time that he pronounced her name. She was then about five years old, living at Merton, under Lady Hamilton's care. The last minutes which Nelson passed at Merton were employed in praying over this child as she lay sleeping. A portrait of Lady Hamilton hung in his cabin, and no Catholic ever beheld the picture of his patron saint with devouter reverence. The undisguised and romantic passion with which he regarded it amounted almost to superstition, and when the portrait was now taken down, in clearing for action, he desired the men who removed it, to "take care of his guardian angel." In this manner he frequently spoke of it, as if he believed there were a virtue in the image. He wore a miniature of her, also, next his heart.

Blackwood went on board the *Victory* about six. He found him in good spirits, but very calm; not in that exhilaration which he had felt upon entering into battle at Aboukir and Copenhagen; he knew that his own life would be particularly aimed at, and seems to have looked for death with almost as sure an expectation as for victory. His whole attention was fixed upon the enemy. They tacked to the northward, and formed their line on the larboard tack; thus bringing the shoals of Trafalgar and St. Pedro under the lee of the British, and keeping the port of Cadiz open for themselves. This was judiciously done; and Nelson, aware of all the advantages which it gave them, made signal to prepare to anchor.

Villeneuve was a skilful seaman—worthy of serving a better master and a better cause. His plan of

defence was as well conceived, and as original, as the plan of attack. He formed the fleet in a double line; every alternate ship being about a cable's length to windward of her second ahead and astern. Nelson, certain of a triumphant issue to the day, asked Blackwood what he should consider as a victory. That officer answered, that, considering the handsome way in which battle was offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength, and the situation of the land, he thought it would be a glorious result if fourteen were captured. He replied: "I shall not be satisfied with less than twenty." Soon afterwards he asked him if he did not think there was a signal wanting. Captain Blackwood made answer, that he thought the whole fleet seemed very clearly to understand what they were about. These words were scarcely spoken before that signal was made which will be remembered as long as the language, or even the memory of England, shall endure—Nelson's last signal: "ENGLAND EXPECTS EVERY MAN TO DO HIS DUTY!" It was received through the fleet with a shout of answering acclamation, made sublime by the spirit which it breathed and the feeling which it expressed. "Now," said Lord Nelson, "I can do no more. We must trust to the great Disposer of all events and the justice of our cause. I thank God for this great opportunity of doing my duty."

He wore that day, as usual, his admiral's frock-coat, bearing on the left breast four stars of the different orders with which he was invested. Ornaments which rendered him so conspicuous a mark for the enemy were beheld with ominous apprehensions

by his officers. It was known that there were riflemen on board the French ships, and it could not be doubted but that his life would be particularly aimed at. They communicated their fears to each other; and the surgeon, Mr. Beatty, spoke to the chaplain, Dr. Scott, and to Mr. Scott, the public secretary, desiring that some person would entreat him to change his dress or cover the stars; but they knew that such a request would highly displease him. "In honour I gained them," he had said, when such a thing had been hinted to him formerly, "and in honour I will die with them." Mr. Beatty, however, would not have been deterred by any fear of exciting his displeasure, from speaking to him himself upon a subject, in which the weal of England, as well as the life of Nelson, was concerned,—but he was ordered from the deck before he could find an opportunity. This was a point upon which Nelson's officers knew that it was hopeless to remonstrate or reason with him; but both Blackwood and his own captain, Hardy, represented to him how advantageous to the fleet it would be for him to keep out of action as long as possible, and he consented at last to let the *Leviathan* and the *Temeraire*, which were sailing abreast of the *Victory*, be ordered to pass ahead. Yet even here the last infirmity of this noble mind was indulged, for these ships could not pass ahead if the *Victory* continued to carry all her sail; and so far was Nelson from shortening sail, that it was evident he took pleasure in pressing on, and rendering it impossible for them to obey his own orders. A long swell was setting into the bay of Cadiz: our ships, crowding all sail, moved majestically before it, with light winds from the south-west. The

sun shone on the sails of the enemy ; and their well-formed line, and their numerous three-deckers, made an appearance which any other assailants would have thought formidable ; but the British sailors only admired the beauty and the splendour of the spectacle, and, in full confidence of winning what they saw, remarked to each other, what a fine sight yonder ships would make at Spithead !

The French admiral, from the *Bucentaure*, beheld the new manner in which his enemy was advancing—Nelson and Collingwood each leading his line ; and pointing them out to his officers, he is said to have exclaimed that such conduct could not fail to be successful. Yet Villeneuve had made his own dispositions with the utmost skill, and the fleets under his command waited for the attack with perfect coolness. Ten minutes before twelve they opened their fire. Eight or nine of the ships immediately ahead of the *Victory*, and across the bows, fired single guns at her, to ascertain whether she was yet within their range. As soon as Nelson perceived that their shot passed over him, he desired Blackwood, and Captain Prowse, of the *Sirius*, to repair to their respective frigates ; and, on their way, to tell all the captains of the line of battle ships that he depended on their exertions ; and that, if by the prescribed mode of attack they found it impracticable to get into action immediately, they might adopt whatever they thought best, provided it led them quickly and closely alongside an enemy. As they were standing on the front of the poop, Blackwood took him by the hand, saying, he hoped soon to return and find him in possession of twenty prizes. He replied, “ God bless you, Blackwood ; I shall never see you again.”

Nelson's column was steered about two points more to the north than Collingwood's, in order to cut off the enemy's escape to Cadiz: the lee line, therefore, was first engaged. "See," cried Nelson, pointing to the *Royal Sovereign*, as she steered right for the centre of the enemy's line, cut through it astern of the *Santa Anna*, three-decker, and engaged her at the muzzle of her guns on the starboard side: "see how that noble fellow, Collingwood, carries his ship into action!" Collingwood, delighted at being first in the heat of the fire, and knowing the feelings of his commander and old friend, turned to his captain, and exclaimed: "Rotherham, what would Nelson give to be here!" Both these brave officers, perhaps, at this moment thought of Nelson with gratitude, for a circumstance which had occurred on the preceding day. Admiral Collingwood, with some of the captains, having gone on board the *Victory*, to receive instructions, Nelson inquired of him where his captain was, and was told, in reply, that they were not upon good terms with each other. "Terms!" said Nelson; "good terms with each other!" Immediately he sent a boat for Captain Rotherham; led him, as soon as he arrived, to Collingwood, and saying,—“Look; yonder are the enemy!” bade them shake hands like Englishmen.

The enemy continued to fire a gun at a time at the *Victory*, till they saw that a shot had passed through her main-top-gallant sail; then they opened their broadsides, aiming chiefly at her rigging, in the hope of disabling her before she could close with them! Nelson, as usual, had hoisted several flags, lest one should be shot away. The enemy showed no colours till late in the action, when they began to

feel the necessity of having them to strike. For this reason, the *Santissima Trinidad*, Nelson's old acquaintance, as he used to call her, was distinguishable only by her four decks; and to the bow of this opponent he ordered the *Victory* to be steered. Meantime an incessant raking fire was kept up upon the *Victory*. The admiral's secretary was one of the first who fell: he was killed by a cannon shot while conversing with Hardy. Captain Adair of the marines, with the help of a sailor, endeavoured to remove the body from Nelson's sight, who had a great regard for Mr. Scott; but he anxiously asked, "Is that poor Scott that's gone?" and being informed that it was indeed so, exclaimed, "Poor fellow!" Presently a double-headed shot struck a party of marines, who were drawn up on the poop, and killed eight of them: upon which Nelson immediately desired Captain Adair to disperse his men round the ship, that they might not suffer so much from being together. A few minutes afterwards a shot struck the forebrace bits on the quarter-deck, and passed between Nelson and Hardy, a splinter from the bit tearing off Hardy's buckle and bruising his foot. Both stopped, and looked anxiously at each other, each supposed the other to be wounded. Nelson then smiled, and said, "This is too warm work, Hardy, to last long."

The *Victory* had not yet returned a single gun; fifty of her men had been by this time killed or wounded, and her main-top-mast, with all her studding sails and her booms, shot away. Nelson declared that, in all his battles, he had seen nothing which surpassed the cool courage of his crew on this occasion. At four minutes after twelve she opened her fire from

both sides of her deck. It was not possible to break the enemy's line without running on board one of their ships: Hardy informed him of this, and asked him which he would prefer. Nelson replied, "Take your choice, Hardy; it does not signify much." The master was ordered to put the helm to port, and the *Victory* ran on board the *Redoutable*, just as her tiller ropes were shot away. The French ship received her with a broadside; then instantly let down her lower deck ports, for fear of being boarded through them, and never afterwards fired a great gun during the action. Her tops, like those of all the enemy's ships, were filled with riflemen. Nelson never placed musketry in his tops; he had a strong dislike to the practice,—not merely because it endangers setting fire to the sails, but also because it is a murderous sort of warfare, by which individuals may suffer, and a commander now and then be picked off, but which can never decide the fate of a general engagement.

Captain Harvey, in the *Temeraire*, fell on board the *Redoutable* on the other side. Another enemy was in like manner on board the *Temeraire*, so that these four ships formed as compact a tier as if they had been moored together, their heads lying all the same way. The lieutenants of the *Victory*, seeing this, depressed their guns of the middle and lower decks, and fired with a diminished charge, lest the shot should pass through and injure the *Temeraire*. And because there was danger that the *Redoutable* might take fire from the lower deck guns, the muzzles of which touched her side when they were run out, the fireman of each gun stood ready with a bucket of water, which, as soon as the gun was discharged, he

dashed into the hole made by the shot. An incessant fire was kept up from the *Victory* from both sides; her larboard guns playing upon the *Bucentaure* and the huge *Santissima Trinidad*.

It had been part of Nelson's prayer, that the British fleet might be distinguished by humanity in the victory which he expected. Setting an example himself, he twice gave orders to cease firing upon the *Redoubtable*, supposing that she had struck, because her great guns were silent; for, as she carried no flag, there was no means of instantly ascertaining the fact. From this ship, which he had thus twice spared, he received his death. A ball fired from her mizzen-top, which, in the then situation of the two vessels, was not more than fifteen yards from that part of the deck where he was standing, struck the epaulette on his left shoulder, about a quarter after one, just in the heat of action. He fell upon his face, on the spot which was covered with his poor secretary's blood. Hardy, who was a few steps from him, turning round, saw the men raising him up.—“They have done for me at last, Hardy,” said he.—“I hope not,” cried Hardy.—“Yes!” he replied; “my back-bone is shot through.” Yet even now, not for a moment losing his presence of mind, he observed, as they were carrying him down the ladder, that the tiller ropes, which had been shot away, were not yet replaced, and ordered that new ones should be rove immediately. Then, that he might not be seen by the crew, he took out his handkerchief and covered his face and his stars. Had he but concealed these badges of honour from the enemy, England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the

battle of Trafalgar. The cock-pit was crowded with wounded and dying men, over whose bodies he was with some difficulty conveyed, and laid upon a pallet in the midshipmite's berth. It was soon perceived, upon examination, that the wound was mortal. This, however, was concealed from all except Captain Hardy, the chaplain, and the medical attendants. He himself being certain, from the sensation in his back, and the gush of blood he felt momentarily within his breast, that no human care could avail him, insisted that the surgeon should leave him and attend to those to whom he might be useful; "For," said he, "you can do nothing for me."—All that could be done was to fan him with paper, and frequently to give him lemonade to alleviate his intense thirst. He was in great pain, and expressed much anxiety for the event of the action, which now began to declare itself. As often as a ship struck, the crew of the *Victory* hurrahed; and at every hurrah, a visible expression of joy gleamed in his eyes and marked the countenance of the dying hero. But he became impatient to see Captain Hardy; and as that officer, though often sent for, could not leave the deck, Nelson feared that some fatal cause prevented him, and repeatedly cried, "Will no one bring Hardy to me? He must be killed! He is surely dead!"—An hour and ten minutes elapsed from the time when Nelson received his wound before Hardy could come to him. They shook hands in silence, Hardy in vain struggling to suppress the feelings of that most painful and yet sublimest moment. "Well, Hardy," said Nelson, "how goes the day with us?" "Very well," replied Hardy; "ten ships have struck, but five of them have tacked, and show an

intention to bear down upon the *Victory*. I have called two or three of our fresh ships round, and have no doubt of giving them a drubbing." "I hope," said Nelson, "none of our ships have struck?" Hardy answered, "There was no fear of -that." Then, and not till then, Nelson spoke of himself. "I am a dead man, Hardy," said he; "I am going fast; it will be all over with me soon. Come nearer to me. Let my dear Lady Hamilton have my hair, and all other things belonging to me." Hardy observed that he hoped Mr. Beatty could yet hold out some prospect of life. "Oh, no!" he replied; "it is impossible. My back is shot through. Beatty will tell you so." Captain Hardy then, once more, shook hands with him, and, with a heart almost bursting, hastened upon deck.

By this time all feeling below the breast was gone; and Nelson, having made the surgeon ascertain this, said to him: "You know I am gone, I know it. I feel something rising in my breast," putting his hand on his left side, "which tells me so." And upon Beatty's enquiring whether his pain was very great, he replied, "So great, that he wished he was dead. Yet," said he, in a lower voice, "one would like to live a little longer too!" And after a few minutes, in the same undertone, he added, "What would become of poor Lady Hamilton if she knew my situation!" Next to his country, she occupied his thoughts. Captain Hardy, some fifty minutes after he had left the cock-pit, returned; and, again taking the hand of his dying friend and commander, congratulated him on having gained a complete victory. How many of the enemy were taken he did not know, as it was impossible to perceive them distinctly;

but fourteen or fifteen at least. "That's well," cried Nelson, "but I bargained for twenty." And then, in a stronger voice, he said, "Anchor, Hardy; anchor." Hardy upon this hinted that Admiral Collingwood would take upon himself the direction of affairs. "Not while I live, Hardy," said the dying Nelson, ineffectually endeavouring to raise himself from the bed: "do you anchor." His previous order for preparing to anchor had shown how clearly he foresaw the necessity of this. Presently, calling Hardy back, he said to him in a low voice, "Don't throw me overboard"; and he desired that he might be buried by his parents, unless it should please the King to order otherwise. Then reverting to private feelings: "Take care of my dear Lady Hamilton, Hardy; take care of poor Lady Hamilton. Kiss me, Hardy," said he. Hardy knelt down and kissed his cheek; and Nelson said, "Now I am satisfied. Thank God, I have done my duty." Hardy stood over him in silence for a moment or two, then knelt again and kissed his forehead. "Who is that?" said Nelson, and being informed, he replied, "God bless you, Hardy." And Hardy then left him—for ever.

Nelson now desired to be turned upon his right side, and said: "I wish I had not left the deck; for I shall soon be gone." Death was, indeed, rapidly approaching. He said to the chaplain, "Doctor, I have *not* been a *great* sinner"; and after a short pause, "Remember that I leave Lady Hamilton and my daughter Horatia as a legacy to my country." His articulation now became difficult; but he was distinctly heard to say, "Thank God, I have done my duty." These words he repeatedly pronounced; and

they were the last words which he uttered. He expired at thirty minutes after four, three hours and a quarter after he had received his wound.

From *The Life of Nelson*, 1813.

CAPTAIN MARRYAT (1792-1848).

THE GREENHORN IS STUFFED AND PAYS HIS FOOTING.

The postman came on board with the letters, and put his head into the midshipman's berth. I was very anxious to have one from home, but I was disappointed. Some had letters and some had not. Those who had not, declared that their parents were very undutiful, and that they would cut them off with a shilling, and those who had letters, after they had read them, offered them for sale to the others, usually at half-price. I could not imagine why they sold, or why the others bought them; but they did so; and one that was full of good advice was sold three times, from which circumstance I was inclined to form a better opinion of the morals of my companions. The lowest-priced letters sold were those written by sisters. I was offered one for a penny, but I declined buying, as I had plenty of sisters of my own. Directly I made that observation, they immediately inquired all their names and ages, and whether they were pretty or not. When I had informed them, they quarrelled to whom they should belong. One would have Lucy, and another took Mary; but there was a great dispute about Ellen, as I had said she was the

prettiest of the whole. At last they agreed to put her up to auction, and she was knocked down to a master's mate of the name of O'Brien, who bid seventeen shillings and a bottle of rum. They requested that I would write home to give their love to my sisters, and tell them how they had been disposed of, which I thought very strange; but I ought to have been flattered at the price bid for Ellen, as I repeatedly have since been witness to a very pretty sister being sold for a glass of grog.

I mentioned the reason I was so anxious for a letter, viz., because I wanted to buy my dirk and cocked hat; upon which they told me that there was no occasion for my spending my money, as, by the regulations of the service, the purser's steward served them out to all the officers who applied for them. As I knew where the purser's steward's room was, having seen it when down in the cock-pit with the Trotters, I went down immediately. "Mr. Purser's Steward," said I, "let me have a cocked hat and a dirk immediately."

"Very good, sir," replied he, and he wrote an order upon a slip of paper, which he handed to me. "There is the order for it, sir; but the cocked hats are kept in the chest up in the main-top; and as for the dirk, you must apply to the butcher, who has them under his charge."

I went up with the order, and thought I would first apply for the dirk; so I inquired for the butcher, whom I found sitting in the sheep-pen with the sheep, mending his trousers. In reply to my demand, he told me that he had not the key of the storeroom, which was under the charge of one of the corporals of the marines.

I inquired who, and he said, "Cheeks¹ the marine." I went everywhere about the ship, inquiring for Cheeks the marine, but could not find him. Some said that they believed he was in the fore-top, standing sentry over the wind, that it might not change; others, that he was in the galley, to prevent the midshipmen from soaking their biscuits in the captain's dripping-pan. At last, I inquired of some of the women who were standing between the guns on the main-deck, and one of them answered that it was no use looking for him among them, as they all had husbands, and Cheeks was a widow's man.²

As I could not find the marine, I thought I might as well go for my cocked hat, and get my dirk afterwards. I did not much like going up the rigging, because I was afraid of turning giddy, and if I fell overboard I could not swim; but one of the midshipmen offered to accompany me, stating that I need not be afraid, if I fell overboard, of sinking to the bottom, as if I was giddy, my head, at all events, *would swim*; so I determined to venture. I climbed up very near to the main-top, but not without missing the little ropes very often, and grazing the skin of my shins. Then I came to large ropes stretched out from the mast, so that you must climb them with your head backwards. The midshipman told me these were called the cat-harpings, because they were so difficult to climb, that a cat would expostulate if ordered to go out by them. I was afraid to venture, and then

¹ This celebrated personage is the prototype of Mr. Nobody on board of a man-of-war.

² Widows' men are imaginary sailors, borne on the books, and receiving pay and prize-money, which is appropriated to Greenwich Hospital.

he proposed that I should go through lubber's hole, which he said had been made for people like me. I agreed to attempt it, as it appeared more easy, and at last arrived, quite out of breath, and very happy to find myself in the main-top.

The captain of the main-top was there with two other sailors. The midshipman introduced me very politely :—" Mr. Jenkins—Mr. Simple, midshipman—Mr. Simple, Mr. Jenkins, captain of the main-top. Mr. Jenkins, Mr. Simple has come up with an order for a cocked hat." The captain of the top replied that he was very sorry that he had not one in store, but the last had been served out to the captain's monkey. This was very provoking. The captain of the top then asked me if I was ready with my *footing*.

I replied, " Not very, for I had lost it two or three times when coming up." He laughed and replied, that I should lose it altogether before I went down ; and that I must *hand* it out. "*Hand* out my *footing*!" said I, puzzled, and appealing to the midshipman ; " what does he mean ? " " He means that you must fork out a seven-shilling bit." I was just as wise as ever, and stared very much ; when Mr. Jenkins desired the other men to get half-a-dozen *foxes* and make a *spread eagle* of me, unless he had his parkisite. I never should have found out what it all meant, had not the midshipman, who laughed till he cried, at last informed me that it was the custom to give the men something to drink the first time that I came aloft, and that if I did not, they would tie me up to the rigging.

Having no money in my pocket, I promised to pay them as soon as I went below ; but Mr. Jenkins

would not trust me. I then became very angry, and inquired of him "if he doubted my honour." He replied, "Not in the least, but that he must have the seven shillings before I went below." "Why, sir," said I, "do you know whom you are speaking to? I am an officer and a gentleman. Do you know who my grandfather is?"

"O yes," replied he, "very well."

"Then, who is he, sir?" replied I very angrily.

"Who is he! why, he's the *Lord knows who*."

"No," replied I, "that's not his name; he is Lord Privilege." (I was very much surprised that he knew that my grandfather was a lord.) "And do you suppose," continued I, "that I would forfeit the honour of my family for a paltry seven shillings?"

This observation of mine, and a promise on the part of the midshipman, who said he would be bail for me, satisfied Mr. Jenkins, and he allowed me to go down the rigging. I went to my chest, and paid the seven shillings to one of the top-men who followed me, and then went up on the main-deck to learn as much as I could of my profession.

From *Peter Simple*, 1834.

HERMAN MELVILLE (1819-1891).

A SPECIMEN OF NAUTICAL ORATORY.

Early the next morning the starboard watch were mustered upon the quarter-deck, and our worthy captain, standing in the cabin gangway, harangued us as follows:—

"Now, men, as we are just off a six months' cruise, and have got through most all our work in port here, I suppose you want to go ashore. Well, I mean to give your watch liberty to-day, so you may get ready as soon as you please, and go; but understand this, I am going to give you liberty because I suppose you would growl like so many old quarter-gunners if I didn't; at the same time, if you'll take my advice, every mother's son of you will stay aboard, and keep out of the way of the bloody cannibals altogether. Ten to one, men, if you go ashore, you will get into some infernal row, and that will be the end of you; for if these tattooed scoundrels get you a little way back into their valleys, they'll nab you—that you may be certain of. Plenty of white men have gone ashore here and never been seen any more. There was the old *Dido*, she put in here about two years ago, and sent one watch off on liberty; they never were heard of again for a week—the natives swore they didn't know where they were—and only three of them ever got back to the ship again, and one with his face damaged for life, for the cursed heathens tattooed a broad patch clean across his figure-head. But it will be no use talking to you, for go you will, that I see plainly; so all I have to say is, that you need not blame me if the islanders make a meal of you. You may stand some chance of escaping them though, if you keep close about the French encampment, and are back to the ship again before sunset. Keep that much in your mind, if you forget all the rest I've been saying to you. There, go forward: bear a hand and rig yourselves, and stand by for a call. At two bells the boat will be

manned to take you off, and the Lord have mercy on you!"

Various were the emotions depicted upon the countenances of the starboard watch whilst listening to this address; but on its conclusion there was a general move towards the forecastle, and we soon were all busily engaged in getting ready for the holiday so auspiciously announced by the skipper. During these preparations his harangue was commented on in no very measured terms; and one of the party, after denouncing him as a lying old son of a sea-cook who begrudged a fellow a few hours' liberty, exclaimed with an oath, "But you don't bounce me out of my liberty, old chap, for all you and yours; for I would go ashore if every pebble on the beach was a live coal, and every stick a gridiron, and the cannibals stood ready to broil me on landing."

The spirit of this sentiment was responded to by all hands, and we resolved that in spite of the captain's croakings we would make a glorious day of it.

From *Typee*, 1846.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

WHITE-JACKET ESCAPES A FLOGGING.

To make plain the thing about to be related, it needs to repeat what has somewhere been previously mentioned, that in *tacking ship* every seaman in a man-of-war has a particular station assigned to him. What that station is, should be made known to him

by the First Lieutenant; and when the word is passed to *tack* or *wear*, it is every seaman's duty to be found at his post. But among the various *numbers* and *stations* given to me by the senior Lieutenant, when I first came on board the frigate, he had altogether omitted informing me of my particular place at those times, and, up to the precise period now written of, I had hardly known that I should have had any special place there at all. For the rest of the men, they seemed to me to catch hold of the first rope that offered, as in a merchantman upon similar occasions. Indeed, I subsequently discovered that such was the state of discipline—in this one particular at least—that very few of the seamen could tell where their proper stations were, at *tacking* or *wearing*.

"All hands tack ship, ahoy!" such was the announcement made by the boatswain's mates at the hatchways the morning after the hard fate of Rosewater. It was just eight bells—noon, and springing from my white jacket, which I had spread between the guns for a bed on the main-deck, I ran up the ladders, and, as usual, seized hold of the main-brace, which fifty hands were streaming along forward. When *Main-top-sail haul!* was given through the trumpet, I pulled at this brace with such heartiness and goodwill, that I almost flattered myself that my instrumentality in getting the frigate round on the other tack deserved a public vote of thanks and a silver tankard from Congress.

But something happened to be in the way aloft when the yards swung round; a little confusion ensued; and, with anger on his brow, Captain Claret came forward to see what occasioned it. No one to

let go the weather-lift of the main-yard! The rope was cast off, however, by a hand, and the yards unobstructed came round.

When the last rope was coiled away, the Captain desired to know of the First Lieutenant who it might be that was stationed at the weather (then the star-board) main-lift. With a vexed expression of countenance the First Lieutenant sent a midshipman for the Station Bill, when, upon glancing it over, my own name was found put down at the post in question.

At the time I was on the quarter-deck below, and did not know of these proceedings; but a moment after, I heard the boatswain's mates bawling my name at all the hatchways and along all three decks. It was the first time I had ever heard it so sent through the furthest recesses of the ship, and well knowing what this generally betokened to other seamen, my heart jumped to my throat, and I hurriedly asked Flute, the boatswain's mate at the fore-hatchway, what was wanted of me.

"Captain wants ye at the mast," he replied. "Going to flog ye, I guess."

"What for?"

"My eyes! You've been chalking your face, hain't ye?"

"What am I wanted for?" I repeated.

But at that instant my name was again thundered forth by the other boatswain's mate, and Flute hurried me away, hinting that I would soon find out what the Captain desired of me.

I swallowed down my heart in me as I touched the spar-deck, for a single instant balanced myself on my best centre, and then, wholly ignorant of what was

going to be alleged against me, advanced to the dread tribunal of the frigate.

As I passed through the gangway I saw the quarter-master niggling the gratings; the boatswain with his green bag of scourges; the master-at-arms ready to help off some one's shirt.

Again I made a desperate swallow of my whole soul in me, and found myself standing before Captain Claret. His flushed face obviously showed his ill-humour. Among the group of officers by his side was the First Lieutenant, who, as I came aft, eyed me in such a manner, that I plainly perceived him to be extremely vexed with me for having been the innocent means of reflecting upon the manner in which he kept up the discipline of the ship.

"Why were you not at your station, sir?" asked the Captain.

"What station do you mean, sir?" said I.

It is generally the custom with man-of-war's-men to stand obsequiously touching their hat at every sentence they address to the Captain. But as this was not obligatory upon me by the Articles of War, I did not do so upon the present occasion, and previously, I had never had the dangerous honour of a personal interview with Captain Claret.

He quickly noticed my omission of the homage usually rendered him, and instinct told me, that to a certain extent it set his heart against me.

"What station, sir, do you mean?" said I.

"You pretend ignorance," he replied, "it will not help you, sir."

Glancing at the Captain, the First Lieutenant now

produced the Station Bill, and read my name in connection with that of the starboard main-lift.

"Captain Claret," said I, "it is the first time I ever heard of my being assigned to that post."

"How is this, Mr. Bridewell?" he said, turning to the First Lieutenant, with a fault-finding expression.

"It is impossible, sir," said the officer, striving to hide his vexation, "but this man must have known his station."

"I have never known it before this moment, Captain Claret," said I.

"Do you contradict my officer?" he returned. "I shall flog you."

I had now been on board the frigate upward of a year, and remained unscourged; the ship was homeward-bound, and in a few weeks, at most, I would be a free man. And now, after making a hermit of myself in some things, in order to avoid the possibility of the scourge, here it was hanging over me for a thing utterly unforeseen, for a crime of which I was as utterly innocent. But all that was as naught. I saw that my case was hopeless; my solemn disclaimer was thrown in my teeth, and the boatswain's mate stood curling his fingers through the *cat*.

There are times when wild thoughts enter a man's heart, when he seems almost irresponsible for his act and his deed. The Captain stood on the weather-side of the deck. Sideways, on an unobstructed line with him, was the opening of the lee-gangway, where the side-ladders are suspended in port. Nothing but a slight bit of sinnate stuff served to rail in this opening, which was cut right down to the level of the captain's feet, showing the far sea beyond. I stood a little to

windward of him, and, although he was a large, powerful man, it was certain that a sudden rush against him, along the slanting deck, would infallibly pitch him head-foremost into the ocean, though he who so rushed must needs go over with him. My blood seemed clotting in my veins, I felt icy cold at the tips of my fingers, and a dimness was before my eyes. But through that dimness the boatswain's mate, scourge in hand, loomed like a giant, and Captain Claret, and the blue sea seen through the opening at the gangway, showed with an awful vividness. I cannot analyse my heart, though it then stood still within me. But the thing that swayed me to my purpose was not altogether the thought that Captain Claret was about to degrade me, and that I had taken an oath with my soul that he should not. No, I felt my man's manhood so bottomless within me, that no word, no blow, no scourge of Captain Claret could cut me deep enough for that. I but swung to an instinct in me—the instinct diffused through all animated nature, the same that prompts even a worm to turn under the heel. Locking souls with him, I meant to drag Captain Claret from this earthly tribunal of his to that of Jehovah and let Him decide between us. No other way could I escape the scourge.

Nature has not implanted any power in man that was not meant to be exercised at times, though too often our powers have been abused. The privilege, inborn and inalienable, that every man has of dying himself, and inflicting death upon another, was not given to us without a purpose. These are the last resources of an insulted and unendurable existence.

"To the gratings, sir!" said Captain Claret; "do you hear?"

My eye was measuring the distance between him and the sea.

"Captain Claret," said a voice advancing from the crowd. I turned to see who this might be, that audaciously interposed at a juncture like this. It was the same remarkably handsome and gentlemanly corporal of marines, Colbrook, who has been previously alluded to in the chapter describing killing time in a man-of-war.

"I know that man," said Colbrook, touching his cap, and speaking in a mild, firm, but extremely deferential manner, "and I know that he would not be found absent from his station, if he knew where it was."

This speech was almost unprecedented. Seldom or never before had a marine dared to speak to the Captain of a frigate in behalf of a seaman at the mast. But there was something so unostentatiously commanding in the calm manner of the man, that the Captain, though astounded, did not in any way reprimand him. The very unusualness of his interference seemed Colbrook's protection.

Taking heart, perhaps, from Colbrook's example, Jack Chase interposed, and in a manly but carefully respectful manner, in substance repeated the corporal's remark, adding that he had never found me wanting in the top.

The Captain looked from Chase to Colbrook, and from Colbrook to Chase—one the foremost man among the seamen, the other the foremost man among the soldiers—then all round upon the packed and silent crew, and, as if a slave to Fate, though supreme Captain of a frigate, he turned to the First Lieutenant, made

some indifferent remark, and saying to me, *You may go*, sauntered aft into his cabin; while I, who, in the desperation of my soul, had but just escaped being a murderer and a suicide almost burst into tears of thanksgiving where I stood.

From *White-Jacket*, 1850.

HERMAN MELVILLE.

HOMEWARD BOUND.

"All hands up anchor! Man the capstan!"

"High die! my lads, we're homeward bound!"

Homeward bound!—harmonious sound! Were you ever homeward bound?—No? Quick! take the wings of the morning, or the sails of a ship, and fly to the uttermost parts of the earth. There, tarry a year or two; and then let the gruffest of boatswains, his lungs all goose-skin, shout forth those magical words, and you'll swear "the harp of Orpheus were not more enchanting."

All was ready; boats hoisted in, stun' sail gear rove, messenger passed, capstan-bars in their places, accommodation-ladder below; and in glorious spirits, we sat down to dinner. In the ward-room the lieutenants were passing round their oldest port, and pledging their friends; in the steerage the *middies* were busy raising loans to liquidate the demands of their laundress, or else—in the navy phrase—preparing to pay their creditors *with a flying fore-topsail*. On the poop, the captain was looking to windward; and in his grand, inaccessible cabin, the high and

mighty commodore sat silent and stately, as the statue of Jupiter in Dodona.

We were all arrayed in our best, and our bravest; like strips of blue sky lay the pure blue collars of our frocks upon our shoulders; and our pumps were so springy and playful that we danced up and down as we dined.

It was on the gun-deck that our dinners were spread, all along between the guns; and there, as we cross-legged sat, you would have thought a hundred farm-yards and meadows were nigh. Such a cackling of ducks, chickens, and ganders; such a lowing of oxen, and bleating of lambkins, penned up here and there along the deck, to provide sea repasts for the officers. More rural than naval were the sounds; continually reminding each mother's son of the old paternal homestead in the green old clime; the old arching elms; the hill where we gambolled; and down by the barley banks of the stream where we bathed.

"All hands up anchor!"

When that order was given, how we sprang to the bars, and heaved round that capstan; every man a Goliath, every tendon a hawser!—round and round—round, round it spun like a sphere, keeping time with our feet to the time of the fifer, till the cable was straight up and down, and the ship with her nose in the water.

"Heave and fall! unship your bars, and make sail!"

It was done:—barmen, nipper-men, tierers, veerers, idlers and all, scrambled up the ladder to the braces and halyards; while like monkeys in palm-trees, the sail-loosers ran out on those broad boughs, our yards;

and down fell the sail like white clouds from the ether—top-sails, top-gallants and royals; and away we ran with the halyards, till every sheet was distended.

“Once more to the bars!”

“Heave, my hearties, heave hard!”

With a jerk and a yerker, we broke ground; and up to our bows came several thousand pounds of old iron, in the shape of our ponderous anchor.

Where was White-Jacket then?

White-Jacket was where he belonged. It was White-Jacket that loosed that main-royal, so far up aloft there, it looks like a white ‘albatross’ wing. It was White-Jacket that was taken for an albatross himself, as he flew out on the giddy yard-arm!

From *White-Jacket*, 1850.

RUDYARD KIPLING (1865—).

“MAN AND ARM BOATS.”

Many things are impressive, and not a few terrifying in the Fleet, but the most impressive sight of all is the swift casting-forth from the trim black sides of the instruments and ministers of death. They vary hourly, according to the taste and fancy of the speller. A wisp of signals floats from the Flagship. Our little cruiser erupts—boils like a hive—and some one takes out a watch. There is a continuous low thunder of bare feet, a clatter, always subdued, of arms snatched from the racks, a creaking of falls and blocks, and the noise of iron doors opening and shutting. Of a sudden

the decks stand empty; the Maxims have gone from the bulwarks, and the big cutters are away, pulling mightily for the Flagship. From each one of our twelve neighbours pour forth the silent crowded boats. They cluster round the Flag, are looked over, and return. They are not merely boats with men in them. They are fully provisioned; the larger ones have boat-guns, the smaller Maxims, with a proper allowance of ammunition and spare parts, medical chests, and all the hundred oddments necessary for independent action. All or any one of them can be used at once for patrol work or for landing parties, can be switched off from the main system, as a light engine is switched off up a siding. Each unit is complete and self-contained. In ten minutes the boats are back again, the Maxims replaced, the rifles stacked and racked, the provisions and water returned to store. The ordinary routine of "man and arm boats" is over.

LANDING PARTIES.

Another signal will turn out, transport, land, embark, and disembark three thousand armed men, with twenty-one field guns, in the inside of three hours; leaving six thousand men in the ships to carry on, if necessary, the work of a bombardment; or you can vary the programme, and load a mere thousand or so into eight identical double-funnelled, fifteen-knot steam-launches—one from each battleship—and play miniature Fleet-manceuvres to your heart's content. They are as used to performing evolutions together as are their big parents. They can tow half-a-dozen cutters apiece and work in four feet of water. As an experiment you can land

your twenty-one field-guns with sufficient men to throw up earthworks round them; or you can yoke men to the guns and drag them up the flanks of mountains. Or, as in mining operations, you can turn loose all hell with a string to it—pay it out and swiftly drag it back again. One never wearies of watching the outrush and influx of the landing parties; the swift flight of the boats; the minutes' check at the beach; the torrents of blue and red pouring over the bows; and the loose-knit line of mingled red and blue winding away inland among the boulders and heather.

Long practice so perfectly conceals Art that the thing presents no points of the picturesque; makes no noise; calls for no more comment than the set of the waves before a prevailing wind. Only when you go over certain MS. books, giving the name, station, and duties of every man aboard under all conceivable contingencies, do you realise how wheel works within wheel to the ordered, effortless end.—From *A Fleet in Being*, 1897 (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.), Tauchnitz Edition, 3351.

VIII.

AMERICA, THE BRITISH COLONIES, AND INDIA.

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JAMES BRYCE (1838—)

THE OX-WAGGON IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The ox-waggon needs a few words of description, for it is the most characteristic feature of South African travel. It is a long low structure, drawn by seven, eight, nine, or even ten yoke of oxen, and is surmounted (when intended to carry travellers) by a convex wooden frame and canvas roof. The animals are harnessed by a strong and heavy chain attached

to the yoke which holds each pair together. The oxen usually accomplish about twelve miles a day, but can be made to do sixteen, or with pressure a little more. They walk very slowly, and they are allowed to rest and feed more hours than those during which they travel. The rest-time is usually the forenoon and till about 4 P.M. with another rest for part of the night. It was in these waggons that the Boers carried with them their wives and children and household goods in the great exodus of 1836. It was in such waggons that nearly all the explorations of South Africa have been made, such as those by the missionaries, and particularly by Robert Moffat and by Livingstone (in his earlier journeys), and such as those of the hunting pioneers, men like Anderson, Gordon Cumming, and Selous. And to this day it is on the waggon that whoever traverses any unfrequented region must rely. Horses, and even mules, soon break down, and as the traveller must carry his food and other necessities of camp life with him, he always needs the waggon as a basis of operations, even if he has a seasoned horse which he can use for two or three days when speed is required. Waggons have, moreover, another value for a large party; they can be readily formed into a laager, or camp, by being drawn into a circle, with the oxen placed inside and so kept safe from the attacks of wild beasts. And where there are hostile Kaffirs to be feared such a laager is an efficient fortress, from within which a few determined marksmen have often successfully resisted the onslaught of hordes of natives.—From *Impressions of South Africa*, 1897 (Macmillan & Co., Ltd.).

JAMES BRYCE.**ON THE PUNGWE.**

Ever since my childish imagination had been captivated by the picture of Afric's sunny fountains rolling down, their golden sand, the idea of traversing a tropical forest on the bosom of a great African river had retained its fascination. Here at least was the reality, and what a dreary reality! The shallow, muddy stream, broken into many channels, which inclosed low, sandy islets, had spread to a width of two miles. The alluvial banks, rising twenty feet in alternate layers of sand and clay, cut off any view of the country behind. All that could be seen was a fringe of thick, low trees, the edge of the forest that ran back from the river. Conspicuous among them was the ill-omened "fever tree," with its gaunt, bare, ungainly arms and yellow bark,—the tree whose presence indicates a pestilential air. Here was no luxuriant variety of form, no wealth of colour, no festooned creepers nor brilliant flowers, but a dull and sad monotony, as we doubled point after point and saw reach after reach of the featureless stream spread out before us. Among the trees not a bird was to be seen or heard; few even fluttered on the bosom of the river. We watched for crocodiles sunning themselves on the sandspits, and once or twice thought we saw them some two hundred yards away, but they had always disappeared as we drew nearer. The beast is quick to take alarm at the slightest noise, and not only the paddles of a steamer, but even the splash of oars, will

drive him into the water. For his coyness we were partly consoled by the gambols of the river-horses. All round the boat these creatures were popping up their huge snouts and shoulders, splashing about, and then plunging again into the swirling water. Fortunately none rose quite close to us, for the hippopotamus, even if he means no mischief, may easily upset a boat when he comes up under it, or may be induced by curiosity to submerge it with one bite of his strong jaws, in which case the passengers are likely to have fuller opportunities than they desire of becoming acquainted with the crocodile.

Among such sights the sultry afternoon wore itself slowly into night, and just as dark fell—it falls like a stage curtain in these latitudes—we joyfully descried the steam-launch waiting for us behind a sandy point. Once embarked upon her, we made better speed through the night. It was cloudy, with a struggling moon, which just showed us a labyrinth of flat, densely wooded isles, their margins fringed with mangrove trees. Exhausted by a journey of more than thirty hours without sleep, we were now so drowsy as to be in constant danger of falling off the tiny launch which had neither seats nor bulwarks, and even the captain's strong tea failed to rouse us. Everything seemed like a dream—this lonely African river, with the faint moonlight glimmering here and there upon its dark bosom, while the tree-tops upon untrodden islets flitted past in a slow, funereal procession, befitting a land of silence and death.

From *Impressions of South Africa*, 1897.

FLORA ANNIE STEEL (1847-)**AN EVENING SCENE AT RAJPORE.**

It was band-night in the public gardens; mail night also; a combination of dancing and picture papers, ensuring a large attendance in the big hall, which had been built, gravely, as a memorial to some departed statesman. But now English girls hurried through its dim corridors to the ladies' dressing-room, intent on changing tennis-shoes for dancing-slippers. English women took possession of the comfortable nooks between the pillars where there was room for two. English boys lounged about the vestibule, finishing their cigars and waiting for the band to strike up. English men drifted to billiards and whist, or to their own special corner in the reading-room.

A weird-looking place even at noon was the big hall set round with paste and paper mementoes of the semi-historic festivities held beneath its high arched roof; with shields from the Prince of Wales' ball, flags from the Imperial installation, trophies from the welcome given to our soldiers after an arduous campaign. But seen now by the few lamps lit at one end it looked positively ghostly, as if it must be haunted by a thousand memories of dead men and women and children who had flitted across the kaleidoscope of Rajpore society. Up in the gallery the native band, after playing "God save the Queen" to the Aryan brother outside, was tuning up for dance music. And by and by a couple would come waltzing out of the shadows, into the bright reflections of the polished

floor, and waltz back again. Then three or four couples, perhaps ten or a dozen, not more. Viewed from the other end, where the non-dancers sat in darkness, the scene looked like a dim reflection of something going on in another world.

And outside, under the rising moon, the builders of the hall trooped home to the packed highways and byways of the native city, full, no doubt, of that silent, evergreen wonder at the strange customs of the ruling race which is an integral part of native life; that ruling race which, with all its eccentricities, rules better than even the fabled Vieramiditya himself!

In the far corner of the inner reading-room a girl stood looking at the new number of the *Scientific American*, keeping a stern watch the while on the present possessor of the *Saturday Review*. A tennis-bat lay on the table beside her, and her workmanlike flannels and tan shoes showed what her occupation had been. For the rest, a well-made, well-balanced girl, looking as if she walked well, rode well, danced well, and took an honest pride in doing so.

A sort of snore followed by a thud, told that people were passing in and out through the swing-doors of the outer room. Here, however, as befitted the abode of more serious literature, all was peaceful, almost empty, in fact, and its only other female occupant was a medical lady deep in the *Lancet*.—From *The Potter's Thumb*, 1894 (William Heinemann).

R. SMILES (1852— ?)**AN AUSTRALIAN GOLD-DIGGING.**

Let me try to describe the scene in those early days of the township, as it has been related to me by those who witnessed it. Fancy from fourteen to fifteen thousand diggers suddenly drawn together in one locality, and camped out in the bush within a radius of a mile and a half.

A great rush is a scene of much bustle and excitement. Long lines of white tents overtop the heaps of pipeclay, which grow higher from day to day. The men are hard at work on these hills of "mullock," plying the windlasses by which the stuff is brought up from below, or puddling and washing off the dirt. Up come the buckets from the shafts, down which the diggers are working, and the dirty yellow water is poured down-hill to find its way to the creek as it best may. Unmade roads, or rather tracks, run in and out amongst the claims, knee-deep in mud—the ground being kept in a state of constant sloppiness by the perpetual washing for the gold. Perhaps there is a fight going on over the boundary-pegs of a claim which have been squashed by a heavy dray passing along, laden with stores from Castlemaine.

The miners are attended by all manner of straggling followers, like the sutlers following a camp. The life is a very tough one: hard work and hard beds, heavy eating and heavy drinking. The diggers mostly live in tents, for they are at first too much engrossed by the search for gold to run up huts; but many of them

sleep in the open air or under the shelter of the trees. A pilot-coat or a pea-jacket is protection enough for those who do not enjoy the luxury of a tent; but the dryness and geniality of the climate are such that injury is very rarely experienced from the night exposure. There are very few women at the first opening of new diggings, the life is too rough and rude; and some of those who do come, rock the cradle—but not the household one—with the men. The diggers, however genteel the life they may have led before, soon acquire a dirty, rough, unshaven look. Their coarse clothes are all of a colour, being that of the clay and gravel in which they work, and the mud with which they become covered when digging.

There is a crowd of men at an open bar drinking. Bar, indeed! It is but a plank supported on two barrels; and across this improvised counter the brandy bottle and glasses are eagerly filled. A couple of old boxes in front serve for seats, while a piece of canvas, rigged on two poles, shades off the fierce sun. Many a large fortune has been made at a rude bar of this sort. For too many of the diggers, though they work like horses, spend like asses. Here, again in the long main street of tents, where the shafts are often uncomfortably close to the road, the tradesmen are doing a roaring business. Stalwart men with stout appetites are laying in their stores of grocery, buying pounds of flour, sugar, and butter—meat and bread in great quantities. The digger thrusts his parcels indiscriminately into the breast of his dirty jumper, a thick shirt; and away he goes, stuffed with groceries, and perhaps a leg of mutton over his shoulder. In the evening some four thousand camp-fires in the

valleys, along the gullies, and up the sides of the hills, cast a lurid light over a scene which, once witnessed, can never be forgotten.—From *Round the World*, 1871 (John Murray).

JOSEPH CONRAD (1857—).

SALVATION BY SUGGESTION.

[*Note.*—Karain, the strong and fearless chieftain of a small clan in the Malay Archipelago, was habitually accompanied by an old man who followed immediately in his rear. On his death, Karain confesses that his presence served as protection from the ghost of a brother whom he had betrayed and shot many years before. Being now incessantly pursued by this phantom, he is terror-struck, and seeks sanctuary on a British trading vessel, among unbelievers, who destroy the outraged spirit's potency to harm him.]

Hollis was facing us alone with something small that glittered between his fingers. It looked like a coin.

"Ah! here it is," he said.

He held it up. It was a sixpence—a Jubilee sixpence. It was gilt; it had a hole punched near the rim. Hollis looked towards Karain.

"A charm for our friend," he said to us. "The thing itself is of great power—money, you know—and his imagination is struck. A loyal vagabond; if only his puritanism doesn't shy at a likeness. . . ."

He said nothing. We did not know whether to be scandalised, amused, or relieved. Hollis advanced towards Karain, who stood up as if startled, and then, holding the coin up, spoke in Malay.

"This is the image of the Great Queen, and the most powerful thing the white men know," he said solemnly.

Karain covered the handle of his kriss in sign of respect, and stared at the crowned head.

"The Invincible, the Pious," he muttered.

"She is more powerful than Suleiman the Wise, who commanded the genii, as you know," said Hollis gravely. "I shall give this to you."

He held the sixpence in the palm of his hand, and looking at it thoughtfully, spoke to us in English.

"She commands a spirit, too—the spirit of her nation; a masterful, conscientious, unscrupulous, unconquerable devil . . . that does a lot of good—incidentally—a lot of good . . . at times—and wouldn't stand any fuss from the best ghost out for such a little thing as our friend's shot. Don't look thunderstruck, you fellows. Help me to make him believe—everything's in that."

"His people will be shocked," I murmured.

Hollis looked fixedly at Karain, who was the incarnation of the very essence of still excitement. He stood rigid, with head thrown back; his eyes rolled wildly, flashing; the dilated nostrils quivered.

"Hang it all!" said Hollis at last, "he is a good fellow. I'll give him something that I shall really miss."

He took the ribbon out of the box, smiled at it scornfully, then with a pair of scissors cut out a piece from the palm of the glove.

"I shall make him a thing like those Italian peasants wear, you know."

He sewed the coin in the delicate leather, sewed the leather to the ribbon, tied the ends together. He worked with haste. Karain watched his fingers all the time.

"Now then," he said—then stepped up to Karain. They looked close into one another's eyes. Those of Karain stared in a lost glance, but Hollis's seemed to grow darker and looked out masterful and compelling. They were in violent contrast together—one motionless and the colour of bronze, the other dazzling white and lifting his arms, where the powerful muscles rolled slightly under a skin that gleamed like satin. Jackson moved near with the air of a man closing up to a chum in a tight place. I said impressively, pointing to Hollis—

"He is young, but he is wise. Believe him!"

Karain bent his head: Hollis threw lightly over it the dark-blue ribbon and stepped back.

"Forget, and be at peace!" I cried.

Karain seemed to wake up from a dream. He said, "Ha!" shook himself as if throwing off a burden. He looked round with assurance. Some one on deck dragged off the skylight cover, and a flood of light fell into the cabin. It was morning already.

"Time to go on deck," said Jackson.

Hollis put on a coat, and we went up, Karain leading. The sun had risen beyond the hills, and their long shadows stretched far over the bay in the pearly light. The air was clear, stainless, and cool. I pointed at the curved line of yellow sands.

"He is not there," I said emphatically, to Karain. "He waits no more. He has departed for ever."

A shaft of bright, hot rays darted into the bay between the summits of two hills, and the water all round broke out as if by magic with a dazzling sparkle.

"No! He is not there waiting," said Karain, after

a long look over the beach. "I do not hear him," he went on, slowly. "No!"

He turned to us.

"He has departed again—for ever!" he cried.

We assented vigorously, repeatedly, and without compunction. The great thing was to impress him powerfully; to suggest absolute safety—the end of all trouble. We did our best; and I hope we affirmed our faith in the power of Hollis's charm efficiently enough to put the matter beyond the shadow of a doubt. Our voices rang around him joyously in the still air, and above his head the sky, pellucid, pure, stainless, arched its tender blue from shore to shore and over the bay, as if to envelop the water, the earth, and the man in the caress of its light.

The anchor was up, the sails hung still, and half a dozen big boats were seen sweeping over the bay to give us a tow out. The paddlers in the first one that came alongside lifted their heads and saw their ruler standing amongst us. A low murmur of surprise arose—then a shout of greeting.

He left us, and seemed straightway to step into the glorious splendour of his stage, to wrap himself in the illusion of unavoidable success. For a moment he stood erect, one foot over the gangway, one hand on the hilt of his kriss, in a martial pose; and, relieved from the fear of outer darkness, he held his head high, he swept a serene look over his conquered foothold on the earth. The boats far off took up the cry of greeting; a great clamour rolled on the water; the hills echoed it, and seemed to toss back at him the words invoking long life and victories.—From *Tales of Unrest*, 1898 (Fisher Unwin), Tauchnitz Edition, 3300.

RALPH CONNOR (1860—).**THE SKY PILOT'S FIRST SERVICE.**

The celebration was in full swing; or, as Hi put it, "the boys were takin' their pizen good an' calm," when in walked The Pilot. His face was still troubled and his lips were drawn and blue, as if he were in pain. A silence fell on the men as he walked in through the crowd and up to the bar. He stood a moment hesitating, looking round upon the faces flushed and hot that were now turned toward him in curious defiance. He noticed the look, and it pulled him together. He faced about toward old Latour and asked in a high, clear voice:

"Is this the room you said we might have?"

The Frenchman shrugged his shoulders and said:

"There is not any more."

The lad paused for an instant, but only for an instant. Then, lifting a pile of hymn-books he had near him on the counter, he said in a grave, sweet voice, and with the quiver of a smile about his lips:

"Gentlemen, Mr. Latour has allowed me this room for a religious service. It will give me great pleasure if you will all join," and immediately he handed a book to Bronco Bill, who, surprised, took it as if he did not know what to do with it. The others followed Bronco's lead till he came to Bruce, who refused, saying roughly:

"No! I don't want it; I've no use for it."

The missionary flushed and drew back as if he had been struck, but immediately, as if unconsciously, The Duke, who was standing near, stretched out his hand and said, with a courteous bow:

"I thank you; I should be glad of one."

"Thank you," replied The Pilot simply, as he handed him a book. The men seated themselves upon the bench that ran round the room, or leaned up against the counter, and most of them took off their hats. Just then in came Muir, and behind him his little wife.

In an instant The Duke was on his feet, and every hat came off.

The missionary stood up at the bar, and announced the hymn, "Jesus, Lover of my Soul." The silence that followed was broken by the sound of a horse galloping. A buckskin bronco shot past the window, and in a few moments there appeared at the door the Old Timer. He was about to stride in when the unusual sight of a row of men sitting solemnly with hymn-books in their hands held him fast at the door. He gazed in an amazed, helpless way upon the men, then at the missionary, then back at the men, and stood speechless. Suddenly there was a high, shrill, boyish laugh, and the men turned to see the missionary in a fit of laughter. It certainly was a shock to any lingering ideas of religious propriety they might have about them; but the contrast between his frank, laughing face and the amazed and disgusted face of the shaggy old man in the doorway was too much for them, and one by one they gave way to roars of laughter. The Old Timer, however, kept his face unmoved, strode up to the bar and nodded to old Latour, who served him his drink, which he took at a gulp.

"Here, old man!" called out Bill, "get into the game; here's your deck," offering him his book. But

the missionary was before him, and, 'with very beautiful grace, he handed the Old Timer a book and pointed him to a seat.

I shall never forget that service. As a religious affair it was a dead failure, but somehow I think The Pilot, as Hi approvingly said, "got in his funny work," and it was not wholly a defeat. The first hymn was sung chiefly by the missionary and Mrs. Muir, whose voice was very high, with one or two of the men softly whistling an accompaniment. The second hymn was better, and then came the Lesson, the story of the feeding of the five thousand. As the missionary finished the story, Bill, who had been listening with great interest, said:

"I say, pard, I think I'll call you just now."

"I beg your pardon!" said the startled missionary.

"You're givin' us quite a song and dance now, ain't you?"

"I don't understand," was the puzzled reply.

"How many men was there in the crowd?" asked Bill, with a judicial air.

"Two thousand."

"And how much grub?"

"Five loaves and two fishes," answered Bruce for the missionary.

"Well," drawled Bill, with the air of a man who has reached a conclusion, "that's a little too unusual for me. Why," looking pityingly at the missionary, "it ain't natural."

"Right you are, my boy," said Bruce, with a laugh. "It's deucedly unnatural."

"Not for Him," said the missionary quietly. Then Bruce joyfully took him up and led him on into a discus-

sion of evidences, and from evidences into metaphysics, the origin of evil and the freedom of the will, till the missionary, as Bill said, "was rather worse nor a rooster in the dark." Poor little Mrs. Muir was much scandalised and looked anxiously at her husband, wishing him to take her out. But help came from an unexpected quarter, and Hi suddenly called out: "Here you, Bill, shut your blanked jaw, and you, Bruce, give the man a chance to work off his music."

"That's so! Fair play! Go on!" were the cries that came in response to Hi's appeal.

The missionary, who was all trembling and much troubled, gave Hi a grateful look, and said:

"I'm afraid there are a great many things I don't understand, and I am not good at argument." There were shouts of "Go on! fire ahead, play the game!" but he said, "I think we will close the service with a hymn." His frankness and modesty, and his respectful, courteous manner gained the sympathy of the men, so that all joined heartily in singing "Sun of my Soul." In the prayer that followed his voice grew steady and his nerve came back to him. The words were very simple, and the petitions were mostly for light and for strength. With a few words of remembrance of "those in our homes far away who think of us and pray for us and never forget," this strange service was brought to a close.—From *The Sky Pilot*, 1899 (Hodder & Stoughton).

JOHN FOSTER FRASER (1868—).**OVER THE SIERRA NEVADA.**

We rode right over the Sierra Nevada, and a tough, hard ride it was. One afternoon we wheeled fifty miles on the railway track, and rose 40,000 feet.

High we got among the pines, jolting and bumping over those railway sleepers. We climbed from the warm sensuous valleys into the hills where snow lay. Where the precipices were ledges we wheeled through small snowsheds. So we reached the heights where the snow was one, two, and three feet deep.

We entered the shed that climbed to the summit of the Sierra Nevada, and ran down the other side, a shed forty miles long. It was some time before our eyes were accustomed to the gloom. There was a cold, vault-like air. The shed closed over darkly. Little streams of snow had forced a way through the chinks and lay blackened with engine smoke. The drift on the roofs was thawing, and there was constant dripping. Often the shed top leaned against the rock face. When a stone was dislodged and clattered down, the noise that echoed through the wooden cavern was like an impatient horse prancing in the stall. Water from melted snow had streamed down the rocks and frozen. For miles, while on one side were the boards of the shed and the slushy, grimy snow, and above the teeming water, making the track a mass of slush, on the other side was a wall of knobby rotten ice.

It was dark. * Sometimes the silence was awful.

The stillness was accentuated by the dribble from the icicles. Suddenly there would be a roar. Off our machines we jumped, splashed into the foul snow, and crushed ourselves against the massive chunks of ice, squeezing into the smallest limits to escape the coming train. However, it was only the wild roar of a mountain torrent.

In time we differentiated between a torrent and a train. When a train did come there was an exciting twenty seconds. There was only a single line. The sheds are narrow. A passenger could easily touch the walls from one of the cars.

Therefore conceive one's predicament. Imprisoned in a narrow, dark tube, plodding on diligently, riding fifty yards, walking ten, wet and dirty, there booms on the ear a thunderous uproar, like the rending of hills. The roar comes like an avalanche. You feel the earth is shaking. Round a curve surges the train. You notice the surge in those five seconds. The engine isn't running as a respectable engine should do. It is jumping and swaying, hanging over on one side, then on the other side, and then springing forward, with the great lamp glaring frightfully, and the cow-catcher coming straight at you.

What a mighty, air-tearing, earth-crashing din! There is a sensation of pieces of sharp stick probing into your ears. A kind of kinetoscope panorama of all your wrong-doings sweeps through your mind, and you wish you had been a better man. Then with a lurch backwards you make a dent in the ice, and, being an arrant coward, you close your eyes as the proper way to meet your fate. There is a hot rush of air, oily and sickly; you know you are being

choked, that an earthquake is on, that the end of your small strut on this earth's stage is near.

Gingerly you raise your eyelids. The air is full of sulphur and small stones. The ears are tearing and rumbling by with deafening din. You realise how perilously near they are. Also you notice that the rail metals sink beneath the weight of every wheel. You are certain that it takes three-quarters of an hour for that train to roll past. You wonder why you have not been killed.

Then through the murky, smoky atmosphere you crawl, splash through the dirt, and ride gently till a big sleeper pitches you into the mire, and so on hour by hour.—From *Round the World on a Wheel*, 1898 (Thomas Nelson & Sons).

G. W. STEEVENS (1869–1900).

INVESTMENT OF A MAHARAJAH.

Suddenly the Maharajah bounded on to the scene, again in his ultramarine and grass-colour, dashed into the durbar-tent, rushed at his guests, his English tumbling over itself in all the excitement of a child on his birthday. Then he sprang into his state carriage, amid a boom of blessing from selected priests, and was away to meet his Honour. I went inside the durbar-tent, and gasped again. On a dais stood the Lieutenant-Governor's chair—green velvet back, rose velvet seat, silver frame, gold borders, promiscuous pearls. Before the dais, on the right, was a similar chair for the Maharajah. Behind was another group

of baize-and-fire green, orange and vermillion; more fans; also an old gentleman in silver flowered crimson silk with a bossy silver trumpet-shaped mace as long as himself; he smiled with concentration at nothing, and appeared to have been drinking his new lordship's health. And to round off the silver and gold and pearls, there depended from the roof about forty chandeliers and lamps, cheap green, cheap blue, cheap purple, their wire skeletons askew, short of a drop here and a drop there, insulting the daylight, reminiscent partly of seaside lodgings, partly of the morning after an Oxford wine-party. O India!

The pavilion was already full. There were the European managers of the estate—something like a dozen of them—and the babus of the estate also. Portly gentlemen in spectacles and weak beards, in black or fawn garments, half-coats, half-shirts, but with clear skins, twinkling eyes, and smiles neither fawning nor patronising—these Behani babus were by far the cleanest men of this class I had seen. And there, especially, were all the Maharajah's rich relations to support him—and his poor relations also, to be supported. They are all Brahmans of the most exclusive sanctity: all wore white turbans of a peculiar shape, with a low peak over the forehead, and all had elaborate designs in white and red paint on their foreheads. All dripped with attar of roses. One tiny, liquid-eyed, small-boned nephew wore Prussian-blue velvet and lemon-yellow; his brother at his side, droop-headed like a flower, and dissolving in smiles like a woman, was content with black and a faded Kashmir shawl—again that seaside landlady!—worn something like a bath-towel. Others

wore flowered silk—lilac shirt and carmine trousers, both rippling with silver. Behind you could see the head-pieces—half crowns, half pastry-cooks' caps—of solemn-faced babies. And most gorgeous of all was a very important relation from off the railway line, a big man, speaking nothing but a kind of jungly Hindustani, with a caste-mark as elaborate as a cobweb on a forehead the colour of a pickled walnut, attired in a gown all of white satin and gold and pearls, twitching his leg incessantly on the pivot of a yellow-leather toe, massive, grim, and gorgeous—Mr. Rutland Barrington as Pooh-Bah.

The scrunch of wheels outside, the splutter of the everlasting salute, "God Save the Queen" from the Eurasian band, with one flute playing like a dentist's file! Then the Maharajah for a moment: but he must not be seen at the beginning. Then another carriage, and a rosy, rather chubby, British gentleman in a plain frock-coat with the Star of India. The Lieutenant-Governor bowed his way through bows and salaams to the dais. Then two of his staff walked to the farther door and led back the Maharajah. The little Maharajah—but how resplendent! His rose-silk turban sparkled with bullion and diamonds, and three jewelled aigrettes stood up from it. Over the blue and green he had a mantle of black velvet, richly embroidered with white: the white was all pearls. Round his neck was a heavy necklace, with sapphires and topazes and diamonds and emeralds as large as your finger-tip.

He crept rather than walked forward to the dais. The fresh-coloured, bright-eyed Lieutenant-Governor stood up; the Viceroy's patent was read, and then

his Honour addressed his Highness in a speech. The Maharajah, so radiant and so tiny, crouched before him; he crushed his handkerchief in his damp hand, and the caste-mark was sweating off his forehead. He looked again like a little boy, not quite sure whether his schoolmaster would call him good or naughty.

It was all over in ten minutes: a shiping attendant brought forward attar of roses and betel-nut in gold vessels, the Governor dispensed a little of each, and the Maharajah was now Maharajah indeed. Then, as all filed out, he slipped off his velvet mantle, for the pearls shower from it so peltingly that he has to be followed by a man with a bag. After that, it was just like a coming-of-age—lunch, which the orthodox Brahman host did not attend, speeches, sports in a meadow so thronged that you could have walked on brown heads. But you seldom see a coming-of-age at home with forty-five elephants in line, swaying their great foreheads under pink and scarlet silk, and flashing back the sun from howdahs of silver and carved ivory.

Yet the sight of all that stuck was the little, scented, jewel-crusted atomy perspiring before the gentleman in the plain frock-coat. If the Maharajah came to England he would have all our greatest men and fairest women in a ring round him; St. James's and the Mansion House would compete for his smiles, and Windsor would delight to honour him. When the Lieutenant-Governor comes home, the odds are he will take a little place in the country, and be very poor and not over-healthy; and his neighbours, who will find him rather dull, will say that they have

heard that he was something in India. The man that was a God to seventy-five million people! And the other that cowered at his feet! Good Lord! what do we know?—From *In India*, 1898 (William Blackwood & Sons).

IX.

PHILOSOPHICAL, CRITICAL, AND
DISCOURSIVE.

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THOMAS CARLYLE (1795-1881).

SCANDINAVIAN PAGANISM.

The primary characteristic of this old Northland Mythology I find to be Impersonation of the visible workings of Nature. Earnest simple recognition of

the workings of Physical Nature, as a thing wholly miraculous, stupendous, and divine. What we now lecture of as Science, they wondered at, and fell down in awe before, as Religion. The dark hostile powers of Nature they figure to themselves as "*Jotuns*," Giants, huge shaggy beings of a demonic character. Frost, Fire, Sea-tempest; these are Jotuns. The friendly powers again, as Summer-heat, the Sun, are Gods. The empire of this Universe is divided between these two; they dwell apart, in perennial internecine feud. The Gods dwell above in Asgard, the Garden of the Asen, or Divinities; Jotunheim, a distant dark chaotic land, is the home of the Jotuns.

Curious all this; and not idle or inane, if we will look to the foundation of it! The power of *Fire*, or *Flame*, for instance, which we designate by some trivial chemical name, thereby hiding from ourselves the essential character of wonder that dwells in it as in all things, is with these old Northmen, Loke, a most swift subtle *Demon*, of the brood of the Jotuns. The savages of the Ladrões Islands too (say some Spanish voyagers) thought Fire, which they had never seen before, was a devil or god, that bit you sharply when you touched it, and that lived upon dry wood. From us too no Chemistry, if it had not Stupidity to help it, would hide that Flame is a wonder. What is Flame? —*Frost* the old Norse Seer discerns to be a monstrous hoary Jotun, the Giant *Thrym*, *Hrym*: or *Rime*, the old word now nearly obsolete here, but still used in Scotland to signify hoar-frost. *Rime* was not then as now a dead chemical thing, but a living Jotun or Devil; the monstrous Jotun *Rime* drove home his Horses at night, at "combing their manes,"—which

Horses were *Hail-Clouds*, or fleet *Frost-Winds*. His Cows—No, not his, but a kinsman's, the Giant Hymir's Cows are *Icebergs*: this Hymir “looks at the rocks” with his devil-eye, and they *split* in the glance of it.

Thunder was not then mere Electricity, vitreous or resinous; it was the God Donner (Thunder) or Thor,—God also of beneficent Summer-heat. The thunder was his wrath; the gathering of the black clouds is the drawing down of Thor's angry brows; the fire-bolt bursting out of Heaven is the all-rending Hammer flung from the hand of Thor: he urges his loud chariot over the mountain-tops,—that is the peal: wrathful he “blows in his red beard,”—that is the rustling storm-blast before the thunder begin. Balder again, the White God, the beautiful, the just and benignant (whom the early Christian Missionaries found to resemble Christ), is the Sun—beautifullest of visible things; wondrous too, and divine still, after all our Astronomies and Almanacs! But perhaps the notablist god we hear tell of is one of whom Grimm the German Etymologist finds trace: the God *Wunsch*, or Wish. The God *Wish*, who could give us all that we *wished*! Is not this the sincerest yet rudest voice of the spirit of man? The *rudest* ideal that man ever formed; which still shows itself in the latest forms of our spiritual culture. Higher considerations have to teach us that the God *Wish* is not the true God.

Of the other Gods or Jotuns I will mention only for etymology's sake, that Sea-tempest is the Jotun *Aegir*, a very dangerous Jotun;—and now to this day, on our river Trent, as I learn, the Nottingham barge-men, when the river is in a certain flooded state (a kind of back-water, or eddying swirl, it has, very

dangerous to them), call it *Eager*; they cry out, "Have a care, there is the *Eager* coming!" Curious; that word surviving, like the peak of a submerged world! The *oldest* Nottingham bargemen had believed in the God Aegir. Indeed, our English blood too in good part is Danish, Norse; or rather, at bottom, Danish and Norse and Saxon have no distinction, except a superficial one,—as of Heathen and Christian, or the like. But all over our Island we are mingled largely with Danes proper,—from the incessant invasions there were: and this, of course, in a greater proportion along the east coast; and greatest of all, as I find, in the North Country. From the Humber upwards, all over Scotland, the Speech of the common people is still in a singular degree Icelandic; its Germanism has still a peculiar Norse tinge. They too are "Normans," Northmen,—if that be any great beauty!

Of the chief god, Odin, we shall speak by and by. Mark at present so much; what the essence of Scandinavian and indeed of all Paganism is: a recognition of the forces of Nature as godlike, stupendous, personal Agencies,—as Gods and Demons. Not inconceivable to us. It is the infant Thought of man opening itself, with awe and wonder, on this ever-stupendous Universe. To me there is in the Norse System something very genuine, very great and man-like. A broad simplicity, rusticity, so very different from the light gracefulness of the old Greek Paganism, distinguishes this Scandinavian System. It is Thought; the genuine Thought of deep, rude, earnest minds, fairly opened to the things about them; a face-to-face and heart-to-heart inspection of the things,—the first characteristic of all good Thought in all times. Not graceful lightness,

half-sport, as in the Greek Paganism; a certain homely truthfulness and rustic strength, a great rude sincerity, discloses itself here. It is strange, after our beautiful Apollo statues and clear smiling mythuses, to come down upon the Norse Gods "brewing ale" to hold their feast with Aegir, the Sea-Jotun, sending out Thor to get the caldron for them in the Jotun country; Thor, after many adventures, clapping the Pot on his head, like a huge hat, and walking off with it,—quite lost in it, the ears of the Pot reaching down to his heels! A kind of vacant hugeness, large awkward gianthood, characterises that Norse System; enormous force, as yet altogether untutored, stalking helpless with large uncertain strides. Consider only their primary mythus of the Creation. The Gods, having got the Giant Ymer slain, a Giant made by "warm wind," and much confused work, out of the conflict of Frost and Fire,—determined on constructing a world with him. His blood made the sea; his flesh was the Land, the Rocks his bones; of his eyebrows they formed Asgard their Gods'-dwelling; his skull was the great blue vault of Immensity, and the brains of it became the Clouds. What a Hyper-Brobdingnagian business! Untamed Thought, great, giantlike, enormous;—to be tamed in due time into the compact greatness, not giant-like, but godlike and stronger than gianthood, of the Shakespeares, the Goethes!—Spiritually as well as bodily these men are our progenitors.

I like, too, that representation they have of the Tree Igdrasil. All Life is figured by them as a Tree. Igdrasil, the Ash-tree of Existence, has its roots deep-down in the kingdoms of Hela or Death; its trunk

reaches up heaven-high, spreads its boughs over the whole Universe: it is the Tree of Existence. At the foot of it, in the Death-kingdom, sit three *Nornas*, Fates,—the Past, Present, Future; watering its roots from the Sacred Well. Its “boughs,” with their bud-dings and disleafings,—events, things suffered, things done, catastrophes,—stretch through all lands and times. Is not every leaf of it a biography, every fibre there an act or word? Its boughs are Histories of Nations. The rustle of it is the noise of Human Existence, onwards from of old. It grows there, the breath of Human Passion rustling through it;—or stormtost, the stormwind howling through it like the voice of all the gods: It is Igdrasil, the Tree of Existence. It is the past, the present, and the future; what was done, what is doing, what will be done; “the infinite conjugation of the verb *To do*.” Considering how human things circulate, each inextricably in communion with all,—how the word I speak to you to-day is borrowed, not from Ulfilá the Moesogoth only, but from all men since the first man began to speak,—I find no similitude so true as this of a Tree. Beautiful; altogether beautiful and great. The “*Machine* of the Universe,”—alas, do but think of that in contrast!

From *Heroes and Hero Worship*, 1841.

THOMAS BABINGTON MACAULAY
(1800–1859).

CIVILISATION NOT CONDUCTIVE TO POETRY.

We think that, as civilisation advances, poetry almost necessarily declines. Therefore, though we fervently admire those great works of imagination which have appeared in dark ages, we do not admire them the more because they have appeared in dark ages. On the contrary, we hold that the most wonderful and splendid proof of genius is a great poem produced in a civilised age. We cannot understand why those who believe in that most orthodox article of literary faith, that the earliest poets are generally the best, should wonder at the rule as if it were the exception. Surely the uniformity of the phenomenon indicates a corresponding uniformity in the cause.

The fact is, that common observers reason from the progress of the experimental sciences to that of imitative arts. The improvement of the former is gradual and slow. Ages are spent in collecting material, ages more in separating and combining them. Even when a system has been formed, there is still something to add, to alter, or to reject. Every generation enjoys the use of a vast hoard bequeathed to it by antiquity, and transmits the hoard, augmented by fresh acquisitions to future ages. In these pursuits, therefore, the first speculators lie under great disadvantages, and, even when they fail, are entitled to praise. Their pupils, with far inferior intellectual powers, speedily surpass

them in actual attainments. Every girl who has read Mrs. Marcet's little dialogues on Political Economy could teach Montague or Walpole many lessons in finance. Any intelligent man may now, by resolutely applying himself for a few years to mathematics, learn more than the great Newton knew after half a century of study and meditation.

But it is not thus with music, with painting, or with sculpture. Still less is it thus with poetry. The progress of refinement rarely supplies these arts with better objects of imitation. It may indeed improve the instruments which are necessary to the mechanical operations of the musician, the sculptor, and the painter. But language, the machine of the poet, is best fitted for his purpose in its rudest state. Nations, like individuals, first perceive, and then abstract. They advance from particular images to general terms. Hence the vocabulary of an enlightened society is philosophical, that of a half-civilised people is poetical.

This change in the language of men is partly the cause and partly the effect of a corresponding change in the nature of their intellectual operations, of a change by which science gains and poetry loses. Generalisation is necessary to the advancement of knowledge; but particularity is indispensable to the creations of the imagination. In proportion as men know more and think more, they look less at individuals and more at classes. They therefore make better theories and worse poems. They give us vague phrases instead of images, and personified qualities instead of men. They may be better able to analyse human nature than their predecessors. But analysis is not the business of the poet. His office is to portray, not

to dissect. He may believe in a moral sense like Shaftesbury; he may refer all human actions to self-interest, like Helvetius; or he may never think about the matter at all. His creed on such subjects will no more influence his poetry, properly so called, than the notions which a painter may have conceived respecting the lacrymal glands, or the circulation of the blood will affect the tears of his Niobe, or the blushes of his Aurora. If Shakespeare had written a book on the motives of human actions, it is by no means certain that it would have been a good one. It is extremely improbable that it would have contained half so much able reasoning on the subject as is to be found in the *Fable of the Bees*. But could Mandeville have created an Iago? Well as he knew how to resolve characters into their elements, would he have been able to combine those elements in such a manner as to make up a man, a real, living, individual man?

Perhaps no person can be a poet, or can even enjoy poetry, without a certain unsoundness of mind, if anything which gives so much pleasure ought to be called unsoundness. By poetry we mean not all writing in verse, nor even all good writing in verse. Our definition excludes many metrical compositions which, on other grounds, deserve the highest praise. By poetry we mean the art of employing words in such a manner as to produce an illusion on the imagination, the art of doing by means of words what the painter does by means of colours. Thus the greatest of poets has described it, in lines universally admired for the vigour and felicity of their diction, and still more valuable on account of the just notion which they convey of the art in which he excelled: ,

As the imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes, and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.

These are the fruits of the "fine frenzy" which he ascribes to the poet—a fine frenzy doubtless, but still a frenzy. Truth, indeed, is essential to poetry; but it is the truth of madness. The reasonings are just; but the premises are false. After the first suppositions have been made, everything ought to be consistent, but those first suppositions require a degree of credulity which almost amounts to a partial and temporary derangement of the intellect. Hence of all people children are the most imaginative. They abandon themselves without reserve to every illusion. Every image which is strongly presented to their mental eyes produces on them the effect of reality. No man, whatever his sensibility may be, is ever affected by *Hamlet* or *Lear*, as a little girl is affected by the story of poor Red Riding-hood. She knows that it is all false, that wolves cannot speak, that there are no wolves in England. Yet in spite of her knowledge she believes; she weeps, she trembles; she dares not go into a dark room lest she should feel the teeth of the monster at her throat. Such is the despotism of the imagination over uncultivated minds.

In a rude state of society men are children with a greater variety of ideas. It is therefore in such a state of society that we may expect to find the poetical temperament in its highest perfection. In an enlightened age there will be much intelligence, much science, much philosophy, abundance of just classification and subtle analysis, abundance of wit and eloquence, abund-

ance of verses, and even of good ones ; but little poetry. Men will judge and compare ; but they will not create. They will talk about the old poets, and comment on them, and to a certain degree enjoy them. But they will scarcely be able to conceive the effect which poetry produced on their rude ancestors, the agony, the ecstasy, the plenitude of belief. The Great Rhapsodists, according to Plato, could scarce recite Homer without falling into convulsions. The Mohawk hardly feels the scalping knife while he shouts his death-song. The power which the ancient bards of Wales and Germany exercised over their auditors seems to modern readers almost miraculous. Such feelings are very rare in a civilised community, and most rare among those who participate in its improvements. They linger longest amongst the peasantry.

Poetry produces an illusion on the eye of the mind, as a magic lantern produces an illusion on the eye of the body. And, as the magic lantern acts best in a dark room, poetry effects its purpose most completely in a dark age. As the light of knowledge breaks in upon its exhibitions, as the outlines of certainty become more and more definite, and the shades of probability more and more distinct, the lines and lineaments of the phantoms which the poet calls up grow fainter and fainter. We cannot unite the incompatible advantages of reality and deception, the clear discernment of truth and the exquisite enjoyment of fiction.

He who, in an enlightened and literary society, aspires to be a great poet must first become a little child, he must take to pieces the whole web of his mind. He must unlearn much of that knowledge which has perhaps constituted hitherto his chief title

to superiority. His very talents will be a hindrance to him. His difficulties will be proportioned to the vigour and activity of his mind. And it is well if, after all his sacrifices and exertions, his works do not resemble a lisping man or a modern ruin. We have seen in our own time great talents, intense labour, and long meditation, employed in this struggle against the spirit of the age, and employed, we will not say absolutely in vain, but with dubious success and feeble applause.

From *Essay on Milton*, 1825.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON (1803-1882).

ON SELF-RELIANCE.

To believe your own thought, to believe that what is true for you in your private heart, is true for all men,—that is genius. Speak your latent conviction, and it shall be the universal sense; for always the inmost becomes the outmost,—and our first thought is rendered back to us by the trumpets of the Last Judgment. Familiar as the voice of the mind is to each, the highest merit we ascribe to Moses, Plato, and Milton, is that they set at nought books and traditions, and spoke not what men but what they thought. A man should learn to detect and watch that gleam of light which flashes across his mind from within, more than the lustre of the firmament of bards and sages. Yet he dismisses without notice his thought, because it is his. In every work of genius we recognise our own rejected thoughts: they come back

to us with a certain alienated majesty. Great works of art have no more affecting lesson for us than this. They teach us to abide by our spontaneous impression with good-humoured inflexibility then most when the whole cry of voices is on the other side. Else, to-morrow a stranger will say with masterly good sense precisely what we have thought and felt all the time, and we shall be forced to take with shame our own opinion from another.

There is a time in every man's education when he arrives at the conviction that envy is ignorance; that imitation is suicide; that he must take himself for better for worse, as his portion; that though the wide universe is full of good, no kernel of nourishing corn can come to him but through his toil bestowed on that plot of ground which is given to him to till. The power which resides in him is new in nature, and none but he knows what that is which he can do, nor does he know until he has tried. Not for nothing one face, one character, one fact makes much impression on him, and another none. It is not without pre-established harmony, this sculpture in the memory. The eye was placed where one ray should fall, that it might testify of that particular ray. Bravely let him speak the utmost syllable of his confession. We but half express ourselves, and are ashamed of that divine idea which each of us represents. It may be safely trusted as proportionate and of good issues, so it be faithfully imparted, but God will not have his work made manifest by cowards. It needs a divine man to exhibit anything divine. A man is relieved and gay when he has put his heart into his work and done his best; but what he has said or done otherwise, shall give him

no peace. It is a deliverance which does not deliver. In the attempt his genius deserts him; no muse befriends; no invention, no hope.

Trust thyself: every heart vibrates to that iron string. Accept the place the divine Providence has formed for you; the society of your contemporaries, the connexion of events. Great men have always done so, and confided themselves childlike to the genius of their age, betraying their perception that the Eternal was stirring at their heart, working through their hands, predominating in all their being. And we are now men, and must accept in the highest mind the same transcendent destiny; and not pinched in a corner, not cowards fleeing before a revolution, but redeemers and benefactors, pious aspirants to be noble clay plastic under the Almighty Effort, let us advance and advance on Chaos and the Dark.

What pretty oracles nature yields us on this text in the face and behaviour of children, babes, and even brutes! That divided and rebel mind, that distrust of a sentiment because our arithmetic has computed the strength and means opposed to our purpose, these have not. Their mind being whole their eye is as yet unconquered; and when we look in their faces, we are disconcerted. Infancy conforms to nobody: all conform to it, so that one babe commonly makes four or five out of the adults who prattle and play to it. So God has armed youth and puberty and manhood no less with its own piquancy and charm, and made it enviable and gracious, and its claims not to be put by if it will stand by itself. Do not think the youth has no force because he cannot speak to you and me. Hark! in the next room, who spoke so clear and emphatic?

Good Heaven ! it is he ! it is that very lump of bashfulness and phlegm which for weeks has done nothing but eat when you were by, that now rolls out these words like bell-strokes. It seems he knows how to speak to his contemporaries. Bashful or bold, then, he will know how to make his seniors very unnecessary.

The nonchalance of boys who are sure of a dinner, and would disdain as much as a lord to do or say aught to conciliate one, is the healthy attitude of human nature. How is a boy the master of society ! Independent, irresponsible, looking out from his corner on such people and facts as pass by, he tries and sentences them on their merits, in the swift summary way of boys, as good, bad, interesting, silly, eloquent, troublesome. He cumbers himself never about consequences, about interests ; he gives an independent, genuine verdict. You must court him ; he does not court you. But the man is, as it were, clapped into jail by his consciousness. As soon as he has once acted or spoken with *éclat*, he is a committed person, watched by the sympathy or the hatred of hundreds, whose affections must now enter into his account. There is no *Lethe* for this. Ah, that he could pass again into his neutral, godlike independence ! Who can thus lose all pledge, and having observed, observe again from the same unaffected, unbiassed, unbribable, unaffrighted innocence, must always be formidable, must always engage the poet's and the man's regards. Of such an immortal youth the force could be felt. He would utter opinions on all passing affairs, which being seen to be not private, but necessary, would sink like darts into the ear of men, and put them in fear.

These are the voices which we hear in solitude, but they grow faint and inaudible as we enter into the world. Society everywhere is in conspiracy against the manhood of every one of its members. Society is a joint-stock company, in which the members, agree, for the better securing of his bread to each shareholder, to surrender the liberty and culture of the eater. The virtue in most request is conformity. Self-reliance is its aversion. It loves not realities and creators, but names and customs.

* * * * *

What I must do, is all that concerns me; not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual and in intellectual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is the harder, because you will always find those who think they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

The objection to conforming to usages that have become dead to you, is, that it scatters your force. It loses your time, and blurs the impression of your character. If you maintain a dead church, contribute to a dead Bible-Society, vote with a great party either for the Government or against it, spread your table like base housekeepers,—under all these screens, I have difficulty to detect the precise man you are. And, of course, so much force is withdrawn from your proper life. But do your thing, and I shall know you. Do your work, and you shall reinforce yourself. A man

must consider what a blind-man's-buff is this game of conformity. If I know your sect, I anticipate your argument. I hear a preacher announce for his text and topic the expediency of one of the institutions of his church. Do I not know beforehand that not possibly can he say a new and spontaneous word? Do I not know that with all this ostentation of examining the grounds of the institution, he will do no such thing? Do I not know that he is pledged to himself not to look but at one side; the permitted side, not as a man, but as a parish minister? He is a retained attorney, and these airs of the bench are the emptiest affectation. Well, most men have bound their eyes with one or another handkerchief, and attached themselves to some one of these communities of opinion. This conformity makes them not false in a few particulars, authors of a few lies, but false in all particulars. Their every truth is not quite true. Their two is not the real two, their four not the real four: so that every word they say chagrins us, and we know not where to begin to set them right. Meantime nature is not slow to equip us in the prison uniform of the party to which we adhere. We come to wear one cut of face and figure, and acquire by degrees the gentlest asinine expression. There is a mortifying experience in particular which does not fail to wreak itself also in the general history; I mean, "the foolish face of praise," the forced smile which we put on in company where we do not feel at ease in answer to conversation which does not interest us. The muscles, not spontaneously moved, but more by a low usurping wilfulness, grow tight about the outline of the face, and make the most disagreeable sensation,—a sensation

of rebuke and warning which no brave young man will suffer twice.

For nonconformity the world whips you with its displeasure, and therefore a man must know how to estimate a sour face. The bystanders look askance on him in the public street or in the friend's parlour. If this aversion had its origin in contempt and resistance like his own, he might well go home with a sad countenance; but the sour faces of the multitude, like their sweet faces, have no deep cause, disguise no god, but are put on and off as the wind blows or a newspaper directs. Yet is the discontent of the multitude more formidable than that of the senate and the college. It is easy enough for a firm man who knows the world to brook the rage of the cultivated classes. Their rage is decorous and prudent; for they are timid, as being very vulnerable themselves. But when to their feminine rage the indignation of the people is added, when the ignorant and the poor are aroused, when the unintelligent brute force that lies at the bottom of society is made to growl and mow, it needs the habit of magnanimity and religion to treat it godlike as a trifle of no concernment.

The other terror that scares us from our self-trust is our consistency; a reverence for our past act or word, because the eyes of others have no other data for computing our orbit than our past acts, and we are loath to disappoint them.

But why should you keep your head over your shoulder? Why drag about this monstrous corpse of your memory, lest you contradict somewhat you have stated in this or that public place? Suppose you should contradict yourself; what then? It seems

to be a rule of wisdom never to rely on your memory alone, scarcely even in acts of pure memory, but bring the past for judgment into the thousand-eyed present, and live ever in a new day. Trust your emotion. In your metaphysics you have denied personality to the Deity : yet when the devout notions of the soul come, yield to them heart and life, though they should clothe God with shape and colour. Leave your theory, as Joseph his coat in the hands of the harlot, and flee.

A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds, adored by little statesmen and philosophers and divines. With consistency a great soul has simply nothing to do. He may as well concern himself with his shadow on the wall. Out upon your guarded lips ! Sew them up with packthread, do. Else, if you would be a man, speak what you think to-day in words as hard as cannon-balls, and to-morrow speak what to-morrow thinks in hard words again, though it contradict everything you said to-day. Ah, then, exclaim the aged ladies, you shall be sure to be misunderstood. Misunderstood ! It is a right fool's word. Is it so bad then to be misunderstood ? Pythagoras was misunderstood, and Socrates, and Jesus, and Luther, and Copernicus, and Galileo, and Newton, and every pure and wise spirit that ever took flesh. To be great is to be misunderstood.

* * * * *

Fear never but you shall be consistent in whatever variety of actions, so they be each honest and natural in their hour. For of one will the actions will be harmonious, however unlike they seem. These varieties are lost sight of when seen at a little

distance, at a little height of thought. One tendency unites them all. The voyage of the best ship is a zigzag line of a hundred tacks. This is only microscopic criticism. See the line from a sufficient distance, and it straightens itself to the average tendency. Your genuine action will explain itself, and will explain your other genuine actions. Your conformity explains nothing. Act singly, and what you have already done singly will justify you now. Greatness always appeals to the future. If I can be great enough now to do right and scorn eyes, I must have done so much right before as to defend me now. Be it how it will, do right now. Always scorn appearances, and you always may. The force of character is cumulative. All the foregone days of virtue work their health into this. What makes the majesty of the heroes of the senate and the field, which so fills the imagination? The consciousness of a train of great days and victories behind. There they all stand, and shed a united light on the advancing actor. He is attended as by a visible escort of angels to every man's eye. That is it which throws thunder into Chatham's voice, and dignity into Washington's port, and America into Adams's eye. Honour is venerable to us, because it is no ephemeris. It is always ancient virtue. We worship it to-day, because it is not of to-day. We love it and pay it homage, because it is not a trap for our love and homage, but is self-dependent, self-derived, and therefore of an old immaculate pedigree, even if shown in a young person.

I hope in these days we have heard the last of conformity and consistency. Let the words be

gazetted and ridiculous henceforward. Instead of the gong for dinner, let us hear a whistle from the Spartan fife. Let us bow and apologise never more. A great man is coming to eat at my house, I do not wish to please him: I wish that he should wish to please me. I will stand here for humanity; and though I would make it kind, I would make it true. Let us affront and reprimand the smooth mediocrity and squalid contentment of the times, and hurl in the face of custom, and trade, and office, the fact which is the upshot of all history, that there is a great responsible Thinker and Actor moving wherever moves a man; that a true man belongs to no other time or place, but is the centre of things. Where he is, there is nature. He measures you, and all men, and all events. You are constrained to accept his standard. Ordinarily everybody in society reminds us of somewhat else or of some other person. Character, reality, reminds you of nothing else. It takes place of the whole creation. The man must be so much that he must make all circumstances indifferent,—put all means into the shade. This all great men are and do. Every true man is a cause, a country, and an age; requires infinite spaces and numbers and time fully to accomplish his thought;—and posterity seem to follow his steps as a procession. A man Cæsar is born, and for ages after we have a Roman Empire. Christ is born, and millions of minds so grow and cleave to his genius, that he is confounded with virtue and the possible of man. An institution is the lengthened shadow of one man; as, the Reformation, of Luther; Quakerism, of Fox; Methodism, of Wesley; Abolition, of Clarkson, Scipio, Milton

called "the height of Rome," and all history resolves itself very easily into the biography of a few stout and earnest persons.

From *Essays*, 1841.

JOHN STUART MILL (1806-1873).

NATURE'S RECKLESSNESS.

A hurricane; a mountain precipice; the desert; the ocean, either agitated or at rest; the solar system, and the great cosmic forces which hold it together; the boundless firmament, and to an educated mind any single star; excite feelings which make all human enterprises and powers appear so insignificant, that to a mind thus occupied it seems insufferable presumption in so puny a creature as man to look critically on things so far above him, or dare to measure himself against the grandeur of the universe. But a little interrogation of our own consciousness will suffice to convince us, that what makes these phenomena so impressive is simply their vastness. The enormous extension of space and time, or the enormous power they exemplify, constitutes their sublimity; a feeling in all cases more allied to terror than to any moral emotion. And though the vast scale of these phenomena may well excite wonder, and sets at defiance all idea of rivalry, the feeling it inspires is of a totally different character from admiration of excellence. Those in whom awe produces admiration may be æsthetically developed, but they are morally uncultivated. It is one of the endowments of the imaginative part of our mental nature that conceptions

of greatness and power, vividly realised, produce a feeling which, though in its higher degree closely bordering on pain, we prefer to most of what are accounted pleasures. But we are quite equally capable of experiencing this feeling towards maleficent power; and we never experience it so strongly towards most of the powers of the universe, as when we have at present to our consciousness a vivid sense of our capacity of inflicting evil. Because these natural powers have what we cannot imitate, enormous might, and overawe us by that one attribute, it would be a great error to infer that their other attributes are such as we ought to emulate, or that we should be justified in using our small powers after the example which Nature sets us with her vast forces. For how stands the fact? That, next to the greatness of these cosmic forces, the quality which most forcibly strikes every one who does not avert his eyes from it is their perfect and absolute recklessness. They go straight to their end without regarding what or whom they crush on the road. Optimists, in their attempts to prove that "whatever is, is right," are obliged to maintain, not that Nature ever turns one step from her path to avoid trampling us into destruction, but that it would be very unreasonable in us to expect that she should. Pope's "Shall gravitation cease when you go by?" may be a just rebuke to any one who should be so silly as to expect human morality from nature. But if the question were between two men, instead of between a man and a natural phenomenon, that triumphant apostrophe would be thought a rare piece of impudence. A man who should persist in hurling stones, or firing cannon

when another man "goes by," and having killed him should urge a similar plea in exculpation, would very deservedly be found guilty of murder.—From *Nature*, 1874 (Longmans, Green, & Co.).

SAMUEL SMILES (1812–1904).

SELF-CONTROL.

Self-control is only courage under another form. It may almost be regarded as the primary essence of character. It is in virtue of this quality that Shakespeare defines man as a being "looking before and after." It forms the chief distinction between man and the mere animal; and, indeed, there can be no true manhood without it.

Self-control is at the root of all the virtues. Let a man give the reins to his impulses and passions, and from that moment he yields up his moral freedom. He is carried along the current of life, and becomes the slave of his strongest desire for the time being.

To be morally free—to be more than an animal—man must be able to resist instinctive impulse, and this can only be done by the exercise of self-control. Thus it is this power which constitutes the real distinction between a physical and a moral life, and that forms the primary basis of individual character.

In the Bible praise is given, not to the strong man who "taketh a city," but to the stronger man who "ruleth his own spirit." This stronger man is he who, by discipline, exercises a constant control over his thoughts, his speech, and his acts. Nine-tenths of

the vicious desires, that degrade society, and which, when indulged, swell into the crimes that disgrace it, would shrink into insignificance before the advance of valiant self-discipline, self-respect, and self-control. By the watchful exercise of these virtues, purity of heart and mind become habitual, and the character is built up in chastity, virtue, and temperance.

The best support of character will always be found in habit, which, according as the will is directed rightly or wrongly, as the case may be, will prove either a benignant ruler or a cruel despot. We may be its willing subject on the one hand, or its servile slave on the other. It may help us on the road to good, or it may hurry us on the road to ruin.

Habit is formed by careful training. And it is astonishing how much can be accomplished by systematic discipline and drill. See how, for instance, out of the most unpromising materials—such as roughs picked up in the streets, or raw, unkempt country lads taken from the plough—steady discipline and drill will bring out the unsuspected qualities of courage, endurance, and self-sacrifice; and how, in the field of battle, or even on the more trying occasions of perils by sea—such as the burning of the *Sarah Sands* or the wreck of the *Birkenhead*—such men, carefully disciplined, will exhibit the unmistakable characteristics of true bravery and heroism!

Nor is moral discipline and drill less influential in the formation of character. Without it, there will be no proper system and order in the regulation of the life. Upon it depends the cultivation of the sense of self-respect, the education of the habit of obedience, the development of the idea of duty. The most self-

reliant, self-governing man is always under discipline; and the more perfect the discipline, the higher will be his moral condition. He has to drill his desires, and keep them in subjection to the higher powers of his nature. They must obey the word of command of the internal monitor, the Conscience—otherwise they will be but the mere slaves of their inclinations, the sport of feeling and impulse.

“In the supremacy of self-control,” says Herbert Spencer, “consists one of the perfections of the ideal man. Not to be impulsive—not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost—but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined—that it is which education, moral education at least, strives to produce.”

The first seminary of moral discipline, and the best, as we have already shown, is the home; next comes the school, and after that the world, the great school of practical life. Each is preparatory to the other, and what the man or woman becomes, depends for the most part upon what has gone before. If they have enjoyed the advantage of neither the home nor the school, but have been allowed to grow up untrained, untaught, and undisciplined, then woe to themselves—woe to the society of which they form part!

The best-regulated home is always that in which the discipline is the most perfect, and yet, where it is the least felt. Moral discipline acts with the force of a law of nature. Those subject to it yield themselves to it unconsciously; and though it shapes and forms

the whole character, until the life becomes crystallised in habit, the influence thus exercised is for the most part unseen and almost unfelt.

From *Character*, 1871 (John Murray).

J. A. FROUDE (1818–1894).

THE RIDDLE OF HISTORY.

The greatest of Roman thinkers, gazing mournfully at the seething mass of moral putrefaction round him, detected and deigned to notice among its elements a certain detestable superstition, so he called it, rising up amidst the off-scouring of the Jews, which was named Christianity. Could Tacitus have looked forward nine centuries to the Rome of Gregory VII., could he have beheld the representative of the majesty of the Cæsars holding the stirrup of the Pontiff of that vile and execrated sect, the spectacle would scarcely have appeared to him the fulfilment of a rational expectation, or an intelligible result of the causes in operation round him. Tacitus, indeed, was born before the science of history; but would M. Comte have seen any more clearly?

Nor is the case much better if we are less hard upon our philosophy; if we content ourselves with the past, and require only a scientific explanation of that.

First, for the facts themselves. They come to us through the minds of those who recorded them, neither machines nor angels, but fallible creatures, with human passions and prejudices. Tacitus and Thucydides were,

perhaps, the ablest men who ever gave themselves to writing history; the ablest, and also the most incapable of conscious falsehood. Yet even now, after all these centuries, the truth of what they relate is called in question. Good reasons can be given to show that neither of them can be confidently trusted. If we doubt with these, whom are we to believe?

Or, again, let the facts be granted. To revert to my simile of the box of letters, you have but to select such facts as suit you, you have but to leave alone those which do not suit you, and let your theory of history be what it will, you can find no difficulty in providing facts to prove it.

You may have your Hegel's philosophy of history, or you may have your Schlegel's philosophy of history; you may prove from history that the world is governed in detail by a special Providence; you may prove that there is no sign of any moral agent in the universe, except man; you may believe, if you like it, in the old theory of the wisdom of antiquity; you may speak, as was the fashion in the fifteenth century, of "our fathers, who had more wit and wisdom than we"; or you may talk of "our barbarian ancestors," and describe their wars as the scuffling of kites and crows.

You may maintain that the evolution of humanity has been an unbroken progress towards perfection; you may maintain that there has been no progress at all, and that man remains the same poor creature that he ever was; or, lastly, you may say with the author of the *Contrat Social*, that men were purest and best in primeval simplicity:

When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

In all, or any of, these views, history will stand your friend. History, in its passive irony, will make no objection. Like Jarno, in Goethe's novel, it will not condescend to argue with you, and will provide you with abundant illustrations of anything which you may wish to believe.

From *The Science of History*, 1864.

JOHN RUSKIN (1819–1900).

LIBERTY AND RESTRAINT.

Wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nature not chains, but chain mail—strength and defence, though something, also, of an incumbrance. And this necessity of restraint, remember, is just as honourable to man as the necessity of labour. You hear every day greater numbers of foolish people speaking about liberty, as if it were such an honourable thing; so far from being that, it is, on the whole, and in the broadest sense, dishonourable, and an attribute of the lower creatures. No human being, however great or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads and wheels that ever were, or will be, invented are not so easy as fins. You will find, on fairly thinking of it, that it is Restraint which is honourable to man, not his Liberty; and, what is more, it is restraint which is honourable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a

bee; but you honour the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honourable. It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both are bad when they are basely chosen; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterises the higher creature, and betters the lower creature; and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labours of the insect—from the poising of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust,—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The Sun has no liberty—a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed has no liberty. Its liberty will come—with its corruption.

From *The Two Paths*, 1859.

HERBERT SPENCER (1820–1903).

THE RELATION OF LAW, RELIGION, AND MANNERS.

Whoever has studied the physiognomy of political meetings, cannot have failed to have remarked a connection between democratic opinions and peculiarities of costume. At a Chartist demonstration, a lecture on Socialism, or a *Soirée* of the Friends of Italy, there will be seen many among the audience, and a still larger ratio among the speakers, who get themselves up in a style more or less unusual. One

gentleman on the platform divides his hair down the centre, instead of one side; another brushes it back off the forehead, in the fashion known as "bringing out the intellect"; a third has so long forsworn the scissors that his locks sweep his shoulders. A considerable sprinkling of moustaches may be observed; here and there an imperial; and occasionally some courageous breaker of conventions exhibits a full-grown beard. This nonconformity in hair is countenanced by various nonconformities in dress, shown by others of the assemblage. Bare necks, shirt-collars *à la* Byron, waistcoats cut Quaker fashion, wonderfully shaggy greatcoats, numerous oddities in form and colour, destroy the monotony usual in crowds. Even those exhibiting no conspicuous peculiarity, frequently indicate by something in the pattern or make-up of their clothes that they pay small regard to what their tailors tell them about the prevailing taste, and when the gathering breaks up, the varieties of head-gear displayed—the number of caps, the abundance of felt hats—suffice to prove that were the world at large like-minded the black cylinders which tyrannise over us would soon be deposed.

The foreign correspondence of our daily press shows that this relationship between political discontent and the disregard of customs exists on the Continent also. Red republicanism has always been distinguished by its hirsuteness! The authorities of Prussia, Austria, and Italy alike recognise certain forms of hat as indicative of disaffection, and fulminate against them accordingly. In some places the wearer of a blouse runs a risk of being classed among the *suspects*; and in others, he who would avoid the

bureau of police must beware how he goes out in any but the ordinary colours. Thus, democracy abroad, as at home, tends towards personal singularity.

Nor is this association of characteristics peculiar to modern times or to reformers of the State. It has always existed; and it has been manifested as much in religious agitations as in political ones. Along with dissent from the chief established opinions and arrangements, there has ever been some dissent from the customary social practices. The Puritans, disapproving of the long curls of the Cavaliers, as of their principles, cut their own hair short, and so gained the name of "Roundheads." The marked religious nonconformity of the Quakers was accompanied by an equally-marked nonconformity of manners—in attire, in speech, in salutation. The early Moravians not only believed differently, but at the same time dressed differently, and lived differently, from their fellow-Christians.

That the association between political independence and independence of personal conduct is not a phenomenon of to-day only, we may see alike in the appearance of Franklin at the French court in plain clothes, and in the white hats worn by the last generation of radicals. Originality of nature is sure to show itself in more ways than one. The mention of George Fox's suit of leather, of Pestalozzi's school name, "Harry Oddity," will at once suggest the remembrance that men who have in great things diverged from the beaten track have frequently done so in small things likewise. Minor illustrations of this truth may be gathered in almost every circle. We believe that whoever will number up his reforming

and rationalist acquaintances, will find among them more than the usual proportion of those who in dress or behaviour exhibit some degree of what the world calls eccentricity.

If it be a fact that men of revolutionary aims in politics or religion are commonly revolutionists in custom also, it is not less a fact, that those whose office it is to uphold established arrangements in State and Church are also those who most adhere to the social forms and observances bequeathed to us by past generations. Practices, elsewhere extinct, still linger about the headquarters of Government. The monarch still gives assent to Acts of Parliament in the old French of the Normans; and Norman-French terms are still used in law. Wigs, such as those we see depicted in old portraits, may yet be found on the heads of judges and barristers. The Beefeaters at the Tower wear the costume of Henry VIIIth's bodyguard. The University dress of the present year varies but little from that worn soon after the Reformation. The claret-coloured coat, knee-breeches, lace shirt-frills, ruffles, white silk stockings, and buckle shoes, which once formed the usual attire of a gentleman, still survive as the court dress. And it need scarcely be said that at *levées* and drawing-rooms, the ceremonies are prescribed with an exactness and enforced with a rigour not elsewhere to be found.

Can we consider these two series of coincidences as accidental and unmeaning? Must we not rather conclude that some necessary relationship obtains between them? Are there not such things as a constitutional conservatism and a constitutional tendency to change? Is there not a class which clings to the old in all

things, and another class so in love with progress as often to mistake novelty for improvement? Do we not find some men ready to bow to established authority of whatever kind; while others demand of every such authority its reason, and reject it if it fails to justify itself? And must not the minds thus contrasted tend to become respectively conformist and non-conformist, not only in politics and religion, but in other things? Submission, whether to a government, to the dogmas of ecclesiastics, or to that code of behaviour which society at large has set up, is essentially of the same nature; and the sentiment which induces resistance to the despotism of rulers, civil or spiritual, likewise induces resistance to the despotism of the world's opinion. Look at them fundamentally, and all enactments, alike of the legislature, the consistory, and the saloon—all regulations, formal or virtual, have a common character: they are all limitations of men's freedom. "Do this—Refrain from that," are the blank formulas into which they may all be written: and in each case the understanding is that obedience will bring approbation here and paradise hereafter; while disobedience will entail imprisonment, or sending to Coventry, or eternal torments, as the case may be. And if restraints, however named, and through whatever apparatus of means exercised, are one in their action upon men, it must happen that those who are patient under one kind of restraint are likely to be patient under another; and, conversely, that those impatient of restraint in general, will, on the average, tend to show their impatience in all directions.

That Law, Religion, and Manners are thus related—that their respective kinds of operation come under

one generalisation—that they have in certain contrasted characteristics of men a common support and a common danger—will, however, be most clearly seen on discovering that they have a common origin. Little as from present appearance we should suppose it, we shall yet find that at first the control of religion, the control of laws, and the control of manners, were all one control. However incredible it may now seem, we believe it to be demonstrable that the rules of etiquette, the provisions of the statute-book, and the commands of the decalogue have grown from the same root. If we go far enough back into the ages of primeval Fétichism, it becomes manifest that originally Deity, Chief, and Master of the ceremonies were identical.

* * * * *

Herr, *Don*, *Signior*, *Seigneur*, *Sennor*, were all originally names of rulers—of feudal lords. By the complimentary use of these names to all who could, on any pretence, be supposed to merit them, and by successive degradations of them each step in the descent to a still lower one, they have come to be common forms of address. At first the phrase in which a serf accosted his despotic chief, *Mein herr* is now familiarly applied in Germany to ordinary people. The Spanish title *Don*, once proper to noblemen and gentlemen only, is now accorded to all classes. So, too, is it with *Signior* in Italy. *Seigneur* and *Monseigneur*, by contraction in *Sieur* and *Monsieur*, have produced the term of respect claimed by every Frenchman. And whether *Sire* be or be not a like contraction of *Signior*, it is clear that, as it was borne by sundry of the ancient feudal lords of France, who,

as Selden says, "affected rather to be stiled by the name of *Sire* than Baron, as *Le Sire de Montmorencie*, *Le Sire de Beaulieu*, and the like," and as it has been commonly used to monarchs, our word *Sir*, which is derived from it, originally meant lord or king. Thus, too, is it with feminine titles. *Lady*, which, according to Horne Tooke, means *exalted*, and was at first given only to the few, is now given to all women of education. *Dame*, once an honourable name to which, in old books, we find the epithets of "high-born," and "stately" affixed, has now, by repeated widenings of its application, become relatively a term of contempt. And if we trace the compound of this *ma Dame* through its contractions—*Madam*, *ma'am*, *mam*, *mum*, we find that the "Yes'm" of Sally to her mistress is originally equivalent to "Yes, my exalted," or "Yes, your highness." Throughout, therefore, the genesis of words of honour has been the same. Just as with the Jews and with the Romans has it been with the modern Europeans. Tracing these everyday names to their primitive significations of *Lord* and *King*, and remembering that in aboriginal societies these were applied only to the gods and their descendants, we arrive at the conclusion that our familiar *Sir* and *Monsieur* are, in their primary and expanded meanings, terms of adoration.

Further to illustrate this gradual depreciation of titles and to confirm the inference drawn, it may be well to notice in passing that the oldest of them have, as might be expected, been depreciated to the greatest extent. Thus, *Master*—a word proved by its derivation and by the similarity of the connate words in other languages (Fr. *maître* for *master*; Russ. *master*;

Dan. *meester*; Ger. *Meister*) to have been one of the earliest in use for expressing lordship—has now become applicable to children only, and under the modification “Mister” to persons next above the labourer. Again, knighthood, the oldest kind of dignity, is also the lowest; and Knight Bachelor, which is the lowest order of knighthood, is more ancient than any other of the orders. Similarly, too, with the peerage, Baron is alike the earliest and least elevated of its divisions. This continual degradation of all names of honour has, from time to time, made it requisite to introduce new ones having that distinguishing effect which the originals had lost by generality of use; just as our habit of misapplying superlatives has, by gradually destroying their force, entailed the need for fresh ones. And if, within the last thousand years, this process has produced effects thus marked, we may readily conceive how, during previous thousands, the titles of gods and demigods came to be used to all persons exercising power, as they have since come to be used to persons of respectability.

If from names of honour we turn to phrases of honour, we find similar facts. The Oriental styles of address, applied to ordinary people—“I am your slave,” “All I have is yours,” “I am your sacrifice”—attribute to the individual spoken to the same greatness that *Monsieur* and *My Lord* do: they ascribe to him the character of an all-powerful ruler, so immeasurably superior to the speaker as to be his owner. So, likewise, with the Polish expression of respect, “I throw myself under your feet,” “I kiss your feet.” In our now meaningless subscription to a formal letter, “Your most obedient servant,” the same

thing is visible. Nay, even in the familiar signature, "Yours faithfully," the "Yours," if interpreted as originally meant, is the expression of a slave to his master.

All these dead forms were once living embodiments of fact; were primarily the genuine indications of that submission to authority which they verbally assert; were afterwards naturally used by the weak and cowardly to propitiate those above them; gradually grew to be considered the due of such; and, by a continually wider misuse, have lost their meanings, as *Sir* and *Master* have done. That, like titles, they were in the beginning used only to the God-King, is indicated by the fact that, like titles, they were subsequently used in common to God and the King. Religious worship has ever largely consisted of professions of obedience, of being God's servants, of belonging to Him to do what He will with. Like titles, therefore, these common phrases of honour had a devotional origin.

Perhaps, however, it is in the use of the word *you* as a singular pronoun that the popularising of what were once supreme distinctions is most markedly illustrated. This speaking of a single individual in the plural was originally an honour given only to the highest—was the reciprocal of the imperial "we" assumed by such. Yet now, by being applied to successively lower and lower classes, it has become all but universal. Only by one sect of Christians, and in a few secluded districts, is the primitive *thou* still used. And the *you*, in becoming common to all ranks, has simultaneously lost every vestige of the honour once attaching to it.

From *On Manners and Fashion*, 1854.

MATTHEW ARNOLD (1822-1888).**THE VALUE OF IDEALS TO A NATION.**

The two grand banes of humanity, says Spinoza, are indolence and self-conceit; self-conceit is so noxious because it arrests man in the career of self-improvement, because it vulgarises his character and stops the growth of his intellect. The Greek oracle pronounced wisest of men, him who was most convinced of his own ignorance: what, then, can be the wisdom of a nation profoundly convinced of its own attainment? After all that has been said, it remains immutably true that "a little knowledge is a dangerous thing," unless he who possesses it know that it is a little; and that he may know this, it is almost indispensable for him to have before his eyes objects which suggest heights of grandeur, or intellect, or feeling, or refinement, which he has never reached. . . . The proud day of priesthoods and aristocracies is over, but in their day they have undoubtedly been, as the law was to the Jews, schoolmasters to the nations of Europe, schoolmasters to bring them to modern society; and so dull a learner is man, so rugged and hard to teach, that perhaps those nations which keep their schoolmasters longest are the most enviable. The great ecclesiastical institutions of Europe, with their stately cathedrals, their imposing ceremonial, their affecting services; the great aristocracies of Europe, with their lustre of descent, their splendour of wealth, their reputation for grace and refinement, have undoubtedly for centuries served as ideals to ennoble and elevate

the sentiment of the European masses. Assuredly, churches and aristocracies often lacked the sanctity or the refinement ascribed to them; but their effect as distant ideals was still the same: they remained above the individual, a beacon to the imagination of thousands; they stood, vast and grand objects, ever present before the eyes of masses of men in whose daily avocations there was little which was vast, little which was grand; and they preserved these masses from any danger of overrating with vulgar self-satisfaction an inferior culture, however broadly sown, by the exhibition of a standard of dignity and refinement still far above them.

From *The Popular Education of France, etc.*, 1861.

THOMAS HENRY HUXLEY (1825-1895).

THE GAME OF LIFE.

Suppose it were perfectly certain that the life and fortune of every one of us would, one day or other, depend upon his winning or losing a game at chess.

Don't you think that we should all consider it to be a primary duty to learn at least the names and the moves of the pieces; to have a notion of a gambit, and a keen eye for all the means of giving and getting out of check? Do you not think that we should look with a disapprobation amounting to scorn, upon the father who allowed his son, or the state which allowed its members to grow up without knowing a pawn from a knight?

Yet it is a very plain and elementary truth, that

the life, the fortune, and the happiness of every one of us, and, more or less, of those who are connected with us, do depend upon our knowing something of the rules of a game infinitely more difficult and complicated than chess. It is a game which has been played for untold ages, every man and woman of us being one of the two players in a game of his or her own. The chessboard is the world, the pieces are the phenomena of the universe, the rules of the game are what we call the laws of Nature.

The player on the other side is hidden from us. We know that his play is always fair, just, and patient. But also we know, to our cost, that he never overlooks a mistake, or makes the smallest allowance for ignorance. To the man who plays well the highest stakes are paid, with that sort of overflowing generosity with which the strong shows delight in strength. And one who plays ill is checkmated—without haste, but without remorse.

My metaphor will remind some of you of the famous picture in which Retzsch has depicted Satan playing at chess with man for his soul. Substitute for the mocking fiend in that picture, a calm, strong angel who is playing for love, as we say, and would rather lose than win, and I should accept it as an image of human life.

From *Lay Sermons, Addresses, and Reviews*, 1870.

P. G. HAMERTON (1834-1894).**ARISTOCRACY AND DEMOCRACY.**

All you say against the narrowness of the aristocratic spirit is true and to the point; but I think that you and your party are apt to confound together two states of feeling which are essentially distinct from each other. There is an illiberal spirit of aristocracy, and there is also a liberal one. The illiberal spirit does not desire to improve itself, having a full and firm belief in its own absolute perfection; its sole anxiety is to exclude others, to draw a circular line, the smaller the better, provided always that it gets inside and can keep the millions out. We see this spirit, not only in reference to birth, but in even fuller activity with regard to education and employment—in the preference for certain schools and colleges, for class reasons, without regard to the quality of the teaching—in the contempt for all professions but two or three, without regard to the inherent baseness or nobility of the work that has to be done in them: so that the question asked by persons of this temper is not whether a man has been well trained in his youth, but if he has been to Eton and Oxford; not whether he is honourably laborious in his manhood, but whether he belongs to the Bar, or the Army, or the Church. This spirit is evil in its influence, because it substitutes external limitations for the realities of the intellect and the soul, and makes those realities themselves of no account wherever its traditions prevail. This spirit

cares nothing for culture, nothing for excellence, nothing for the superiorities that make men truly great; all it cares for is to have reserved seats in the great assemblage of the world. Whatever you do, in fairness and honesty, against this evil and inhuman spirit of aristocracy, the best minds of this age approve; but there is another spirit of aristocracy which does not always receive the fairest treatment at your hands, and which ought to be resolutely defended against you.

There is really, in nature, such a thing as high life. There is really, in nature, a difference between the life of a gentleman who has culture, and fine bodily health, and independence, and the life of a Sheffield dry-grinder who cannot have any one of these three things. It is a good and not a bad sign of the state of popular intelligence when the people does not wilfully shut its eyes to the differences of condition amongst men, and when those who have the opportunity of leading what is truly the high life accept the discipline joyfully and have a just pride in keeping themselves up to their ideal. A life of health, of sound morality, of disinterested intellectual activity, of freedom from petty cares, is higher than a life of disease, and vice, and stupidity, and sordid anxiety. I maintain that it is right and wise in a nature to set before itself the highest attainable ideal of human life as the existence of the complete gentleman, and that an envious democracy, instead of rendering a service to itself, does exactly the contrary when it cannot endure and will not tolerate the presence of high-spirited gentlemen in the State. There are things in this world that it is right to hate,

that we are the better for hating with all our hearts; and one of the things that I hate most, and with most reason, is the narrow class-spirit when it sets itself against the great interests of mankind. It is odious in the narrow-minded, pompous, selfish, pitiless aristocrat who thinks that the sons of the people were made by Almighty God to be his lacqueys and their daughters to be his mistresses; it is odious also, to the full as odious, in the narrow-minded, envious democrat who cannot bear to see any elegance of living, or grace of manner, or culture of mind above the range of his own capacity or his own purse.—From *The Intellectual Life*, 1873 (Macmillan & Co.).

JAMES BRYCE (1838—

WHY THE BEST AMERICANS KEEP OUT OF POLITICS.

It is much to be wished that in every country public spirit were the chief motive propelling men into public life. But is it so anywhere now? Has it been so at any time in a nation's history? Let any one in England, dropping for the moment that self-righteous attitude of which Englishmen are commonly accused by foreigners, ask himself how many of those whom he knows as mixing in the public life of his own country have entered it from motives primarily patriotic, how many have been actuated by the love of fame or power, the hope of advancing their social pretensions or their business relations. There is nothing necessarily wrong in such forms of ambition; but if we find that they count for

much in the public life of one country, and for comparatively little in the public life of another, we must expect to find the latter able to reckon among its statesmen fewer persons of eminent intelligence and energy.

Now there are several conditions present in the United States, conditions both constitutional and social, conditions independent either of political morality or of patriotism, which make the ablest citizens less disposed to enter political life than they would otherwise be, or than persons of the same class are in Europe. I have already referred to some of these, but recapitulate them shortly here because they are specially important in this connection.

The want of a social and commercial capital is such a cause. To be a Federal politician you must live in Washington, that is, abandon your circle of home friends, your profession or business, your local public duties. But to live in Paris or London is of itself an attraction to many Englishmen and Frenchmen.

There is no class in America to which public political life comes naturally, scarcely any family with a sort of hereditary right to serve the State. Nobody can get an early and easy start on the strength of his name and connection, as still happens in several European countries.

In Britain or France a man seeking to enter the higher walks of public life has more than five hundred seats for which he may stand. If his own town or country is impossible he goes elsewhere. In the United States he cannot. If his own district is already filled by a member of his own party, there

is nothing to be done, unless he will condescend to undermine and supplant at the next nominating convention the sitting member. If he has been elected and happens to lose his own re-nomination or re-election, he cannot re-enter Congress by any other door. The fact that a man has served gives him no claim to be allowed to go on serving. In the West, rotation is the rule. No wonder that, when a political career is so precarious, men of worth and capacity hesitate to embrace it. They cannot afford to be thrown out of their life's course by a mere accident.

Politics are less interesting than in Europe. The two kinds of questions which most attract eager or ambitious minds, questions of foreign policy and of domestic constitutional change, are generally absent, happily absent. Currency and tariff questions and financial affairs generally, internal improvements, the regulation of railways and so forth, are important, no doubt, but to some minds not fascinating. How few people in the English or French legislatures have mastered them, or would relish political life if it dealt with little else! There are no class privileges or religious inequalities to be abolished. Religion, so powerful a political force in Europe, is outside politics altogether.

In most European countries there has been for many years past an upward pressure of the poorer or the unprivileged masses, a pressure which has seemed to threaten the wealthier and more particularly the landowning class. Hence members of the latter class have had a strong motive for keeping tight hold of the helm of the State. They have felt a direct personal interest in acting in the legislature and con-

trolling the administration of the country. This has not been so in America. Its great political issues have not hitherto been class issues. On the contrary, there has been, till within the last few years, so great and general a sense of economic security, whether well or ill founded I do not now inquire, that the wealthy and educated have been content to leave the active work of politics alone.

The division of legislative authority between the Federal Congress and the Legislatures of the States further lessens the interest and narrows the opportunities of a political career. Some of the most useful members of the English Parliament have been led to enter it by their zeal for philanthropic schemes and social reforms. Others enter because they are interested in foreign politics or in commercial questions. In the United States foreign politics and commercial questions belong to Congress, so no one will be led by them to enter the Legislature of his State. Social reforms and philanthropic enterprises belong to the State Legislatures, so no one will be led by them to enter Congress. The limited sphere of each body deprives it of the services of many active spirits who would have been attracted by it had it dealt with both these sets of matters, or with the particular set of matters in which their own particular interest happens to lie.

In America there are more easy and attractive openings into other careers than in most European countries. The settlement of the great West, the making and financing of railways, the starting of industrial or commercial enterprises in the newer States, all offer a tempting field to ambition, ingenuity,